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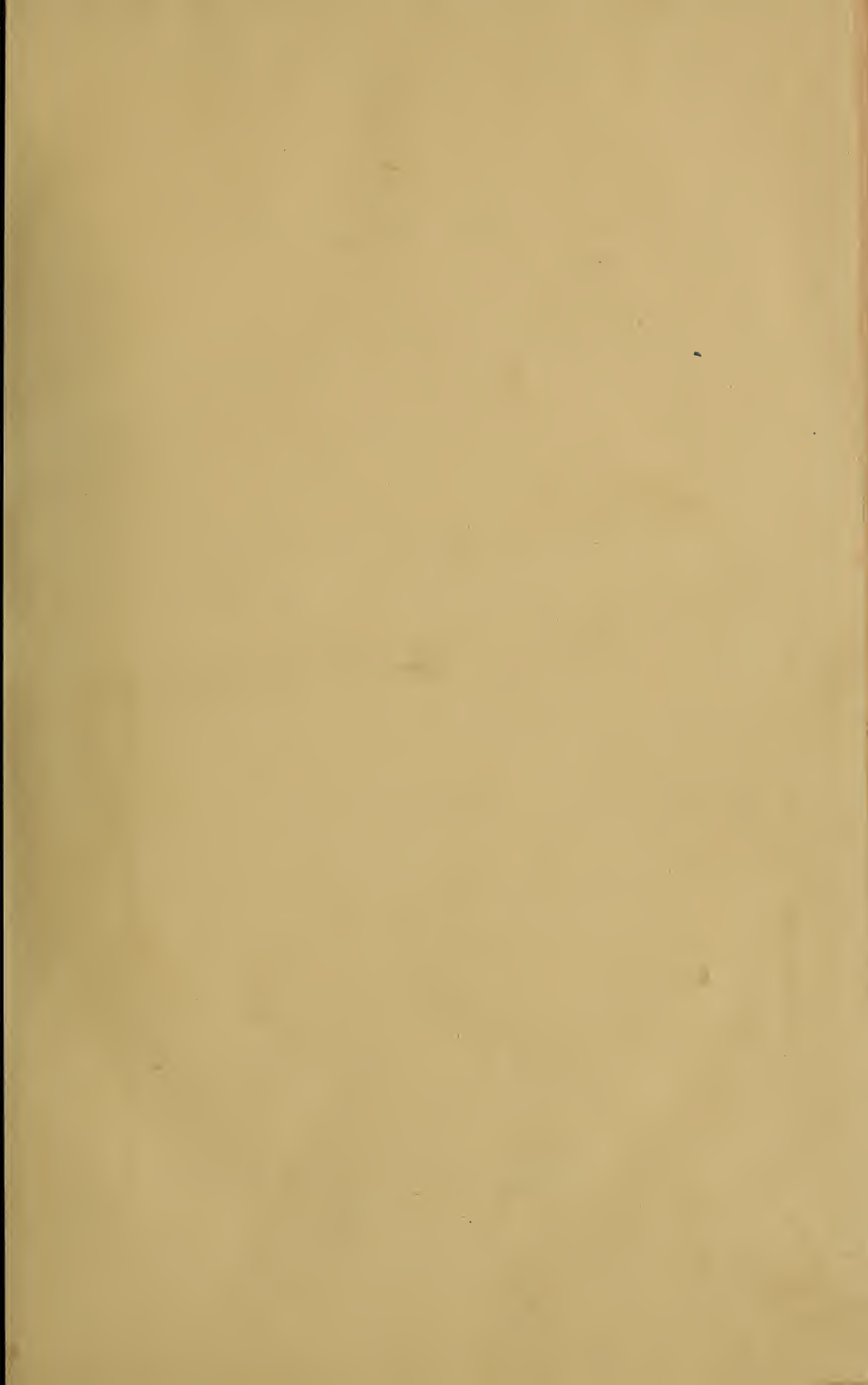
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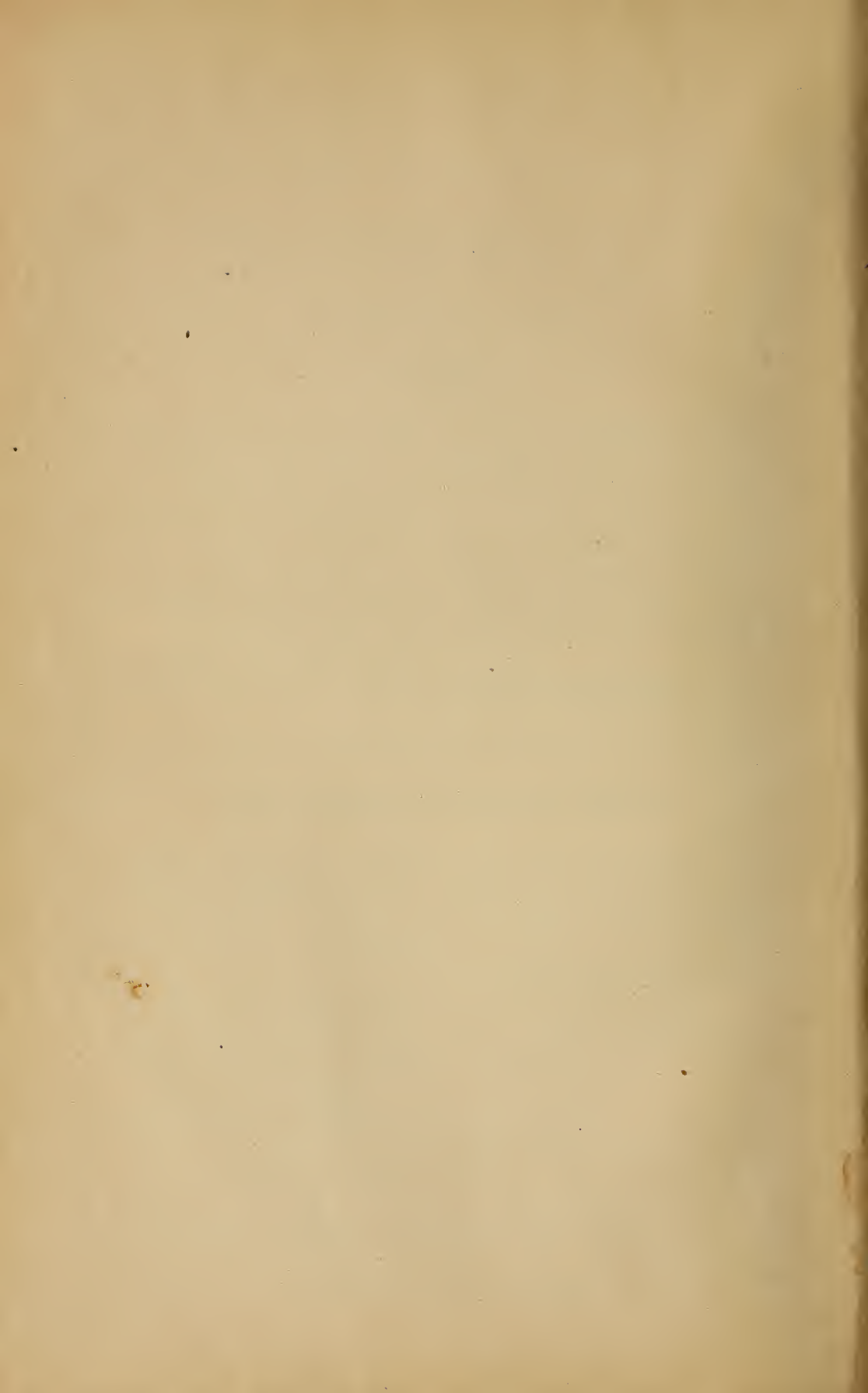
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THE INDICATOR, a series of papers originally published in weekly numbers, having been long out of print, and repeated calls having been made for it among the booksellers, the author has here made a selection, comprising the greater portion of the articles, and omitting such only as he unwillingly put forth in the hurry of periodical publication, or as seemed otherwise unsuited for present publication, either by the nature of their disquisitions, or from containing commendatory criticisms now rendered superfluous by the reputation of the works criticised.

THE COMPANION, a subsequent publication of the same sort, has been treated in the like manner.

The author has little further to say, by way of advertisement to these pages, except that both the works were written with the same view of inculcating a love of nature and imagination, and of furnishing a sample of the enjoyment which they afford; and he cannot give a better proof of that enjoyment, as far as he was capable of it, than by stating, that both were written during times of great trouble with him, and both helped him to see much of that fair play between his own anxieties and his natural cheerfulness, of which an indestructible belief in the good and the beautiful has rendered him perhaps not undeserving.

*London, Dec. 6, 1833.*

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# THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land : but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters, where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer ; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes ; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *CUCULUS INDICATOR* of Linnaeus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

There he, arriving, round about doth flie,  
And takes survey with busie, curious eye :  
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

## I.—DIFFICULTY OF FINDING A NAME FOR A WORK OF THIS KIND.

NEVER did gossips, when assembled to determine the name of a new-born child, whose family was full of conflicting interests, experience a difficulty half so great, as that which an author undergoes in settling the title for a periodical work. In the former case, there is generally some paramount uncle, or prodigious third cousin, who is understood to have the chief claims, and to the golden lustre of whose face the clouds of hesitation and jealousy gradually give way. But these children of the brain have no godfather at hand : and yet their single appellation is bound to comprise as many public interests, as all the Christian names of a French or a German prince. It is to be modest : it is to be expressive : it is to be new : it is to be striking : it is to have something in it equally intelligible to the man of plain understanding, and surprising for the man of imagination :—in a word, it is to be impossible.

How far we have succeeded in the attainment of this happy nonentity, we leave others to judge. There is one good thing however which the hunt after a title is sure to realise ;—a great deal of despairing mirth. We were visiting a friend the other night, who can do anything for a book but give it a title ; and after many grave and ineffectual attempts to furnish one for the present, the company, after the fashion of Rabelais, and with a chair-shaking merriment which he himself might have joined in, fell to turning a hopeless thing

into a jest. It was like that exquisite picture of a set of laughers in Shakspeare :—

One rubbed his elbow, thus ; and fleeced, and swore,  
A better speech was never spoke before :  
Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
Cried “ Via ! We will do’t, come what will come ! ”  
The third he capered, and cried “ All goes well ! ”  
The fourth turned on the toe, and down he fell.  
With that they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
That in this spleen ridiculous, appears,  
To check their laughter, passion’s solemn tears.

LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST.

Some of the names had a meaning in their absurdity, such as the Adviser, or Helps for Composing ;—the Cheap Reflector, or Every Man His Own Looking-Glass ;—the Retailer, or Every Man His Own Other Man’s Wit ;—Nonsense, To be continued. Others were laughable by the mere force of contrast, as the Crocodile, or Pleasing Companion ;—Chaos, or the Agreeable Miscellany ;—the Fugitive Guide ;—the Foot Soldier, or Flowers of Wit ;—Bigotry, or the Cheerful Instructor ;—the Polite Repository of Abuse ;—Blood, being a Collection of Light Essays. Others were sheer ludicrousness and extravagance, as the Pleasing Ancestor ; the Silent Companion ; the Tart ; the Leg of Beef, by a Layman ; the Ingenious Hatband ; the Boots of Bliss ; the Occasional Diner ; the Tooth-ache ; Recollections of a Very Unpleasant Nature ; Thoughts on Taking up a Pair of Snuffers ; Thoughts on a Barouche-box ; Thoughts on a Hill of Considerable Eminence ; Meditations on a Pleasing Idea ; Materials for Drinking ; the Knocker, No. I. ;—the Hippopotamus entered at Sta-

tioners' Hall ; the Piano-forte of Paulus Æmilius ; the Seven Sleepers at Cards ; the Arabian Nights on Horseback :— with an infinite number of other mortal murders of common sense, which rose to "push us from our stools," and which none but the wise or good-natured would think of enjoying.

## II.—A WORD ON TRANSLATION FROM THE POETS.

INTELLIGENT men of no scholarship, on reading Horace, Theocritus, and other poets, through the medium of translation, have often wondered how those writers obtained their glory. And they well might. The translations are no more like the original, than a walking-stick is like a flowering bough. It is the same with the versions of Euripides, of Æschylus, of Sophocles, of Petrarch, of Boileau, &c. &c., and in many respects of Homer. Perhaps we could not give the reader a more brief, yet complete specimen of the way in which bad translations are made, than by selecting a well-known passage from Shakspeare, and turning it into the common-place kind of poetry that flourished so widely among us till of late years. Take the passage, for instance, where the lovers in the Merchant of Venice seat themselves on a bank by moonlight :—

How sweet the moonlight *sleeps* upon this bank !  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Now a foreign translator, of the ordinary kind, would dilute and take all taste and freshness out of this draught of poetry, in a style somewhat like the following :—

With what a charm, the moon, serene and bright,  
Lends on the bank its soft reflected light !  
Sit we, I pray ; and let us sweetly hear  
The strains melodious with a raptured ear ;  
For soft retreats, and night's impressive hour,  
To harmony impart divinest power.

## III.—AUTUMNAL COMMENCEMENT OF FIRES—MANTEL-PIECES—APARTMENTS FOR STUDY.

How pleasant it is to have fires again ! We have not time to regret summer, when the cold fogs begin to force us upon the necessity of a new kind of warmth ;—a warmth not so fine as sunshine, but, as manners go, more sociable. The English get together over their fires, as the Italians do in their summer-shade. We do not enjoy our sunshine as we ought ; our climate seems to render us almost unaware that the weather is fine, when it really becomes so : but for the same reason, we make as much of our winter, as the anti-social habits that have grown upon us from other causes will allow.

And for a similar reason, the southern European is unprepared for a cold day. The houses in many parts of Italy are summer-houses, unprepared for winter ; so that when a fit of cold weather comes, the dismayed inhabitant, walking and shivering about with a little brazier in his hands, presents an awkward image of insufficiency and perplexity. A few of our fogs, shutting up the sight of everything out of doors, and making the trees and the eaves of the houses drip like rain, would admonish him to get warm in good earnest. If "the web of our life" is always to be "of a mingled yarn," a good warm hearth-rug is not the worst part of the manufacture.

Here we are then again, with our fire before us, and our books on each side. What shall we do ? Shall we take out a Life of somebody, or a Theocritus, or Petrarch, or Ariosto, or Montaigne, or Marcus Aurelius, or Moliere, or Shakspeare who includes them all ? Or shall we *read* an engraving from Poussin or Raphael ? Or shall we sit with tilted chairs, planting our wrists upon our knees, and toasting the up-turned palms of our hands, while we discourse of manners and of man's heart and hopes, with at least a sincerity, a good intention, and good-nature, that shall warrant what we say with the sincere, the good-intentioned, and the good-natured ?

Ah—take care. You see what that old-looking saucer is, with a handle to it ? It is a venerable piece of earthenware, which may have been worth, to an Athenian, about twopence ; but to an author, is worth a great deal more than ever he could—deny for it. And yet he would deny it too. It will fetch his imagination more than ever it fetched potter or penny-maker. Its little shallow circle overflows for him with the milk and honey of a thousand pleasant associations. This is one of the uses of having mantel-pieces. You may often see on no very rich mantel-piece a representative body of all the elements physical and intellectual—a shell for the sea, a stuffed bird or some feathers for the air, a curious piece of mineral for the earth, a glass of water with some flowers in it for the visible process of creation,—a cast from sculpture for the mind of man ;—and underneath all, is the bright and ever-springing fire, running up through them heavenwards, like hope through materiality. We like to have any little curiosity of the mantel-piece kind within our reach and inspection. For the same reason, we like a small study, where we are almost in contact with our books. We like to feel them about us ;—to be in the arms of our mistress Philosophy, rather than see her at a distance. To have a huge apartment for a study is like lying in the great bed at Ware, or being snug on a mile-stone upon Hounslow Heath. It is space and physical activity, not repose and concentration. It is fit only for grandeur and



ostentation,—for those who have secretaries, and are to be approached like gods in a temple. The Archbishop of Toledo, no doubt, wrote his homilies in a room ninety feet long. The Marquis Marialva must have been approached by Gil Blas through whole ranks of glittering authors, standing at due distance. But Ariosto, whose mind could fly out of its nest over all nature, wrote over the house he built, "*parva, sed apta mihi*"—small, but suited to me. However, it is to be observed, that he could not afford a larger. He was a Duodenarian, in that respect, like ourselves. We do not know how our ideas of a study might expand with our walls. Montaigne, who was Montaigne "of that ilk" and lord of a great chateau, had a study "sixteen paces in diameter, with three noble and free prospects." He congratulates himself, at the same time, on its circular figure, evidently from a feeling allied to the one in favour of smallness. "The figure of my study," says he, "is round, and has no more flat (bare) wall, than what is taken up by my table and my chairs; so that the remaining parts of the circle present me with a view of all my books at once, set upon five degrees of shelves round about me." (*Cotton's Montaigne*, b. 3, ch. 3.)

A great prospect we hold to be a very disputable advantage, upon the same reasoning as before; but we like to have some green boughs about our windows, and to fancy ourselves as much as possible in the country, when we are not there. Milton expressed a wish with regard to his study, extremely suitable to our present purpose. He would have the lamp in it *seen*; thus letting others into a share of his enjoyments, by the imagination of them.

And let my lamp at midnight hour  
Be *seen* in some high lonely tower,  
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear  
With thrice-great Hermes; or unsphere  
The Spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What world or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind, that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

There is a fine passionate burst of enthusiasm on the subject of a study, in Fletcher's play of the *Elder Brother*, Act 1, Scene 2:

Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,  
In that gross element fix all their happiness:  
But purer spirits, purged and refined,  
Shake off that clog of human frailty. Give me  
Leave to enjoy myself. That place, that does  
Contain my books, the best companions, is  
To me a glorious court, where hourly I  
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;  
And sometimes for variety I confer  
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;  
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,  
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy,  
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then  
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace  
Uncertain vanities? No, be it your care  
To augment a heap of wealth: it shall be mine  
To increase in knowledge. Lights there, for my study.

#### IV.—ACONTIUS'S APPLE.

ACONTIUS was a youth of the island of Cea (now Zia), who at the sacrifices in honour of Diana fell in love with the beautiful virgin, Cydippe. Unfortunately she was so much above him in rank, that he had no hope of obtaining her hand in the usual way; but the wit of a lover helped him to an expedient. There was a law in Cea, that any oath, pronounced in the temple of Diana, was irrevocably binding. Acontius got an apple, and writing some words upon it, pitched it into Cydippe's bosom.

The words were these:

MA THN APTEMIN AKONTIΩ ΓΑΜΟΥΜΑΙ.

By Dian, I will marry Acontius.

Or as a poet has written them:

Juro tibi sanctæ per mystica sacra Dianæ,  
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamque futuram.

I swear by holy Dian, I will be  
Thy bride betrothed, and bear thee company.

Cydippe read, and married herself.—It is said that she was repeatedly on the eve of being married to another person; but her imagination, in the shape of the Goddess, as often threw her into a fever; and the lover, whose ardour and ingenuity had made an impression upon her, was made happy. Aristænetus in his *Epistles* calls the apple *κυδώνιον μήλον*, a Cretan apple, which is supposed to mean a quince; or as others think, an orange, or a citron. But the apple was, is, and must be, a true, unsophisticated apple. Nothing else would have suited. "The apples, methought," says Sir Philip Sydney of his heroine in the *Arcadia*, "fell down from the trees to do homage to the apples of her breast." The idea seems to have originated with Theocritus (*Idyl*. 27, v. 50, edit. Valckenaer), from whom it was copied by the Italian writers. It makes a lovely figure in one of the most famous passages of Ariosto, where he describes the beauty of Alcina (*Orlando Furioso*, canto 7, st. 14)—

Bianca neve è il bel collo, e 'l petto latte:  
Il collo è tondo, il petto colmo e largo:  
Due pome acerbe, e pur d'avorio fatte.  
Vengono e van come onda al primo margo,  
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte.

Her bosom is like milk, her neck like snow;  
A rounded neck; a bosom, where you see  
Two crisp young ivory apples come and go,  
Like waves that on the shore beat tenderly,  
When a sweet air is ruffling to and fro.

And after him, Tasso, in his fine ode on the Golden Age:—

Allor tra fiori e linfe  
Traean dolci carole  
Gli Amoretti senz' archi e senza faci:  
Sedean pastori e ninfe  
Meschiando a le parole  
Vezzi e susurri, ed ai susurri i baci  
Strettamente tenaci.

La verginella ignude  
 Scopia sue fresche rose  
 Ch'or tien nel velo ascose,  
 E le pome del seno, acerbe e crude ;  
 E spesso o in fiume o in lago  
 Scherzar si vide con l' amata il vago.

Then among streams and flowers,  
 The little Winged Powers  
 Went singing carols, without torch or bow ;  
 The nymphs and shepherds sat  
 Mingling with innocent chat  
 Sports and low whispers, and with whispers low  
 Kisses that would not go.  
 The maiden, budding o'er,  
 Kept not her bloom uneyed,  
 Which now a veil must hide,  
 Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore :  
 And oftentimes in river or in lake,  
 The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

### V.—GODIVA.

THIS is the lady who, under the title of Countess of Coventry, used to make such a figure in our childhood upon some old pocket-pieces of that city. We hope she is in request there still ; otherwise the inhabitants deserve to be sent *from* Coventry. That city was famous in saintly legends for the visit of the eleven thousand virgins, — an “incredible number,” quoth Selden. But the eleven thousand virgins have vanished with their credibility, and a noble-hearted woman of flesh and blood is Coventry's true immortality.

The story of Godiva is not a fiction, as many suppose it. At least it is to be found in Matthew of Westminster, and is not of a nature to have been a mere invention. Her name, and that of her husband, Leofric, are mentioned in an old charter recorded by another early historian. That the story is omitted by Hume and others, argues little against it ; for the latter are accustomed to confound the most interesting anecdotes of times and manners with something below the dignity of history (a very absurd mistake) ; and Hume, of whose philosophy better things might have been expected, is notoriously less philosophical in his history than in any other of his works. A certain coldness of temperament, not unmixed with aristocratical pride, or at least with a great aversion from everything like vulgar credulity, rendered his scepticism so extreme, that it became a sort of superstition in turn, and blinded him to the claims of every species of enthusiasm, civil as well as religious. Milton, with his poetical eyesight, saw better, when he meditated the history of his native country. We do not remember whether he relates the present story, but we remember well, that at the beginning of his fragment on that subject, he says he shall relate doubtful stories as well as authentic ones, for the benefit of those, if no

others, who will know how to make use of them, namely, the poets.\* We have faith, however, in the story ourselves. It has innate evidence enough for us, to give full weight to that of the old annalist. Imagination can invent a good deal ; affection more : but affection can sometimes do things, such as the tenderest imagination is not in the habit of inventing ; and this piece of noble-heartedness we believe to have been one of them.

Leofric, Earl of Leicester, was the lord of a large feudal territory in the middle of England, of which Coventry formed a part. He lived in the time of Edward the Confessor ; and was so eminently a feudal lord, that the hereditary greatness of his dominion appears to have been singular even at that time, and to have lasted with an uninterrupted succession from Ethelbald to the Conquest,—a period of more than three hundred years. He was a great and useful opponent of the famous Earl Godwin.

Whether it was owing to Leofric or not, does not appear, but Coventry was subject to a very oppressive tollage, by which it would seem that the feudal despot enjoyed the greater part of the profit of all marketable commodities. The progress of knowledge has shown us how abominable, and even how unhappy for all parties, is an injustice of this description ; yet it gives one an extraordinary idea of the mind in those times, to see it capable of piercing through the clouds of custom, of ignorance, and even of self-interest, and petitioning the petty tyrant to forego such a privilege. This mind was Godiva's. The other sex, always more slow to admit reason through the medium of feeling, were then occupied to the full in their warlike habits. It was reserved for a woman to anticipate ages of liberal opinion, and to surpass them in the daring virtue of setting a principle above a custom.

Godiva entreated her lord to give up his fancied right ; but in vain. At last, wishing to put an end to her importunities, he told her, either in a spirit of bitter jesting, or with a playful raillery that could not be bitter with so sweet an earnestness, that he would give up his tax, provided she rode through the city of Coventry, naked. She took him at his word. One may imagine the astonishment of a fierce unlettered chieftain, not untinged with chivalry, at hearing a woman, and that too of the greatest delicacy and rank, maintaining seriously her intention of acting in a manner contrary to all that was supposed fitting for her sex, and at the same time forcing upon him a sense of the very beauty of her conduct by its principled excess. It is probable, that

\* When Dr. Johnson, among his other impatient accusations of our great republican, charged him with telling unwarrantable stories in his history, he must have overlooked this announcement ; and yet, if we recollect, it is but in the second page of the fragment. So hasty, and blind, and liable to be put to shame, is prejudice.



as he could not prevail upon her to give up her design, he had sworn some religious oath when he made his promise : but be this as it may, he took every possible precaution to secure her modesty from hurt. The people of Coventry were ordered to keep within doors, to close up all their windows and outlets, and not to give a glance into the streets upon pain of death. The day came; and Coventry, it may be imagined, was silent as death. The lady went out at the palace door, was set on horseback, and at the same time divested of her wrapping garment, as if she had been going into a bath; then taking the fillet from her head, she let down her long and lovely tresses, which poured around her body like a veil; and so, with only her white legs remaining conspicuous, took her gentle way through the streets.\*

What scene can be more touching to the imagination—beauty, modesty, feminine softness, a daring sympathy; an extravagance, producing by the nobleness of its object and the strange gentleness of its means, the grave and profound effect of the most reverend custom. We may suppose the scene taking place in the warm noon; the doors all shut, the windows closed; the Earl and his court serious and wondering; the other inhabitants, many of them gushing with grateful tears, and all reverently listening to hear the footsteps of the horse; and lastly, the lady herself, with a downcast but not a shamefaced eye, looking towards the earth through her flowing locks, and riding through the dumb and deserted streets, like an angelic spirit.

It was an honourable superstition in that part of the country, that a man who ventured to look at the fair saviour of his native town, was said to have been struck blind. But the vulgar use to which this superstition has been turned by some writers of late times, is not so honourable. The whole story is as unvulgar and as sweetly serious, as can be conceived.

Drayton has not made so much of this subject as might have been expected; yet what he says is said well and earnestly :

——— Coventry at length

From her small mean regard, recovered state and strength;  
By Leofric her lord, yet in base bondage held,  
The people from her marts by tollage were expelled;  
Whose duchess which desired this tribute to release,  
Their freedom often begged. The duke, to make her cease,  
Told her, that if she would his loss so far enforce,  
His will was, she should ride stark naked upon a horse  
By daylight through the street: which certainly he  
thought  
In her heroic breast so deeply would have wrought,  
That in her former suit she would have left to deal.  
*But that most princely dame, as one devoured with zeal,*  
*Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.*

\* "Nuda," says Matthew of Westminster, "equum ascendens, crines capitis et tricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, præter crura candidissima, inde velavit." See Selden's Notes to the *Polyolbion* of Drayton: Song 13. It is Selden from whom we learn, that Leofric was Earl of

#### VI.—PLEASANT MEMORIES CONNECTED WITH VARIOUS PARTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

ONE of the best secrets of enjoyment is the art of cultivating pleasant associations. It is an art, that of necessity increases with the stock of our knowledge; and though in acquiring our knowledge we must encounter disagreeable associations also, yet if we secure a reasonable quantity of health by the way, these will be far less in number than the agreeable ones: for unless the circumstances which gave rise to the associations press upon us, it is only from want of health that the power of throwing off these burdensome images becomes suspended.

And the beauty of this art is, that it does not insist upon pleasant materials to work on. Nor indeed does health. Health will give us a vague sense of delight, in the midst of objects that would tease and oppress us during sickness. But healthy association peoples this vague sense with agreeable images. It will comfort us, even when a painful sympathy with the distresses of others becomes a part of the very health of our minds. For instance, we can never go through St. Giles's, but the sense of the extravagant inequalities in human condition presses more forcibly upon us; and yet some pleasant images are at hand, even there, to refresh it. They do not displace the others, so as to injure the sense of public duty which they excite; they only serve to keep our spirits fresh for their task, and hinder them from running into desperation or hopelessness. In St. Giles's church lie Chapman, the earliest and best translator of Homer; and Andrew Marvell, the wit and patriot, whose poverty Charles the Second could not bribe. We are as sure to think of these two men, and of all the good and pleasure they have done to the world, as of the less happy objects about us. The steeple of the church itself, too, is a handsome one; and there is a flock of pigeons in that neighbourhood, which we have stood with great pleasure to see careering about it of a fine afternoon, when a western wind had swept back the smoke towards the city, and showed the white of the stone steeple piercing up into a blue sky. So much for St. Giles's, whose very name is a nuisance with some. It is dangerous to speak disrespectfully of old districts. Who would suppose that the Borough was the most classical ground in the metropolis! And yet it is undoubtedly so. The Globe theatre was there, of which Shakspeare himself was a proprietor, and for which he wrote some of his plays. Globe-lane, in which it stood, is still extant, we believe, under that name. It is probable

Leicester, and the other particulars of him mentioned above. The Earl was buried at Coventry, his Countess most probably in the same tomb.

that he lived near it: it is certain that he must have been much there. It is also certain, that on the Borough side of the river, then and still called the Bank-side, in the same lodging, having the same wardrobe, and some say, with other participations more remarkable, lived Beaumont and Fletcher. In the Borough also, at St. Saviour's, lie Fletcher and Massinger, in one grave; in the same church, under a monument and effigy, lies Chaucer's contemporary, Gower; and from an inn in the Borough, the existence of which is still boasted, and the site pointed out by a picture and inscription, Chaucer sets out his pilgrims and himself on their famous road to Canterbury.

To return over the water, who would expect anything poetical from East Smithfield? Yet there was born the most poetical even of poets, Spenser. Pope was born within the sound of Bow-bell, in a street no less anti-poetical than Lombard-street. Gray was born in Cornhill; and Milton in Bread-street, Cheapside. The presence of the same great poet and patriot has given happy memories to many parts of the metropolis. He lived in St. Bride's Church-yard, Fleet-street; in Aldersgate-street, in Jewin-street, in Barbican, in Bartholomew-close; in Holborn, looking back to Lincoln's-inn-Fields; in Holborn, near Red Lion-square; in Scotland-yard; in a house looking to St. James's Park, now belonging to an eminent writer on legislation,\* and lately occupied by a celebrated critic and metaphysician;† and he died in the Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields; and was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

Ben Jonson, who was born in "Hartshorne-lane, near Charing-cross," was at one time "master" of a theatre in Barbican. He appears also to have visited a tavern called the Sun and Moon, in Aldersgate-street; and is known to have frequented, with Beaumont and others, the famous one called the Mermaid, which was in Cornhill. Beaumont, writing to him from the country, in an epistle full of jovial wit, says,—

The sun, which doth the greatest comfort bring  
To absent friends, because the self-same thing  
They know they see, however absent, is  
Here our best haymaker: forgive me this:  
It is our country style:—In this warm shine  
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Methinks the little wit I had, is lost,  
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest  
Held up at tennis, which men do the best  
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen  
Done at the Mermaid! Hard words that have been  
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whom they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
And had resolved to live a fool the rest  
Of his dull life. Then, when there hath been thrown  
Wit, able enough to justify the town

\* Mr. Bentham.

† Mr. Hazlitt.

For three days past,—wit, that might warrant be  
For the whole city to talk foolishly  
Till that were cancelled, and when that was gone,  
We left an air behind us, which alone  
Was able to make the two next companies  
Right witty;—though but downright fools, mere wise.

The other celebrated resort of the great wits of that time, was the Devil tavern, in Fleet-street, close to Temple-bar. Ben Jonson lived also in Bartholomew-close, where Milton afterwards lived. It is in the passage from the cloisters of Christ's Hospital into St. Bartholomew's. Aubrey gives it as a common opinion, that at the time when Jonson's father-in-law made him help him in his business of bricklayer, he worked with his own hands upon the Lincoln's-inn garden wall, which looks towards Chancery-lane, and which seems old enough to have some of his illustrious brick and mortar remaining.

Under the cloisters in Christ's Hospital (which stands in the heart of the city unknown to most persons, like a house kept invisible for young and learned eyes)\* lie buried a multitude of persons of all ranks; for it was once a monastery of Grey Friars. Among them is John of Bourbon, one of the prisoners taken at the battle of Agincourt. Here also lies Thomas Burdett, ancestor of the present Sir Francis, who was put to death in the reign of Edward the Fourth, for wishing the horns of a favourite white stag which the king had killed, in the body of the person who advised him to do it. And here too (a sufficing contrast) lies Isabella, wife of Edward the Second,—

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,  
Who tore the bowels of her mangled mate.—GRAY.

Her "mate's" heart was buried with her, and placed upon her bosom! a thing that looks like the fantastic incoherence of a dream. It is well we did not know of her presence when at school; otherwise, after reading one of Shakspeare's tragedies, we should have run twice as fast round the cloisters at night-time as we used. Camden, "the nourrice of antiquitie," received part of his education in this school; and here also, not to mention a variety of others, known in the literary world, were bred two of the best and most deep-spirited writers of the present day,† whose visits to the cloisters we well remember.

In a palace on the site of Hatton-Garden, died John of Gaunt. Brook-house, at the corner of the street of that name in Holborn, was the residence of the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, the "friend of Sir Philip Sidney." In the same street, died, by a voluntary death of poison, that extraordinary person, Thomas Chatterton,—

The sleepless boy, who perished in his pride.  
WORDSWORTH.

\* It has since been unveiled, by an opening in Newgate-street.  
† Coleridge and Lamb.



He was buried in the grave-yard of the work-house in Shoe-lane;—a circumstance, at which one can hardly help feeling a movement of indignation. Yet what could beadles and parish officers know about such a being? No more than Horace Walpole. In Gray's-inn lived, and in Gray's-inn garden meditated, Lord Bacon. In Southampton-row, Holborn, Cowper was fellow-clerk to an attorney with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. At one of the Fleet-street corners of Chancery-lane, Cowley, we believe, was born. In Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, was the house of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser, and one of the authors of the first regular English tragedy. On the demolition of this house, part of the ground was occupied by the celebrated theatre built after the Restoration, at which Betterton performed, and of which Sir William Davenant was manager. Lastly, here was the house and printing-office of Richardson. In Bolt-court, not far distant, lived Dr. Johnson, who resided also some time in the Temple. A list of his numerous other residences is to be found in Boswell.\* Congreve died in Surrey-street, in the Strand, at his own house. At the corner of Beaufort-buildings, was Lilly's, the perfumer, at whose house the *Tatler* was published. In Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, Voltaire lodged while in London, at the sign of the White Peruke. Tavistock-street was then, we believe, the Bond-street of the fashionable world; as Bow-street was before. The change of Bow-street from fashion to the police, with the theatre still in attendance, reminds one of the spirit of the *Beggar's Opera*. Button's Coffee-house, the resort of the wits of Queen Anne's time, was in Russell-street, near where the Hummums now stand; and in the same street, at the south-west corner of Bow-street, was the tavern where Dryden held regal possession of the arm-chair. The whole of Covent-garden is classic ground, from its association with the dramatic and other wits of the times of Dryden and Pope. Butler lived, perhaps died, in Rose-street, and was buried in Covent-garden churchyard; where Peter Pindar the other day followed him. In Leicester-square, on the site of Miss Linwood's exhibition and other houses, was the town-mansion of the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, the family of Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney. In the same square lived Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hogarth. Dryden lived and died in Gerrard-street, in a house which looked backwards into the garden of Leicester-house. Newton lived in St. Martin's-street, on the south side of the square. Steele lived in Bury-street, St. James's: he furnishes an illustrious precedent for the loungers in St. James's-street, where a scandal-

monger of those times delighted to detect Isaac Bickerstaff in the person of Captain Steele, idling before the coffee-houses, and jerking his leg and stick alternately against the pavement. We have mentioned the birth of Ben Jonson near Charing-cross. Spenser died at an inn, where he put up on his arrival from Ireland, in King-street, Westminster,—the same which runs at the back of Parliament-street to the Abbey. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died in Holland-house, Kensington, now the residence of the accomplished nobleman who takes his title from it. In Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, lived Handel; and in Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, Gibbon. We have omitted to mention that De Foe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill; and that on the site of the present Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, stood the mansion of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, one of whom was the celebrated friend of Shakspeare. But what have we not omitted also? No less an illustrious head than the Boar's, in Eastcheap,—the Boar's-head tavern, the scene of Falstaff's revels. We believe the place is still marked out by the sign.\* But who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar's-head? Have we not all been there, time out of mind? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps?

But a line or two, a single sentence in an author of former times, will often give a value to the commonest object. It not only gives us a sense of its duration, but we seem to be looking at it in company with its old observer; and we are reminded, at the same time, of all that was agreeable in him. We never saw, for instance, the gilt ball at the top of the College of Physicians,† without thinking of that pleasant mention of it in Garth's Dispensary, and of all the wit and generosity of that amiable man:—

Not far from that most celebrated place ‡,  
Where angry Justice shows her awful face,  
Where little villains must submit to fate,  
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;  
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,  
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;  
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,  
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill.

Gay, in describing the inconvenience of the late narrow part of the Strand, by St. Clement's, took away a portion of its unpleasantness to the next generation, by associating his memory with the objects in it. We did not miss without regret even the "combs" that hung "dangling

\* The Temple must have had many eminent inmates. Among them it is believed was Chaucer, who is also said, upon the strength of an old record, to have been fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street.

\* It has lately disappeared, in the alterations occasioned by the new London Bridge.

† In Warwick-lane, now a manufactory

‡ The Old Bailey.



in your face" at a shop which he describes, and which was standing till the late improvements took place. The rest of the picture is still alive. (*Trivia*, b. III.)

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,  
Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand ;  
Where the low pent-house bows the walker's head,  
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread ;  
Where not a post protects the narrow space,  
And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face ;  
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care ;  
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware !  
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the colliers' steeds  
Drag the black load ; another cart succeeds ;  
Team follows team, crowds heaped on crowds appear,  
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.

There is a touch in the Winter Picture in the same poem, which everybody will recognise :—

At White's the harnessed chairman idly stands,  
And swings around his waist his tingling hands.

The bewildered passenger in the Seven Dials is compared to Theseus in the Cretan labyrinth. And thus we come round to the point at which we began.

Before we rest our wings, however, we must take another dart over the city, as far as Stratford at Bow, where, with all due tenderness for boarding-school French, a joke of Chaucer's has existed as a piece of local humour for nearly four hundred and fifty years. Speaking of the Prioresse, who makes such a delicate figure among his Canterbury Pilgrims, he tells us, in the list of her accomplishments, that—

French she spake full faire and feuously ;

adding with great gravity—

After the school of Stratforde atte Bowe ;  
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.

## VII.—ADVICE TO THE MELANCHOLY.

If you are melancholy for the first time, you will find upon a little inquiry, that others have been melancholy many times, and yet are cheerful now. If you have been melancholy many times, recollect that you have got over all those times ; and try if you cannot find out means of getting over them better.

Do not imagine that mind alone is concerned in your bad spirits. The body has a great deal to do with these matters. The mind may undoubtedly affect the body ; but the body also affects the mind. There is a re-action between them ; and by lessening it on either side, you diminish the pain on both.

If you are melancholy, and know not why, be assured it must arise entirely from some physical weakness ; and do your best to strengthen yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow ; the blood of a

lively man is clear and quick. Endeavour therefore to put your blood in motion. Exercise is the best way to do it ; but you may also help yourself, in moderation, with wine, or other excitements. Only you must take care so to proportion the use of any artificial stimulus, that it may not render the blood languid by over-exciting it at first ; and that you may be able to keep up, by the natural stimulus only, the help you have given yourself by the artificial.

Regard the bad weather as somebody has advised us to handle the nettle. In proportion as you are delicate with it, it will make you feel ; but

Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And the rogue obeys you well.

Do not the less, however, on that account, take all reasonable precaution and arms against it,—your boots, &c. against wet feet, and your great-coat or umbrella against the rain. It is timidity and flight, which are to be deprecated, not proper armour for the battle. The first will lay you open to defeat, on the least attack. A proper use of the latter will only keep you strong for it. Plato had such a high opinion of exercise, that he said it was a cure even for a wounded conscience. Nor is this opinion a dangerous one. For there is no system, even of superstition, however severe or cruel in other matters, that does not allow a wounded conscience to be curable by some means. Nature will work out its rights and its kindness some way or other, through the worst sophistications ; and this is one of the instances in which she seems to raise herself above all contingencies. The conscience may have been wounded by artificial or by real guilt ; but then she will tell it in those extremities, that even the real guilt may have been produced by circumstances. It is her kindness alone, which nothing can pull down from its predominance.

See fair play between cares and pastimes. Diminish your artificial wants as much as possible, whether you are rich or poor ; for the rich man's, increasing by indulgence, are apt to outweigh even the abundance of his means ; and the poor man's diminution of them renders his means the greater. On the other hand, increase all your natural and healthy enjoyments. Cultivate your afternoon fire-side, the society of your friends, the company of agreeable children, music, theatres, amusing books, an urbane and generous gallantry. He who thinks any innocent pastime foolish, has either to grow wiser or is past the ability to do so. In the one case, his notion of being childish is itself a childish notion. In the other, his importance is of so feeble and hollow a cast, that it dare not move for fear of tumbling to pieces.

A friend of ours, who knows as well as any man how to unite industry with enjoyment,

has set an excellent example to those who can afford the leisure, by taking two Sabbaths every week instead of one,—not Methodistical Sabbaths, but days of rest which pay true homage to the Supreme Being by enjoying his creation.

One of the best pieces of advice for an ailing spirit is to go to no sudden extremes—to adopt no great and extreme changes in diet or other habits. They may make a man look very great and philosophic to his own mind; but they are not fit for a being, to whom custom has been truly said to be a second nature. Dr. Cheyne may tell us that a drowning man cannot too quickly get himself out of the water; but the analogy is not good. If the water has become a second habit, he might almost as well say that a fish could not get too quickly out of it.

Upon this point, Bacon says that we should discontinue what we think hurtful by little and little. And he quotes with admiration the advice of Celsus:—that “a man do vary and interchange contraries, but rather with an inclination to the more benign extreme.” “Use fasting,” he says, “and full eating, but *rather* full eating; watching and sleep, but *rather* sleep; sitting and exercise, but *rather* exercise, and the like; so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries.”

We cannot do better than conclude with one or two other passages out of the same Essay, full of his usual calm wisdom. “If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be too strange for your body when you need it.” (He means that a general state of health should not make us over-confident and contemptuous of physic; but that we should use it moderately if required, that it may not be too strange to us when required most.) “If you make it too familiar, it will have no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh. I commend rather some diet for certain seasons, than frequent use of physic, except it be grown into a custom; for those diets alter the body more, and trouble it less.”

“As for the passions and studies of the mind,” says he, “avoid envy, anxious fears, anger fretting inwards, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys and exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated” (for as he says finely, somewhere else, they who keep their griefs to themselves, are “cannibals of their own hearts”). “Entertain hopes; mirth rather than joy;” (that is to say, cheerfulness rather than boisterous merriment); “variety of delights rather than surfeit of them; wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.”

## VIII.—CHARLES BRANDON, AND MARY QUEEN OF FRANCE.

THE fortune of Charles Brandon was remarkable. He was an honest man, yet the favourite of a despot. He was brave, handsome, accomplished, possessed even delicacy of sentiment; yet he retained the despot's favour to the last. He even had the perilous honour of being beloved by his master's sister, without having the least claim to it by birth; and yet instead of its destroying them both, he was allowed to be her husband.

Charles Brandon was the son of Sir William Brandon, whose skull was cleaved at Bosworth by Richard the Third, while bearing the standard of the Duke of Richmond. Richard dashed at the standard, and appears to have been thrown from his horse by Sir William, whose strength and courage however could not save him from the angry desperation of the king.

But Time, whose wheels with various motion runne,  
Repayes this service fully to his sonne,  
Who marries Richmond's daughter, born betwene  
Two royal parents, and endowed a queene.

*Sir John Beaumont's Bosworth Field.*

The father's fate must have had its effect in securing the fortunes of the son. Young Brandon grew up with Henry the Seventh's children, and was the playmate of his future king and bride. The prince, as he increased in years, seems to have carried the idea of Brandon with him like that of a second self; and the princess, whose affection was not hindered from becoming personal by anything sisterly, nor on the other hand allowed to waste itself in too equal a familiarity, may have felt a double impulse given to it by the improbability of her ever being suffered to become his wife. Royal females in most countries have certainly none of the advantages of their rank, whatever the males may have. Mary was destined to taste the usual bitterness of their lot; but she was repaid. At the conclusion of the war with France, she was married to the old king Louis the Twelfth, who witnessed from a couch the exploits of her future husband at the tournaments. The doings of Charles Brandon that time were long remembered. The love between him and the young queen was suspected by the French court; and he had just seen her enter Paris in the midst of a gorgeous procession, like Aurora come to marry Tithonus. Brandon dealt his chivalry about him accordingly with such irresistible vigour, that the dauphin, in a fit of jealousy, secretly introduced into the contest a huge German, who was thought to be of a strength incomparable. But Brandon grappled with him, and with seeming disdain and detection so pummelled him about the head with the hilt of his sword, that the blood burst through the vizor. Imagine the feelings of the queen, when he came



and made her an offering of the German's shield! Drayton, in his Heroical Epistles, we know not on what authority, tells us, that on one occasion during the combats, perhaps this particular one, she could not help crying out, "Hurt not my sweet Charles;" or words to that effect. He then pleasantly represents her as doing away suspicion by falling to commendations of the dauphin, and affecting not to know who the conquering knight was;—an ignorance not very probable; but the knights sometimes disguised themselves purposely.

The old king did not long survive his festivities. He died in less than three months, on the first day of the year 1515; and Brandon, who had been created Duke of Suffolk the year before, re-appeared at the French court, with letters of condolence, and more persuasive looks. The royal widow was young, beautiful, and rich: and it was likely that her hand would be sought by many princely lovers; but she was now resolved to reward herself for her sacrifice, and in less than two months she privately married her first love. The queen, says a homely but not mean poet (Warner, in his *Albion's England*) thought that to cast too many doubts

Were oft to erre no lesse  
Than to be rash: and thus no doubt  
The gentle queen did guesse,  
That seeing this or that, at first  
Or last, had likelyhood,  
A man so much a manly man  
Were dastardly withstood.  
Then kisses revelled on their lips,  
To either's equal good.

Henry showed great anger at first, real or pretended; but he had not then been pampered into unbearable self-will by a long reign of tyranny. He forgave his sister and friend; and they were publicly wedded at Greenwich on the 13th of May.

It was during the festivities on this occasion (at least we believe so, for we have not the chivalrous Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth* by us, which is most probably the authority for the story; and being a good thing, it is omitted, as usual, by the historians) that Charles Brandon gave a proof of the fineness of his nature, equally just towards himself, and conciliating towards the jealous. He appeared, at a tournament, on a saddle-cloth, made half of frize and half of cloth-of-gold, and with a motto on each half. One of the mottos ran thus:—

Cloth of frize, be not too bold,  
Though thou art match'd with cloth of gold.

The other:—

Cloth of gold, do not despise,  
Though thou art matched with cloth of frize.

It is this beautiful piece of sentiment which puts a heart into his history, and makes it worthy remembering.

## IX.—ON THE HOUSEHOLD GODS OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE Ancients had three kinds of Household Gods,—the Daimon (Dæmon) or Genius, the Penates, and the Lares. The first was supposed to be a spirit allotted to every man from his birth, some say with a companion; and that one of them was a suggester of good thoughts, and the other of evil. It seems, however, that the Genius was a personification of the conscience, or rather of the prevailing impulses of the mind, or the other self of a man; and it was in this sense most likely that Socrates condescended to speak of his well-known Dæmon, Genius, or Familiar Spirit, who, as he was a good man, always advised him to a good end. The Genius was thought to paint ideas upon the mind in as lively a manner as if in a looking-glass; upon which we chose which of them to adopt. Spenser, a deeply-learned as well as imaginative poet, describes it in one of his most comprehensive though not most poetical stanzas, as

—That celestial Powre, to whom the care  
Of life, and generation of all  
That lives, pertaine in charge particulare;  
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,  
And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foreseee,  
And ofte of secret ills bids us beware:  
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,  
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee.

Therefore a God him sage antiquity

Did wisely make.—*Faerie Queene*, book ii. st. 47.

Of the belief in an Evil Genius, a celebrated example is furnished in Plutarch's account of Brutus's vision, of which Shakspeare has given so fine a version (*Julius Caesar*, Act 4, Sc. 3). Beliefs of this kind seem traceable from one superstition to another, and in some instances are immediately so. But fear, and ignorance, and even the humility of knowledge, are at hand to furnish them, where precedent is wanting. There is no doubt, however, that the Romans, who copied and in general vulgarized the Greek mythology, took their Genius from the Greek Daimon: and as the Greek word has survived and taken shape in the common word Dæmon, which by scornful reference to the Heathen religion, came at last to signify a Devil, so the Latin word Genius, not having been used by the translators of the Greek Testament, has survived with a better meaning, and is employed to express our most genial and intellectual faculties. Such and such a man is said to indulge his genius;—he has a genius for this and that art:—he has a noble genius, a fine genius, an original and peculiar genius. And as the Romans, from attributing a genius to every man at his birth, came to attribute one to places and to soils, and other more comprehensive peculiarities, so we have adopted

the same use of the term into our poetical phraseology. We speak also of the genius or idiomatic peculiarity of a language. One of the most curious and edifying uses of the word Genius took place in the English translation of the French *Arabian Nights*, which speaks of our old friends the Genie and the Genies. This is nothing more than the French word retained from the original translator, who applied the Roman word Genius to the Arabian Dive or Elf.

One of the stories with which Pausanias has enlivened his description of Greece, is relative to a Genius. He says, that one of the companions of Ulysses having been killed by the people of Temesa, they were fated to sacrifice a beautiful virgin every year to his manes. They were about to immolate one as usual, when Euthymus, a conqueror in the Olympic Games, touched with pity at her fate and admiration of her beauty, fell in love with her, and resolved to try if he could not put an end to so terrible a custom. He accordingly got permission from the state to marry her, provided he could rescue her from her dreadful expectant. He armed himself, waited in the temple, and the genius appeared. It was said to have been of an appalling presence. Its shape was every way formidable, its colour of an intense black, and it was girded about with a wolf-skin. But Euthymus fought and conquered it; upon which it fled madly, not only beyond the walls, but the utmost bounds of Temesa, and rushed into the sea.

The Penates were Gods of the house and family. Collectively speaking, they also presided over cities, public roads, and at last over all places with which men were conversant. Their chief government however was supposed to be over the most inner and secret part of the house, and the subsistence and welfare of its inmates. They were chosen at will out of the number of the gods, as the Roman in modern times chose his favourite saint. In fact they were only the higher gods themselves, descending into a kind of household familiarity. They were the personification of a particular Providence. The most striking mention of the Penates which we can call to mind is in one of Virgil's most poetical passages. It is where they appear to Æneas, to warn him from Crete, and announce his destined empire in Italy. (Lib. III. v. 147.)

Nox erat, et teris animalia somnus habebat:  
Effigies sacræ divum, Phrygiæque Penates,  
Quos mecum a Troja, mediisque ex ignibus urbis  
Extuleram, visi ante oculos adstare jacentis  
In somnis, multo manifesti lumine, qua se  
Plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras.

'Twas night; and sleep was on all living things.  
I lay, and saw before my very eyes  
Dread shapes of gods, and Phrygian deities,  
The great Penates; whom with reverent joy  
I bore from out the heart of burning Troy.

Plainly I saw them, standing in the light  
Which the moon poured into the room that night.

And again, after they had addressed him—

Nec sopor illud erat; sed coram agnoscere vultus,  
Velatasque comas, præsentiaque ora videbar:  
Tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor.

It was no dream: I saw them face to face,  
Their hooded hair; and felt them so before  
My being, that I burst at every pore.

The Lares, or Lars, were the lesser and most familiar Household Gods, and though their offices were afterwards extended a good deal, in the same way as those of the Penates, with whom they are often confounded, their principal sphere was the fire-place. This was in the middle of the room; and the statues of the Lares generally stood about it in little niches. They are said to have been in the shape of monkeys; more likely mannikins, or rude little human images. Some were made of wax, some of stone, and others doubtless of any material for sculpture. They were represented with good-natured grinning countenances, were clothed in skins, and had little dogs at their feet. Some writers make them the offspring of the goddess Mania, who presided over the spirits of the dead; and suppose that originally they were the same as those spirits; which is a very probable as well as agreeable superstition, the old nations of Italy having been accustomed to bury their dead in their houses. Upon this supposition, the good or benevolent spirits were called Familiar Lares, and the evil or malignant ones Larvæ and Lemures. Thus Milton, in his awful Hymn on the Nativity:—

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint.  
In urns and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each Peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

But Ovid tells a story of a gossiping nymph Lara, who having told Juno of her husband's amour with Juturna, was "sent to Hell" by him, and courted by Mercury on the road; the consequence of which was the birth of the Lares. This seems to have a natural reference enough to the gossiping over fire-places.

It is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance between these lesser Household Gods and some of the offices of our old English elves and fairies. Dacier, in a note upon Horace (Lib. I., Od. 12) informs us, that in some parts of Languedoc, in his time, the fire-place was still called the Lar; and that the name was also given to houses.

Herrick, a poet of the Anacreontic order in the time of Elizabeth, who was visited, perhaps more than any other, except Spenser, with a sense of the pleasantest parts of the



ancient mythology, has written some of his lively little odes upon the Lares. We have not them by us at this moment, but we remember one beginning,—

It was, and still my care is  
To worship you, the Lares.

We take the opportunity of the Lar's being mentioned in it, to indulge ourselves in a little poem of Martial's, very charming for its simplicity. It is an Epitaph on a child of the name of Erotion.

Hic festinata requiescit Erotion umbra,  
Crimine quam fati sexta peremit hiems.  
Quisquis eris nostri post me regnator agelli,  
Manibus exiguis annua justa dato.  
Sic Lare perpetuo, sic turba sospite, solus  
Flebilis in terra sit lapis iste tua.

#### THE EPITAPH OF EROTION.

Underneath this greedy stone  
Lies little sweet Erotion ;  
Whom the fates, with hearts as cold,  
Nipt away at six years old.  
Thou, whoever thou may'st be,  
That hast this small field after me,  
Let the yearly rites be paid  
To her little slender shade ;  
So shall no disease or jar  
Hurt thy house or chill thy Lar ;  
But this tomb here be alone,  
The only melancholy stone.

#### X.—SOCIAL GENEALOGY.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil. (*Trist. Lib. IV., v. 51.*) But still he thinks the sight of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; which he did, with great satisfaction. Now such of us as have shaken hands with a living poet, might be able to reckon up a series of connecting shakes, to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona.

With some living poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant; and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat apocryphal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson

the painter tells us the story from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Drayton, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

In this friendly genealogy we have omitted the numerous side-branches or common friendships. It may be mentioned, however, in order not to omit Spenser, that Davenant resided some time in the family of Lord Brooke, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Spenser's intimacy with Sidney is mentioned by himself in a letter, still extant, to Gabriel Harvey.

We will now give the authorities for our intellectual pedigree. Sheridan is mentioned in Boswell as being admitted to the celebrated club of which Johnson, Goldsmith, and others were members. He had just written the *School for Scandal*, which made him the more welcome. Of Johnson's friendship with Savage (we cannot help beginning the sentence with his favourite leading preposition), the well-known Life is an interesting record. It is said that in the commencement of their friendship, they sometimes wandered together about London for want of a lodging—more likely for Savage's want of it, and Johnson's fear of offending him by offering a share of his own. But we do not remember how this circumstance is related by Boswell.

Savage's intimacy with Steele is recorded in a pleasant anecdote, which he told Johnson. Sir Richard once desired him, "with an air of the utmost importance," says his biographer, "to come very early to his house the next morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire, but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde-park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then

finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

"Mr. Savage then imagined that his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for, and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production for sale for two guineas, which with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning."

Steele's acquaintance with Pope, who wrote some papers for his *Guardian*, appears in the letters and other works of the wits of that time. Johnson supposes that it was his friendly interference, which attempted to bring Pope and Addison together after a jealous separation. Pope's friendship with Congreve appears also in his letters. He also dedicated the *Iliad* to Congreve, over the heads of peers and patrons. The dramatist, whose conversation most likely partook of the elegance and wit of his writings, and whose manners appear to have rendered him a universal favourite, had the honour, in his youth, of attracting the respect and regard of Dryden. He was publicly hailed by him as his successor, and affectionately bequeathed the care of his laurels. Dryden did not know who had been looking at him in the coffee-house.

Already I am worn with cares and age,  
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage;  
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,  
I live a rent-charge on his providence.  
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,  
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,  
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,  
Against your judgment, your departed friend!  
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,  
But shade those laurels which descend to you.

Congreve did so, with great tenderness.

Dryden is reported to have asked Milton's permission to turn his *Paradise Lost* into a rhyming tragedy, which he called the *State of Innocence*, or the *Fall of Man*; a work, such as might be expected from such a mode of alteration. The venerable poet is said to have answered, "Ay, young man, you may tag my verses, if you will." Be the connexion, however, of Dryden with Milton, or of Milton with Davenant, as it may, Dryden wrote the alteration of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, as it is now perpetrated, in conjunction with Davenant. They were great hands, but they should not have touched the pure grandeur of Shakspeare. The intimacy of Davenant with Hobbes is to be seen by their correspondence prefixed to Gondibert. Hobbes was at one time secretary to Lord Bacon, a singularly illustrious instance of servant and master. Bacon also had Ben

Jonson for a retainer in a similar capacity; and Jonson's link with the preceding writers could be easily supplied through the medium of Greville and Sidney, and indeed of many others of his contemporaries. Here then we arrive at Shakspeare, and feel the electric virtue of his hand. Their intimacy, dashed a little, perhaps, with jealousy on the part of Jonson, but maintained to the last by dint of the nobler part of him, and of Shakspeare's irresistible fineness of nature, is a thing as notorious as their fame. Fuller says: "Many were the wit-combates betwixt (Shakspeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning: solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." This is a happy simile, with the exception of what is insinuated about Jonson's greater solidity. But let Jonson show for himself the affection with which he regarded one, who did not irritate or trample down rivalry, but rose above it like the sun, and turned emulation to worship.

Soul of the age!

Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!  
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room;  
Thou art a monument without a tomb;  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

\* \* \* \*

He was not of an age, but for all time.

## XI.—ANGLING.

THE anglers are a race of men who puzzle us. We do not mean for their patience, which is laudable, nor for the infinite non-success of some of them, which is desirable. Neither do we agree with the good old joke attributed to Swift, that angling is always to be considered as "a stick and a string, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other." Nay, if he had books with him, and a pleasant day, we can account for the joyousness of that prince of punters, who, having been seen in the same spot one morning and evening, and asked whether he had had any success, said No, but in the course of the day he had had "a glorious nibble."

But the anglers boast of the innocence of their pastime; yet it puts fellow-creatures to the torture. They pique themselves on their meditative faculties; and yet their only excuse is a want of thought. It is this that puzzles us. Old Isaac Walton, their patriarch, speaking of his inquisitorial abstractions on the banks of a river, says,

Here we may  
Think and pray,



Before death  
Stops our breath,  
Other joys  
Are but toys,  
And to be lamented.

So saying, he "stops the breath" of a trout, by plucking him up into an element too thin to respire, with a hook and a tortured worm in his jaws—

Other joys  
Are but toys.

If you ride, walk, or skate, or play at cricket, or at rackets, or enjoy a ball or a concert, it is "to be lamented." To put pleasure into the faces of half a dozen agreeable women, is a toy unworthy of the manliness of a worm-sticker. But to put a hook into the gills of a carp—there you attain the end of a reasonable being; there you show yourself truly a lord of the creation. To plant your feet occasionally in the mud, is also a pleasing step. So is cutting your ancles with weeds and stones—

Other joys  
Are but toys.

The book of Isaac Walton upon angling is a delightful performance in some respects. It smells of the country air, and of the flowers in cottage windows. Its pictures of rural scenery, its simplicity, its snatches of old songs, are all good and refreshing; and his prodigious relish of a dressed fish would not be grudged him, if he had killed it a little more decently. He really seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon; to approach it, like the grace, with his hat off. But what are we to think of a man, who in the midst of his tortures of other animals, is always valuing himself on his harmlessness; and who actually follows up one of his most complacent passages of this kind, with an injunction to impale a certain worm twice upon the hook, because it is lively, and might get off! All that can be said of such an extraordinary inconsistency is, that having been bred up in an opinion of the innocence of his amusement, and possessing a healthy power of exercising voluntary thoughts (as far as he had any), he must have dozed over the opposite side of the question, so as to become almost, perhaps quite, insensible to it. And angling does indeed seem the next thing to dreaming. It dispenses with locomotion, reconciles contradictions, and renders the very countenance null and void. A friend of ours, who is an admirer of Walton, was struck, just as we were, with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish. It is hard, angular, and of no expression. It seems to have been "subdued to what it worked in;" to have become native to the watery element. One might have said to Walton, "Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" He looks like a pike, dressed in broadcloth instead of butter.

The face of his pupil and follower, or, as he fondly called himself, son, Charles Cotton, a

poet and a man of wit, is more good-natured and uneasy.\* Cotton's pleasures had not been confined to fishing. His sympathies indeed had been a little superabundant, and left him, perhaps, not so great a power of thinking as he pleased. Accordingly, we find in his writings more symptoms of scrupulousness upon the subject, than in those of his father.

Walton says, that an angler does no hurt but to fish; and this he counts as nothing. Cotton argues, that the slaughter of them is not to be "repented;" and he says to his father (which looks as if the old gentleman sometimes thought upon the subject too)

There whilst behind some bush we wait  
The scaly people to betray,  
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,  
To make the preying trout our prey.

This argument, and another about fish's being made for "man's pleasure and diet," are all that anglers have to say for the innocence of their sport. But they are both as rank sophistications as can be; sheer beggings of the question. To kill fish outright is a different matter. Death is common to all; and a trout, speedily killed by a man, may suffer no worse fate than from the jaws of a pike. It is the mode, the lingering cat-like cruelty of the angler's sport, that renders it unworthy. If fish were made to be so treated, then men were also made to be racked and throttled by inquisitors. Indeed among other advantages of angling, Cotton reckons up a tame, fishlike acquiescence to whatever the powerful choose to inflict.

We scratch not our pates,  
Nor repine at the rates  
Our superiors impose on our living;  
But do frankly submit,  
Knowing they have more wit  
In demanding, than we have in giving.

Whilst quiet we sit,  
We conclude all things fit,  
Acquiescing with hearty submission, &c.

And this was no pastoral fiction. The anglers of those times, whose skill became famous from the celebrity of their names, chiefly in divinity, were great fallers-in with passive obedience. They seemed to think (whatever they found it necessary to say now and then upon that point) that the great had as much right to prey upon men, as the small had upon fishes; only the men luckily had not hooks put into their jaws, and the sides of their cheeks torn to pieces. The two most famous anglers in history are Antony and Cleopatra. These extremes of the angling character are very edifying.

We should like to know what these grave divines would have said to the heavenly maxim of "Do as you would be done by." Let us imagine ourselves, for instance, a sort of

\* The reader may see both the portraits in the late editions of Walton.

human fish. Air is but a rarer fluid ; and at present, in this November weather, a supernatural being who should look down upon us from a higher atmosphere, would have some reason to regard us as a kind of pedestrian carp. Now fancy a Genius fishing for us. Fancy him baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Isaac Walton from the banks of the river Lee, with the hook through his ear. How he would go up, roaring and screaming, and thinking the devil had got him !

Other joys  
Are but toys.

We repeat, that if fish were made to be so treated, then we were just as much made to be racked and suffocated ; and a footpad might have argued that old Isaac was made to have his pocket picked, and be tumbled into the river. There is no end of these idle and selfish beggings of the question, which at last argue quite as much against us as for us. And granting them, for the sake of argument, it is still obvious, on the very same ground, that men were also made to be taught better. We do not say, that all anglers are of a cruel nature ; many of them, doubtless, are amiable men in other matters. They have only never thought perhaps on that side of the question, or been accustomed from childhood to blink it. But once thinking, their amiableness and their practice become incompatible ; and if they should wish, on that account, never to have thought upon the subject, they would only show, that they cared for their own exemption from suffering, and not for its diminution in general.\*

## XII.—LUDICROUS EXAGGERATION.

MEN of wit sometimes like to pamper a joke into exaggeration ; into a certain corpulence of facetiousness. Their relish of the thing makes them wish it as large as possible ; and the enjoyment of it is doubled by its becoming more visible to the eyes of others. It is for this reason that jests in company are sometimes built up by one hand after another,—“threepiled hyperboles,”—till the over-done Babel topples and tumbles down amidst a merry confusion of tongues.

Falstaff was a great master of this art : he loved a joke as large as himself ; witness his famous account of the men in buckram. Thus he tells the Lord Chief Justice, that he had lost his voice “with singing of anthems ;” and he calls Bardolph’s red nose “a perpetual

\* Perhaps the best thing to be said finally about angling is, that not being able to determine whether fish feel it very sensibly or otherwise, we ought to give them the benefit rather than the disadvantage of the doubt, where we can help it ; and our feelings the benefit, where we cannot.

triumph, an everlasting bonfire light ;” and says it has saved him “a thousand marks in links and torches,” walking with it “in the night, betwixt tavern and tavern.” See how he goes heightening the account of his recruits at every step :—“You would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.—A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies—No eye hath seen such scarecrows.—I’ll not march through Coventry with them, that’s flat.—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on ; for indeed I had most of them out of prison.—There’s but a shirt and a-half in all my company ;—and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald’s coat without sleeves.”

An old schoolfellow of ours (who, by the way, was more fond of quoting Falstaff than any other of Shakspeare’s characters) used to be called upon for a story, with a view to a joke of this sort ; it being an understood thing, that he had a privilege of exaggeration, without committing his abstract love of truth. The reader knows the old blunder attributed to Goldsmith about a dish of green peas. Somebody had been applauded in company for advising his cook to take some ill-dressed peas to Hammersmith, “because that was the way to Turn’em Green ;” upon which Goldsmith is said to have gone and repeated the pun at another table in this fashion :—“John should take those peas, I think, to Hammer-smith.” “Why so, Doctor ?” “Because that is the way to make ’em green.” Now our friend would give the blunder with this sort of additional dressing : “At sight of the dishes of vegetables, Goldsmith, who was at his own house, took off the covers, one after another, with great anxiety, till he found that peas were among them ; upon which he rubbed his hands with an air of infinite and prospective satisfaction. ‘You are fond of peas, Sir ?’ said one of the company. ‘Yes, Sir,’ said Goldsmith, ‘particularly so :—I eat them all the year round ;—I mean, Sir, every day in the season. I do not think there is anybody so fond of peas as I am.’ ‘Is there any particular reason, Doctor,’ asked a gentleman present, ‘why you like peas so much, beyond the usual one of their agreeable taste ?’—‘No, Sir, none whatsoever :—none, I assure you’ (here Goldsmith showed a great wish to impress this fact on his guests) : ‘I never heard any particular encomium or speech about them from any one else : but they carry their own eloquence with them : they are things, Sir, of infinite taste.’ (Here a laugh, which put Goldsmith in additional spirits.) But, bless me !’ he exclaimed, looking narrowly into the peas :—‘I fear they are very ill-done :



they are absolutely yellow instead of *green*' (here he put a strong emphasis on *green*); 'and you know, peas should be emphatically green:—greenness in a pea is a quality as essential, as whiteness in a lily. The cook has quite spoilt them:—but I'll give the rogue a lecture, gentlemen, with your permission.' Goldsmith then rose and rang the bell violently for the cook, who came in ready booted and spurred. 'Ha!' exclaimed Goldsmith, 'those boots and spurs are your salvation, you knave. Do you know, Sir, what you have done?'—'No, Sir.'—'Why, you have made the peas yellow, Sir. Go instantly, and take 'em to Hammersmith.' 'To Hammersmith, Sir?' cried the man, all in astonishment, the guests being no less so:—'please Sir, why am I to take 'em to Hammersmith?'—'Because, Sir,' (and here Goldsmith looked round with triumphant anticipation) 'that is the way to render those peas green.'"

There is a very humorous piece of exaggeration in Butler's *Remains*,—a collection, by the bye, well worthy of *Hudibras*, and indeed of more interest to the general reader. Butler is defrauded of his fame with readers of taste who happen to be no politicians, when *Hudibras* is printed without this appendage. The piece we allude to is a short description of Holland:—

A country that draws fifty foot of water,  
In which men live as in the hold of nature;  
And when the sea does in upon them break,  
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.

\* \* \* \* \*  
That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,  
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes.  
A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,  
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

We do not know, and perhaps it would be impossible to discover, whether Butler wrote his minor pieces before those of the great patriot Andrew Marvell, who rivalled him in wit and excelled him in poetry. Marvell, though born later, seems to have been known earlier as an author. He was certainly known publicly before him. But in the political poems of Marvell, there is a ludicrous character of Holland, which might be pronounced to be either the copy or the original of Butler's, if in those anti-Batavian times the Hollander had not been baited by all the wits; and were it not probable, that the unwieldy monotony of his character gave rise to much the same ludicrous imagery in many of their fancies. Marvell's wit has the advantage of Butler's, not in learning or multiplicity of contrasts (for nobody ever beat him there), but in a greater variety of them, and in being able, from the more poetical turn of his mind, to bring graver and more imaginative things to wait upon his levity.

He thus opens the battery upon our amphibious neighbour:

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,  
As but the off-scouring of the British sand;

And so much earth as was contributed  
By English pilots, when they heaved the lead;  
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,  
Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle-shell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,  
They, with mad labour,\* fished the land to shore:  
And dived as desperately for each piece  
Of earth, as if it had been of ambergreece;  
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,  
Less than what building swallows bear away;  
Or than those pills which sordid beetles rowl,  
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.

He goes on in a strain of exquisite hyperbole:—

How did they rivet with gigantic piles  
Through the centre their *new-catched miles*;  
And to the stake a *struggling country* bound,  
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground;  
Building their wat'ry Babel far more high  
To catch the waves, than those to scale the sky.  
Yet still his claim the injured ocean layed,  
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;  
As if on purpose it on land had come  
To shew them what's their *Mare Liberum*†;  
A daily deluge over them does boil;  
The earth and water play at level-coyl;  
The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,  
And sat, not as at meat, but as a guest:  
And oft the Tritons, and the Sea-nymphs, saw  
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau.  
Or, as they over the new level ranged,  
For pickled herrings, pickled Heeren changed.  
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,  
Would throw their land away at duck and drake:  
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,  
Something like government among them brings:  
For as with Pigmys, who best kills the crane,  
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,  
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,  
So rules among the drowned he that drains.  
Not who first sees the rising sun, commands;  
But who could first discern the rising lands;  
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,  
Him they their lord and country's father spcak;  
To make a bank was a great plot of state;—  
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

We can never read these and some other ludicrous verses of Marvell, even when by ourselves, without laughter.

### XIII.—GILBERT! GILBERT!

The sole idea generally conveyed to us by historians of Thomas à Becket is that of a haughty priest, who tried to elevate the religious power above the civil. But in looking more narrowly into the accounts of him, it appears that for a considerable part of his life he was a merry layman, was a great falconer, feaster, and patron, as well as man of business; and he wore all characters with such unaffected pleasantness, that he was called the Delight of the Western World.

On a sudden, to every body's surprise, his friend the king (Henry II.), from chancellor

\* Dryden afterwards, of fighting for gain, in his song of *Come, if you dare*—

"The Gods from above the mad labour behold."

† A *Free Ocean*.

made him archbishop ; and with equal suddenness, though retaining his affability, the new head of the English church put off all his worldly graces and pleasures (save and except a rich gown over his sackcloth), and in the midst of a gay court, became the most mortified of ascetics. Instead of hunting and hawking, he paced a solitary cloister ; instead of his wine, he drank fennel-water ; and in lieu of soft clothing, he indulged his back in stripes.

This phenomenon has divided the opinions of the moral critics. Some insist, that Becket was religiously in earnest, and think the change natural to a man of the world, whose heart had been struck with reflection. Others see in his conduct nothing but ambition. We suspect that three parts of the truth are with the latter ; and that Becket, suddenly enabled to dispute a kind of sovereignty with his prince and friend, gave way to the new temptation, just as he had done to his falconry and fine living. But the complete alteration of his way of life,—the enthusiasm which enabled him to set up so different a greatness against his former one—shows, that his character partook at least of as much sincerity, as would enable him to delude himself in good taste. In proportion as his very egotism was concerned, it was likely that such a man would exalt the gravity and importance of his new calling. He had flourished at an earthly court : he now wished to be as great a man in the eyes of another ; and worldly power, which was at once to be enjoyed and despised by virtue of his office, had a zest given to its possession, of which the incredulousness of mere insincerity could know nothing.

Thomas à Becket may have inherited a romantic turn of mind from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, a flourishing citizen, had been in his youth a soldier in the crusades ; and being taken prisoner, became slave to an Emir, or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a personage who became more attached to him. This was the Emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not does not appear, but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady with her loving heart followed him. She knew, they say, but two words of his language, — London and Gilbert ; and by repeating the former she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took to her other talisman, and went from street to street pronouncing "Gilbert !" A crowd collected about her wherever she went, asking of course a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—Gilbert ! Gilbert !—She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance, or her determination to go through every street, brought her at last to the one, in which he who had won

her heart in slavery, was living in good condition. The crowd drew the family to the window ; his servant recognised her ; and Gilbert Becket took to his arms and his bridal bed, his far-come princess, with her solitary fond word.

#### XIV. FATAL MISTAKE OF NERVOUS DISORDERS FOR MADNESS.

SOME affecting catastrophes in the public papers induce us to say a few words on the mistaken notions which are so often, in our opinion, the cause of their appearance. It is much to be wished that some physician, truly so called, and philosophically competent to the task, would write a work on this subject. We have plenty of books on symptoms and other alarming matters, very useful for increasing the harm already existing. We believe also there are some works of a different kind, if not written in direct counteraction ; but the learned authors are apt to be so grand and etymological in their title-pages, that they must frighten the general understanding with their very advertisements.

There is this great difference between what is generally understood by the word madness, and the nervous or melancholy disorders, the excess of which is so often confounded with it. Madness is a consequence of malformation of the brain, and is by no means of necessity attended with melancholy or even ill-health. The patient, in the very midst of it, is often strong, healthy, and even cheerful. On the other hand, nervous disorders, or even melancholy in its most aggravated state, is nothing but the excess of a state of stomach and blood, extremely common. The mind no doubt will act upon that state and exasperate it ; but there is great re-action between mind and body : and as it is a common thing for a man in an ordinary fever, or fit of the bile, to be melancholy, and even to do or feel inclined to do an extravagant thing, so it is as common for him to get well and be quite cheerful again. Thus it is among witless people that the true madness will be found. It is the more intelligent that are subject to the other disorders ; and a proper use of their intelligence will show them what the disorders are.

But weak treatment may frighten the intelligent. A kind person, for instance, in a fit of melancholy, may confess that he feels an inclination to do some desperate or even cruel thing. This is often treated at once as madness, instead of an excess of the kind just mentioned ; and the person seeing he is thought out of his wits, begins to think himself so, and at last acts as if he were. This is a lamentable evil ; but it does not stop here. The children or other relatives of the person may become victims to the mistake. They think



there is madness, as the phrase is, "in the family;" and so whenever they feel ill, or meet with a misfortune, the thought will prey upon their minds; and this may lead to catastrophes, with which they have really no more to do than any other sick or unfortunate people. How many persons have committed an extravagance in a brain fever, or undergone hallucinations of mind in consequence of getting an ague, or taking opium, or fifty other causes; and yet the moment the least wandering of mind is observed in them, others become frightened; their fright is manifested beyond all necessity; and the patients and their family must suffer for it. They seem to think, that no disorder can properly be held a true Christian sickness, and fit for charitable interpretation, but where the patient has gone regularly to bed, and had curtains, and caudle-cups, and nurses about him, like a well-behaved respectable sick gentleman. But this state of things implies muscular weakness, or weakness of that sort which renders the bodily action feeble. Now, in nervous disorders, the muscular action may be as strong as ever; and people may reasonably be allowed a world of illness, sitting in their chairs, or even walking or running.

These mistaken pronouncers upon disease ought to be told, that when they are thus unwarrantably frightened, they are partaking of the very essence of what they misapprehend; for it is *fear*, in all its various degrees and modifications, which is at the bottom of nervousness and melancholy; not fear in its ordinary sense, as opposed to cowardice (for a man who would shudder at a bat or a vague idea, may be bold as a lion against an enemy), but imaginative fear;—fear either of something known or of the patient knows not what;—a vague sense of terror,—an impulse,—an apprehension of ill,—dwelling upon some painful and worrying thought. Now this suffering is invariably connected with a weak state of the body in *some* respects, particularly of the stomach. Hundreds will be found to have felt it, if patients inquire; but the mind is sometimes afraid of acknowledging its apprehensions, even to itself; and thus fear broods over and hatches fear.

These disorders, generally speaking, are greater or less in their effects according to the exercise of reason. But do not let the word be misunderstood: we should rather say, according to the extent of the knowledge. A very imaginative man will indeed be likely to suffer more than others; but if his knowledge is at all in proportion, he will also get through his evil better than an uninformed man suffering great terrors. And the reason is, that he knows how much bodily unhealthiness has to do with it. The very words that frighten the unknowing might teach them better, if understood. Thus insanity itself properly means

nothing but unhealthiness or unsoundness. Derangement explains itself, and may surely mean very harmless things. Melancholy is compounded of two words which signify black bile. Hypochondria is the name of one of the regions of the stomach, a very instructive etymology. And lunacy refers to effects, real or imaginary, of particular states of the moon; which if anything after all, are nothing more than what every delicate constitution feels in its degree from particular states of the weather; for weather, like the tides, is apt to be in such and such a condition, when the moon presents such and such a face.

It has been said,

Great wits to madness nearly are allied.

It is curious that he who wrote the saying (Dryden) was a very sound wit to the end of his life; while his wife, who was of a weak understanding, became insane. An excellent writer (Wordsworth) has written an idle couplet about the insanity of poets:

We poets enter on our path with gladness,  
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

If he did not mean madness in the ordinary sense, he should not have written this line; if he did, he ought not to have fallen, in the teeth of his better knowledge, into so vulgar an error. There are very few instances of insane poets, or of insane great understandings of any sort. Bacon, Milton, Newton, Shakspeare, Cervantes, &c. were all of minds as sound as they were great. So it has been with the infinite majority of literary men of all countries. If Tasso and a few others were exceptions, they were *but* exceptions; and the derangement in these eminent men has very doubtful characters about it, and is sometimes made a question. It may be pretty safely affirmed, at least, upon an examination of it, that had they not been the clever men they were, it would have been much worse and less equivocal. Collins, whose case was after all one of inanition rather than insanity, had been a free liver; and seems to have been hurt by having a fortune left him. Cowper was weak-bodied, and beset by Methodists. Swift's body was full of bad humours. He himself attributed his disordered system to the effects of a surfeit of fruit on his stomach; and in his last illness he used to break out in enormous boils and blisters. This was a violent effort of nature to help and purify the current of his blood,—the main object in all such cases. Dr. Johnson, who was subject to mists of melancholy, used to fancy he should go mad; but he never did.

Exercise, conversation, cheerful society, amusements of all sorts, or a kind, patient, and gradual helping of the bodily health, till the mind be capable of amusement (for it should never foolishly be told "not to think"

of melancholy things, without having something done for it to mend the bodily health),—these are the cures, the only cures, and in our opinion the almost infallible cures of nervous disorders, however excessive. Above all, the patient should be told, that there has often been an end to that torment of one haunting idea, which is indeed a great and venerable suffering. Many persons have got over it in a week, a few weeks, or a month, some in a few months, some not for years, but they have got over it at last. There is a remarkable instance of this in the life of our great king Alfred. He was seized, says his contemporary biographer, with such a strange illness while sitting at table, in the twenty-fifth year (we think) of his age, that he shrieked aloud; and for twenty years afterwards this illness so preyed upon him, that the relief of one hour was embittered by what he dreaded would come the next. His disorder is conjectured by some to have been an internal cancer; by others, with more probability, the black bile, or melancholy. The physicians of those times knew nothing about it; and the people showed at once their ignorance, and their admiration of the king, by saying that the devil had caused it out of jealousy. It was probably produced by anxiety for the state of his country; but the same thing which wounded him may have helped to keep him up; for he had plenty of business to attend to, and fought with his own hand in fifty-six pitched battles. Now exactly twenty years after, in the forty-fifth year of his age (if our former recollection is right) this disorder totally left him; and his great heart was where it ought to be, in a heaven of health and calmness.

#### XV.—MISTS AND FOGS.

Fogs and mists, being nothing but vapours which the cold air will not suffer to evaporate, must sometimes present a gorgeous aspect next the sun. To the eye of an eagle, or whatever other eyes there may be to look down upon them, they may appear like masses of cloudy gold. In fact, they are but clouds unrisen. The city of London, at the time we are writing this article, is literally a city in the clouds. Its inhabitants walk through the same airy heaps which at other times float over their heads in the sky, or minister with glorious faces to the setting sun.

We do not say, that any one can "hold a fire in his hand," by thinking on a fine sunset; or that sheer imagination of any sort can make it a very agreeable thing to feel as if one's body were wrapped round with cold wet paper; much less to flounder through gutters, or run against posts. But the mind can often help itself with agreeable images against disagreeable ones; or pitch itself round to the

best sides and aspects of them. The solid and fiery ball of the sun, stuck as it were, in the thick foggy atmosphere; the moon just winning her way through it, into beams; nay, the very candles and gas-lights in the shop windows of a misty evening,—all have, in our eyes, their agreeable varieties of contrast to the surrounding haze. We have even halted, of a dreary autumnal evening, at that open part of the Strand by St. Clement's, and seen the church, which is a poor structure of itself, take an aspect of ghastly grandeur from the dark atmosphere; looking like a tall white mass, mounting up interminably into the night overhead.

The poets, who are the common friends that keep up the intercourse between nature and humanity, have in numberless passages done justice to these our melancholy visitors, and shown us what grand personages they are. To mention only a few of the most striking. When Thetis, in the *Iliad* (lib. i., v. 359) rises out of the sea to console Achilles, she issues forth in a mist; like the Genius in the *Arabian Nights*. The reader is to suppose that the mist, after ascending, comes gliding over the water; and condensing itself into a human shape, lands the white-footed goddess on the shore.

When Achilles, after his long and vindictive absence from the Greek armies, re-appears in consequence of the death of his friend Patroclus, and stands before the appalled Trojan armies, who are thrown into confusion at the very sight, Minerva, to render his aspect the more astonishing and awful, puts about his head a halo of golden mist, streaming upwards with fire. (Lib. xviii., v. 205.) He shouts aloud under this preternatural diadem; Minerva throws into his shout her own immortal voice with a strange unnatural cry; at which the horses of the Trojan warriors run round with their chariots, and twelve of their noblest captains perish in the crush.

A mist was the usual clothing of the gods, when they descended to earth; especially of Apollo, whose brightness had double need of mitigation. Homer, to heighten the dignity of Ulysses, has finely given him the same covering, when he passes through the court of Antinous, and suddenly appears before the throne. This has been turned to happy account by Virgil, and to a new and noble one by Milton. Virgil makes Æneas issue suddenly from a mist, at the moment when his friends think him lost, and the beautiful queen of Carthage is wishing his presence. Milton,—but we will give one or two of his minor uses of mists, by way of making a climax of the one alluded to. If Satan, for instance, goes lurking about Paradise, it is "like a black mist low creeping." If the angels on guard glide about it, upon their gentler errand, it is like fairer vapours:



On the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
 Risen from a river o'er the marsh glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel  
 Homeward returning.—(*Par. Lost*, B. XII. v. 628.)

Now behold one of his greatest imaginations. The fallen demi-gods are assembled in Pandæmonium, waiting the return of their "great adventurer" from his "search of worlds:"

He through the midst unmarked,  
 In show plebeian angel militant  
 Of lowest order, passed; and from the door  
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible,  
 Ascended his high throne; which, under state  
 Of richest texture spread, at the upper end  
 Was placed in regal lustre. Down awhile  
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen.  
*At last—as from a cloud, his fulgent head*  
*And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter; clad*  
 With what permissive glory since his fall  
 Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed  
 At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng  
 Bent their aspect; and whom they wished, beheld,  
 Their mighty chief returned.

There is a piece of imagination in Apollonius Rhodius worthy of Milton or Homer. The Argonauts, in broad daylight, are suddenly benighted at sea with a black fog. They pray to Apollo; and he descends from heaven, and lighting on a rock, holds up his illustrious bow, which shoots a guiding light for them to an island.

Spenser in a most romantic chapter of the *Faery Queene* (Book II.), seems to have taken the idea of a benighting from Apollonius, as well as to have had an eye to some passages of the *Odyssey*; but like all great poets, what he borrows only brings worthy companionship to some fine invention of his own. It is a scene thickly beset with horror. Sir Guyon, in the course of his voyage through the perilous sea, wishes to stop and hear the Syrens: but the palmer, his companion, dissuades him:

When suddenly a grosse fog overspred  
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,  
 And heaven's chearefull face enveloped,  
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,  
 And this great universe seemed one confused mass.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist  
 How to direct theyr way in darkness wide,  
 But feared to wander in that wastefull mist  
 For tomling into mischief unespide.  
 Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.  
 Suddainly an innumerable flight  
 Of harmfull fowles about them fluttering cride,  
 And with theyr wicked wings them oft did smight,  
 And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

Even all the nation of unfortunate  
 And fatal birds about them flockt were,  
 Such as by nature men abhorre and hate;  
 The ill-faced owle, deaths dreadful messengere:  
 The hoarse night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere:  
 The lether-winged batt, dayes enemy:  
 The ruefull stritch, still waiting on the bere:  
 The whistler shrill, that whose heares doth dy:  
 The hellish harpies, prophets of sad destiny:

All these, and all that else does horror breed,  
 About them flew, and fld their sayles with fear;  
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,  
 Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stifly steare.

Ovid has turned a mist to his usual account. It is where Jupiter, to conceal his amour with Io, throws a cloud over the vale of Tempe. There is a picture of Jupiter and Io, by Correggio, in which that great artist has finely availed himself of the circumstance; the head of the father of gods and men coming placidly out of the cloud, upon the young lips of Io, like the very benignity of creation.

The poet who is the most conversant with mists is Ossian, who was a native of the north of Scotland or Ireland. The following are as many specimens of his uses of mist, as we have room for. The first is very grand; the second as happy in its analogy; the third is ghastly, but of more doubtful merit:

*Two Chiefs parted by their King.*—They sunk from the king on either side, like two columns of morning mist, when the sun rises between them on his glittering rocks. Dark is their rolling on either side, each towards its reedy pool.

*A great Enemy.*—I love a foe like Cathmor: his soul is great; his arm is strong; his battles are full of fame. But the little soul is like a vapour, that hovers round the marshy lake. It never rises on the green hill, lest the winds meet it there.

*A terrible Omen.*—A mist rose slowly from the lake. It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the silent plain. Its large limbs did not move in steps; for a ghost supported it in mid air. It came towards Selma's hall, and dissolved in a shower of blood.

We must mention another instance of the poetical use of a mist, if it is only to indulge ourselves in one of those masterly passages of Dante, in which he contrives to unite minuteness of detail with the most grand and sovereign effect. It is in a lofty comparison of the planet Mars looking through morning vapours; the reader will see with what (*Purgatorio*, c. II. v. 10). Dante and his guide Virgil have just left the infernal regions, and are lingering on a solitary sea-shore in purgatory; which reminds us of that still and far-thoughted verse—

Lone sitting by the shores of old romance.

But to our English-like Italian.

Noi eravam lugh' esso 'l mare ancora, &c.

That solitary shore we still kept on,  
 Like men, who musing on their journey, stay  
 At rest in body, yet in heart are gone;  
 When lo! as at the early dawn of day,  
 Red Mars looks deepening through the foggy heat,  
 Down in the west, far o'er the watery way;  
 So did mine eyes behold (so may they yet)  
 A light, which came so swiftly o'er the sea,  
 That never wing with such a fervour beat.  
 I did but turn to ask what it might be  
 Of my sage leader, when its orb had got  
 More large meanwhile, and came more gloriously:

And by degrees, I saw I knew not what  
 Of white about it ; and beneath the white  
 Another. My great master uttered not  
 One word, till those first issuing candours bright  
 Fanned into wings ; but soon as he had found  
 Who was the mighty voyager now in sight,  
 He cried aloud, " Down, down, upon the ground,  
 It is God's Angel."

# XVI.—THE SHOEMAKER OF VEYROS, A PORTUGUESE TRADITION.

IN the time of the old kings of Portugal, Don John, a natural son of the reigning prince, was governor of the town of Veyros, in the province of Alentejo. The town was situate (perhaps is there still) upon a mountain, at the foot of which runs a river ; and at a little distance there was a ford over it, under another eminence. The bed of the river thereabouts was so high as to form a shallow sandy place ; and in that clear spot of water, the maidens of Veyros, both of high rank and humble, used to wash their clothes.

It happened one day, that Don John, riding out with a company, came to the spot at the time the young women were so employed : and being, says our author, " a young and lusty gallant," he fell to jesting with his followers upon the bare legs of the busy girls, who had tucked up their clothes, as usual, to their work. He passed along the river ; and all his company had not yet gone by, when a lass in a red petticoat, while tucking it up, showed her legs somewhat high ; and clapping her hand on her right calf, said loud enough to be heard by the riders, " Here's a white leg, girls, for the Master of Avis \*"

These words, spoken probably out of a little lively bravado, upon the strength of the governor's having gone by, were repeated to him when he got home, together with the action that accompanied them : upon which the young lord felt the eloquence of the speech so deeply, that he contrived to have the fair speaker brought to him in private ; and the consequence was, that our lively natural son, and his sprightly challenger, had another natural son.

Ines (for that was the girl's name) was the daughter of a shoemaker in Veyros ; a man of very good account, and wealthy. Hearing how his daughter had been sent for to the young governor's house, and that it was her own light behaviour that subjected her to what he was assured she willingly consented to, he took it so to heart, that at her return home, she was driven by him from the house, with every species of contumely and spurning. After this, he never saw her more. And to prove to the world and to himself, that his severity was a matter of principle, and not a mere indulgence of his own passions, he never

\* An order of knighthood, of which Don John was Master.

afterwards lay in a bed, nor ate at a table, nor changed his linen, nor cut his hair, nails, or beard ; which latter grew to such a length, reaching below his knees, that the people used to call him Barbadon, or Old Beardy.

In the meantime, his grandson, called Don Alphonso, not only grew to be a man, but was created Duke of Braganza, his father Don John having been elected to the crown of Portugal ; which he wore after such noble fashion, to the great good of his country, as to be surnamed the Memorable. Now the town of Veyros stood in the middle of seven or eight others, all belonging to the young Duke, from whose palace at Villa Viciosa it was but four leagues distant. He therefore had good intelligence of the shoemaker his grandfather ; and being of a humane and truly generous spirit, the accounts he received of the old man's way of life made him extremely desirous of paying him a visit. He accordingly went with a retinue to Veyros ; and meeting Barbadon in the streets, he alighted from his horse, bareheaded, and in the presence of that stately company and the people, asked the old man his blessing. The shoemaker, astonished at this sudden spectacle, and at the strange contrast which it furnished to his humble rank, stared in a bewildered manner upon the unknown personage, who thus knelt to him in the public way ; and said, " Sir, do you mock me ?"—" No," answered the Duke ; " may God so help me, as I do not : but in earnest I crave I may kiss your hand and receive your blessing, for I am your grandson, and son to Ines your daughter, conceived by the king, my lord and father." No sooner had the shoemaker heard these words, than he clapped his hands before his eyes, and said, " God bless me from ever beholding the son of so wicked a daughter as mine was ! And yet, forasmuch as you are not guilty of her offence, hold ; take my hand and my blessing, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." So saying, he laid one of his old hands upon the young man's head, blessing him ; but neither the Duke nor his followers could persuade him to take the other away from his eyes ; neither would he talk with him a word more. In this spirit, shortly after, he died ; and just before his death he directed a tomb to be made for him, on which were sculptured the tools belonging to his trade, with this epitaph :—

" This sepulchre Barbadon caused to be made,  
 (Being of Veyros, a shoemaker by his trade)  
 For himself and the rest of his race,  
 Excepting his daughter Ines in any case."

The author says, that he has " heard it reported by the ancientest persons, that the fourth Duke of Braganza, Don James, son to Donna Isabel, sister to the King Don Emanuel, caused that tomb to be defaced, being the sepulchre of his fourth grandfather \*."

\* It appears by this, that the Don John of the tradition



As for the daughter, the conclusion of whose story comes lagging in like a penitent, "she continued," says the writer, "after she was delivered of that son, a very chaste and virtuous woman; and the king made her commandress of Santos, a most honourable place, and very plentiful; to the which none but princesses were admitted, living, as it were, abbesses and princesses of a monastery built without the walls of Lisbon, called Santos, that is Saints, founded by reason of some martyrs that were martyred there. And the religious women of that place have liberty to marry with the knights of their order, before they enter into that holy profession."

The rest of our author's remarks are in too curious a spirit to be omitted. "In this monastery," he says, "the same Donna Ines died, leaving behind her a glorious reputation for her virtue and holiness. Observe, gentle reader, the constancy that this Portuguese, a shoemaker, continued in, loathing to behold the honourable estate of his grandchild, nor would any more acknowledge his daughter, having been a lewd woman, for purchasing advancement with dishonour. This considered, you will not wonder at the Count Julian, that plagued Spain, and executed the king Roderigo for forcing his daughter La Cava. The example of this shoemaker is especially worthy the noting, and deeply to be considered: for, besides, that it makes good our assertion, it teaches the higher not to disdain the lower, as long as they be virtuous and lovers of honour. It may be that this old man, for his integrity, rising from a virtuous zeal, merited that a daughter coming by descent from his grandchild, should be made Queen of Castile, and the mother of great Isabel, grandmother to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and Ferdinando."

Alas! a pretty posterity our shoemaker had, in Philip the 2nd and his successors,—a race more suitable to his severity against his child, than his blessing upon his grandchild. Old Barbadon was a fine fellow too, after his fashion. We do not know how he reconciled his unforgiving conduct with his Christianity; but he had enough precedents on that point. What we admire in him is, his showing that he acted out of principle, and did not mistake passion for it. His crepidarian sculptures indeed are not so well; but a little vanity may be allowed to mingle with and soften such edge-tools of self-denial, as he chose to handle. His treatment of his daughter was ignorant, and in wiser times would have been brutal; especially when it is considered how much the conduct of children is modified by education and other circumstances: but then a

brutal man would not have accompanied it with such voluntary suffering of his own. Neither did Barbadon leave his daughter to take her chance in the wide world, thinking of the evils she might be enduring, only to give a greater zest of fancied pity to the contentedness of his cruelty. He knew she was well taken care of; and if she was not to have the enjoyment of his society, he was determined that it should be a very uncomfortable one to himself. He knew that she lay on a princely bed, while he would have none at all. He knew that she was served upon gold and silver, while he renounced his old chestnut table,—the table at which she used to sit. He knew while he sat looking at his old beard, and the wilful sordidness of his hands, that her locks and her fair limbs were objects of worship to the gallant and the great. And so he set off his destitutions against her over-possession; and took out the punishment he gave her, in revenge upon himself. This was the instinct of a man who loved a principle, but hated nobody:—of a man who, in a wiser time, would have felt the wisdom of kindness. Thus his blessing upon his grandchild becomes consistent with his cruelty to his child: and his living stock was a fine one in spite of him. His daughter showed a sense of the wound she had given such a father, by relinquishing the sympathies she loved, because they had hurt him: and her son, worthy of such a grandfather and such a daughter, and refined into a gracefulness of knowledge by education, thought it no mean thing or vulgar to kneel to the grey-headed artisan in the street, and beg the blessing of his honest hand.

#### XVII.—MORE NEWS OF ULYSSES.

TALKING the other day with a friend\* about Dante, he observed, that whenever so great a poet told us anything in addition or continuation of an ancient story, he had a right to be regarded as classical authority. For instance, said he, when he tells us of that characteristic death of Ulysses in one of the books of his *Inferno*, we ought to receive the information as authentic, and be glad that we have more news of Ulysses than we looked for.

We thought this a happy remark, and instantly turned with him to the passage in question. The last account of Ulysses in the ancient poets, is his sudden re-appearance before the suitors at Ithaca. There is something more told of him, it is true, before the *Odyssey* concludes; but with the exception of his visit to his aged father, our memory scarcely wishes to retain it; nor does it controvert the general impression left upon us, that the wandering hero is victorious over his

is John the First, who was elected king of Portugal, and became famous for his great qualities; and that his son by the alleged shoemaker's daughter was his successor, Alphonso the Fifth.

\* The late Mr. Keats.

domestic enemies ; and reposes at last, and for life, in the bosom of his family.

The lesser poets, however, could not let him alone. Homer leaves the general impression upon one's mind, as to the close of his life ; but there are plenty of obscurer fables about it still. We have specimens in modern times of this propensity never to have done with a good story ; which is natural enough, though not very wise ; nor are the best writers likely to meddle with it. Thus Cervantes was plagued with a spurious *Quixote* ; and our circulating libraries have the adventures of *Tom Jones in his Married State*. The ancient writers on the present subject, availing themselves of an obscure prophecy of Tiresias, who tells Ulysses on his visit to hell, that his old enemy the sea would be the death of him at last, bring over the sea Telegonus, his son by the goddess Circe, who gets into a scuffle with the Ithacans, and kills his father unknowingly. It is added, that Telegonus afterwards returned to his mother's island, taking Penelope and his half-brother Telemachus with him ; and here a singular arrangement takes place, more after the fashion of a modern Catholic dynasty, than an ancient heathen one : for while Œdipus was fated to undergo such dreadful misfortunes for marrying his mother without the knowledge of either party, Minerva herself comes down from heaven, on the present occasion, to order Telegonus, the son of Ulysses, to marry his father's wife ; the other son at the same time making a suitable match with his father's mistress, Circe. Telemachus seems to have had the best of this extraordinary bargain, for Circe was a goddess, consequently always young ; and yet to perplex these windings-up still more, Telemachus is represented by some as marrying Circe's daughter, and killing his immortal mother-in-law. Nor does the character of the chaste and enduring Penelope escape in the confusion. Instead of waiting her husband's return in that patient manner, she is reported to have been overhospitable to all the suitors ; the consequence of which was a son called Pan, being no less a personage than the god Pan himself, or Nature ; a fiction, as Bacon says, "applied very absurdly and indiscreetly." There are different stories respecting her lovers ; but it is reported that when Ulysses returned from Troy, he divorced her for incontinence ; and that she fled, and passed her latter days in Mantinea. Some even go so far as to say, that her father Icarius had attempted to destroy her when young, because the oracle had told him that she would be the most dissolute of the family. This was probably invented by the comic writers out of a buffoon malignity ; for there are men, so foolishly incredulous with regard to principle, that the reputation of it, even in a fiction, makes them impatient.

Now it is impossible to say, whether Dante

would have left Ulysses quietly with Penelope after all his sufferings, had he known them as described in Homer. The old Florentine, though wilful enough when he wanted to dispose of a modern's fate, had great veneration for his predecessors. At all events, he was not acquainted with Homer's works. They did not make their way back into Italy till a little later. But there were Latin writers extant, who might have informed him of the other stories relative to Ulysses ; and he saw nothing in them, to hinder him from giving the great wanderer a death of his own.

He has accordingly, with great attention to nature, made him impatient of staying at home, after a life of such adventure and excitement. But we will relate the story in his own order. He begins it with one of his most romantic pieces of wildness. The poet and his guide Virgil are making the best of their difficult path along a ridge of the craggy rock that overhangs the eighth gulf of hell ; when Dante, looking down, sees the abyss before him full of flickering lights, as numerous, he says, as the fire-flies which a peasant, reposing on a hill, sees filling the valley, of a hot evening. Every flame shot about separately ; and he knew that some terrible mystery or other accompanied it. As he leaned down from the rock, grasping one of the crags, in order to look closer, his guide, who perceived his earnestness, said, "Within those fires are spirits ; every one swathed in what is burning him." Dante told him, that he had already guessed as much : and pointing to one of them in particular, asked who was in that fire which was divided at top, as though it had ascended from the funeral-pile of the hating Theban brothers. "Within that," answered Virgil, "are Diomed and Ulysses, who speed together now to their own misery, as they used to do to that of others." They were suffering the penalty of the various frauds they had perpetrated in concert ; such as the contrivance of the Trojan horse, and the theft of the Palladium. Dante entreats, that if those who are within the sparkling horror can speak, it may be made to come near. Virgil says it shall ; but begs the Florentine not to question it himself, as the spirits, being Greek, might be shy of holding discourse with him. When the flame has come near enough to be spoken to, Virgil addresses the "two within one fire ;" and requests them, if he ever deserved anything of them as a poet, great or little, that they would not go away, till one of them had told him how he came into that extremity.

At this, says Dante, the greater horn of the old fire began to lap hither and thither, murmuring ; like a flame struggling with the wind. The top then, yearning to and fro, like a tongue trying to speak, threw out a voice, and said : "When I departed from Circe, who withdrew me to her for more than a year in the neigh-



bourhood of Gaieta, before Æneas had so named it, neither the sweet company of my son, nor pious affection of my old father, nor the long-owed love with which I ought to have gladdened Penelope, could conquer the ardour that was in me to become wise in knowledge of the world, of man's vices and his virtue. I put forth into the great open deep with only one bark, and the small remaining crew by whom I had not been left. I saw the two shores on either side, as far as Spain and Morocco; and the island of Sardinia, and the other isles which the sea there bathes round about. Slowly we went, my companions and I, for we were old; till at last we came to that narrow outlet, where Hercules set up his pillars, that no man might go further. I left Seville on the right hand: on the other I had left Ceuta. O brothers, said I, who through a hundred thousand perils are at length arrived at the west, deny not to the short waking day that yet remains to our senses, an insight into the unpeopled world, setting your backs upon the sun. Consider the stock from which ye sprang: ye were not made to live like the brute beasts, but to follow virtue and knowledge. I so sharpened my companions with this little speech on our way, that it would have been difficult for me to have withheld them, if I would. We left the morning right in our stern, and made wings of our oars for the idle flight, always gaining upon the left. The night now beheld all the stars of the other pole; while our own was so low, that it arose not out of the ocean-floor. Five times the light had risen underneath the moon, and five times fallen, since we put forth upon the great deep; when we descried a dim mountain in the distance, which appeared higher to me than ever I had seen any before. We rejoiced, and as soon mourned: for there sprung a whirlwind from the new land, and struck the foremost frame of our vessel. Three times, with all the waters, it whirled us round; at the fourth it dashed the stern up in air, and the prow downwards; till, as seemed fit to others, the ocean closed above our heads."

Tre volte il fè girar con tutte l' acque:  
A la quarta levar la poppa in suso,  
E la prora ice in giù, come altrui piacque,  
Infìn ch' 'l mar fu sopra noi richiuso.

Why poor Ulysses should find himself in hell after his immersion, and be condemned to a swathing of eternal fire, while St. Dominic, who deluged Christianity with fire and blood, is called a Cherubic Light, the Papist, not the poet, must explain. He puts all the Pagans in hell, because, however good some of them may have been, they lived before Christ, and could not worship God properly—(*debitamente*). But he laments their state, and represents them as suffering a mitigated punishment: they *only* live in a state of perpetual desire without hope

(*sol di tanto offesi*)! A sufficing misery, it must be allowed; but compared with the horrors he fancies for heretics and others, undoubtedly a great relief. Dante, throughout his extraordinary work, gives many evidences of great natural sensibility; and his countenance, as handed down to us, as well as the shade-struck gravity of his poetry, shows the cuts and disquietudes of heart he must have endured. But unless the occasional hell of his own troubles, and his consciousness of the mutability of all things, helped him to discover the brevity of individual suffering as a particular, and the lastingness of nature's benevolence as a universal, and thus gave his poem an intention beyond what appears upon the surface, we must conclude, that a bigoted education, and the fierce party politics in which he was a leader and sufferer, obscured the greatness of his spirit. It is always to be recollected, however, as Mr. Coleridge has observed somewhere in other words, that when men consign each other to eternal punishment and such-like horrors, their belief is rather a venting of present impatience and dislike, than anything which they take it for. The fiercest Papist or Calvinist only flatters himself (a strange flattery, too!) that he could behold a fellow-creature tumbling and shrieking about in eternal fire. He would begin shrieking himself in a few minutes; and think that he and all heaven ought to pass away, rather than that one such agony should continue. Tertullian himself, when he longed to behold the enemies of his faith burning and liquefying, only meant, without knowing it, that he was in an excessive rage at not convincing everybody that read him.

#### XVIII.—FAR COUNTRIES.

IMAGINATION, though no mean thing, is not a proud one. If it looks down from its wings upon common-places, it only the more perceives the vastness of the region about it. The infinity into which its flight carries it, might indeed throw back upon it a too great sense of insignificance, did not Beauty or Moral Justice, with its equal eye, look through that blank aspect of power, and re-assure it; showing it that there is a power as much above power itself, as the thought that reaches to all, is to the hand that can touch only thus far.

But we do not wish to get into this tempting region of speculation just now. We only intend to show the particular instance, in which imagination instinctively displays its natural humility: we mean, the fondness which imaginative times and people have shown for what is personally remote from them; for what is opposed to their own individual consciousness, even in range of space, in farness of situation.

There is no surer mark of a vain people than their treating other nations with contempt, especially those of whom they know least. It is better to verify the proverb, and take every thing unknown for magnificent, than predetermine it to be worthless. The gain is greater. The instinct is more judicious. When we mention the French as an instance, we do not mean to be invidious. Most nations have their good as well as bad features. In Vanity Fair there are many booths.

The French, not long ago, praised one of their neighbours so highly, that the latter is suspected to have lost as much modesty, as the former gained by it. But they did this as a set-off against their own despots and bigots. When they again became the greatest power in Europe, they had a relapse of their old egotism. The French, though an amiable and intelligent people, are not an imaginative one. The greatest height they go in a balloon. They get no farther than France, let them go where they will. They "run the great circle and are still at home," like the squirrel in his rolling cage. Instead of going to Nature in their poetry, they would make her come to them, and dress herself at their last new toilet. In philosophy and metaphysics, they divest themselves of gross prejudices, and then think they are in as graceful a state of nakedness as Adam and Eve.

At the time when the French had this fit upon them of praising the English (which was nevertheless the honestest one of the two), they took to praising the Chinese for numberless unknown qualities. This seems a contradiction to the near-sightedness we speak of: but the reason they praised them was, that the Chinese had the merit of religious toleration: a great and extraordinary one certainly, and not the less so for having been, to all appearance, the work of one man. All the romance of China, such as it was,—anything in which they differed from the French,—their dress, their porcelain towers, their Great Wall,—was nothing. It was the particular agreement with the philosophers.

It happened, curiously enough, that they could not have selected for their panegyric a nation apparently more contemptuous of others; or at least more self-satisfied and unimaginative. The Chinese are cunning and ingenious; and have a great talent at bowing out ambassadors who come to visit them. But it is somewhat inconsistent with what appears to be their general character, that they should pay strangers even this equivocal compliment; for under a prodigious mask of politeness, they are not slow to evince their contempt of other nations, whenever any comparison is insinuated with the subjects of the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The knowledge they respect in us most is that of gun-making, and of the East-Indian passage. When our countrymen showed

them a map of the earth, they inquired for China; and on finding that it only made a little piece in a corner, could not contain their derision. They thought that it was the main territory in the middle, the apple of the world's eye.

On the other hand, the most imaginative nations, in their highest times, have had a respect for remote countries. It is a mistake to suppose that the ancient term barbarian, applied to foreigners, suggested the meaning we are apt to give it. It gathered some such insolence with it in the course of time; but the more intellectual Greeks venerated the countries from which they brought the elements of their mythology and philosophy. The philosopher travelled into Egypt, like a son to see his father. The merchant heard in Phœnicia the far-brought stories of other realms, which he told to his delighted countrymen. It is supposed, that the mortal part of Mentor in the *Odyssey* was drawn from one of these voyagers. When Anacharsis the Scythian was reproached with his native place by an unworthy Greek, he said, "My country may be a shame to me, but you are a shame to your country." Greece had a lofty notion of the Persians and the Great King, till Xerxes came over to teach it better, and betrayed the softness of their skulls.

It was the same with the Arabians, at the time when they had the accomplishments of the world to themselves; as we see by their delightful tales. Everything shines with them in the distance, like a sunset. What an amiable people are their Persians! What a wonderful place is the island of Serendib! You would think nothing could be finer than the Caliph's city of Bagdat, till you hear of "Grand Cairo;" and how has that epithet and that name towered in the imagination of all those, who have not had the misfortune to see the modern city? Sindbad was respected, like Ulysses, because he had seen so many adventures and nations. So was Aboulfaouris the Great Voyager, in the Persian Tales. His very name sounds like a wonder.

With many a tempest had his beard been shaken.

It was one of the workings of the great Alfred's mind, to know about far-distant countries. There is a translation by him of a book of geography; and he even employed people to travel: a great stretch of intellectual munificence for those times. About the same period, Haroun al Raschid (whom our manhood is startled to find almost a less real person than we thought him, for his very reality) wrote a letter to the Emperor of the West, Charlemagne. Here is Arabian and Italian romance, shaking hands in person.

The Crusades pierced into a new world of remoteness. We do not know whether those were much benefited, who took part in them;



but for the imaginative persons remaining at home, the idea of going to Palestine must have been like travelling into a supernatural world. When the campaign itself *had* a good effect, it must have been of a very fine and highly-tempered description. Chaucer's Knight had been

Sometime with the lord of Palatye  
Agen another hethen in Turkie ;  
And evermore he had a sovereign price ;  
And though that he was worthy, he was wise,  
And of his port as meek as is a mayde.

How like a return from the moon must have been the re-appearance of such travellers as Sir John Mandevile, Marco Polo, and William de Rubruquis, with their news of Prester John, the Great Mogul, and the Great Cham of Tartary ! The long-lost voyager must have been like a person consecrated in all the quarters of heaven. His staff and his beard must have looked like relics of his former self. The Venetians, who were some of the earliest European travellers, have been remarked, among their other amiable qualities, for their great respect for strangers. The peculiarity of their position, and the absence of so many things which are common-places to other countries, such as streets, horses, and coaches, add, no doubt, to this feeling. But a foolish or vain people would only feel a contempt for what they did not possess. Milton, in one of those favourite passages of his, in which he turns a nomenclature into such grand meaning and music, shows us whose old footing he had delighted to follow. How he enjoys the distance ; emphatically using the words *far, farthest, and utmost !*

— Embassies from regions far remote,  
In various habits, on the Applan road,  
Or on the Emilian ; some from farthest south,  
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
Meroe, Nilotick Isle ; and more to west,  
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea ;  
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these ;  
From India and the golden Chersonese,  
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane.—*Parad. Reg. b. iv.*

One of the main helps to our love of remoteness in general, is the associations we connect with it of peace and quietness. Whatever there may be at a distance, people feel as if they should escape from the worry of their local cares. " O that I had wings like a dove ! then would I fly away and be at rest." The word *far* is often used wilfully in poetry, to render distance still more distant. An old English song begins—

In Irelande farre over the sea  
There dwelt a bonny king.

Thomson, a Scotchman, speaking of the western isles of his own country, has that delicious line, full of a dreary yet lulling pleasure ;—

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,  
Placed *far* amid the melancholy main.

In childhood, the total ignorance of the world, especially when we are brought up in some confined spot, renders everything beyond the bounds of our dwelling a distance and a romance. Mr. Lamb, in his *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, says that he remembers when some half-dozen of his school-fellows set off, " without map, card, or compass, on a serious expedition to find out Philip Quarll's Island." We once encountered a set of boys as romantic. It was at no greater distance than at the foot of a hill near Hampstead ; yet the spot was so perfectly Cisalpine to them, that two of them came up to us with looks of hushing eagerness, and asked " whether, on the other side of that hill, there were not robbers ;" to which, the minor adventurer of the two added, " and some say serpents." They had all got bows and arrows, and were evidently hovering about the place, betwixt daring and apprehension, as on the borders of some wild region. We smiled to think which it was that husbanded their suburb wonders to more advantage, they or we : for while they peopled the place with robbers and serpents, we were peopling it with sylvals and fairies.

" So was it when my life began ;  
So is it now I am a man ;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die !  
The child is father to the man ;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety."

#### XIX.—A TALE FOR A CHIMNEY CORNER.

A MAN who does not contribute his quota of grim story now-a-days, seems hardly to be free of the republic of letters. He is bound to wear a death's-head, as part of his insignia. If he does not frighten everybody, he is nobody. If he does not shock the ladies, what can be expected of him ?

We confess we think very cheaply of these stories in general. A story, merely horrible or even awful, which contains no sentiment elevating to the human heart and its hopes, is a mere appeal to the least judicious, least healthy, and least masculine of our passions,—fear. They whose attention can be gravely arrested by it, are in a fit state to receive any absurdity with respect ; and this is the reason, why less talents are required to enforce it, than in any other species of composition. With this opinion of such things, we may be allowed to say, that we would undertake to write a dozen horrible stories in a day, all of which should make the common worshippers of power, who were not in the very healthiest condition, turn pale. We would tell of Haunting Old Women, and Knocking Ghosts, and Solitary Lean Hands, and Empusas on One Leg, and Ladies growing Longer and Longer, and Horrid

Eyes meeting us through Key-holes, and Plaintive Heads, and Shrieking Statues, and Shocking Anomalies of Shape, and Things which when seen drove people mad ; and Indigestion knows what besides. But who would measure talents with a leg of veal, or a German sausage ?

Mere grimness is as easy as grinning ; but it requires something to put a handsome face on a story. Narratives become of suspicious merit in proportion as they lean to Newgate-like offences, particularly of blood and wounds. A child has a reasonable respect for a Raw-head-and-bloody-bones, because all images whatsoever of pain and terror are new and fearful to his inexperienced age : but sufferings merely physical (unless sublimated like those of Philoctetes) are common-places to a grown man. Images, to become awful to him, must be removed from the grossness of the shambles. A death's-head was a respectable thing in the hands of a poring monk, or of a nun compelled to avoid the idea of life and society, or of a hermit already buried in the desert. Holbein's Dance of Death, in which every grinning skeleton leads along a man of rank, from the pope to the gentleman, is a good Memento Mori ; but there the skeletons have an air of the ludicrous and satirical. If we were threatened with them in a grave way, as spectres, we should have a right to ask how they could walk about without muscles. Thus many of the tales written by such authors as the late Mr. Lewis, who wanted sentiment to give him the heart of truth, are quite puerile. When his spectral nuns go about bleeding, we think they ought in decency to have applied to some ghost of a surgeon. His Little Grey Men, who sit munching hearts, are of a piece with fellows that eat cats for a wager.

Stories that give mental pain to no purpose, or to very little purpose compared with the unpleasant ideas they excite of human nature, are as gross mistakes, in their way, as these, and twenty times as pernicious : for the latter become ludicrous to grown people. They originate also in the same extremes, of callousness, or of morbid want of excitement, as the others. But more of these hereafter. Our business at present is with things ghastly and ghostly.

A ghost story, to be a good one, should unite, as much as possible, objects such as they are in life, with a preternatural spirit. And to be a perfect one,—at least to add to the other utility of excitement a moral utility,—they should imply some great sentiment,—something that comes out of the next world to remind us of our duties in this ; or something that helps to carry on the idea of our humanity into after-life, even when we least think we shall take it with us. When “the buried majesty of Denmark” revisits earth to speak to his son Hamlet, he comes armed, as he used to

be, in his complete steel. His visor is raised ; and the same fine face is there ; only, in spite of his punishing errand and his own sufferings, with

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

When Donne the poet, in his thoughtful eagerness to reconcile life and death, had a figure of himself painted in a shroud, and laid by his bedside in a coffin, he did a higher thing than the monks and hermits with their skulls. It was taking his humanity with him into the other world, not affecting to lower the sense of it by regarding it piecemeal or in the framework. Burns, in his *Tam O'Shanter*, shows the dead in their coffins after the same fashion. He does not lay bare to us their skeletons or refuse, things with which we can connect no sympathy or spiritual wonder. They still are flesh and body to retain the one ; yet so look and behave, inconsistent in their very consistency, as to excite the other.

Coffins stood round like open presses,  
Which showed the dead in their last dresses :  
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,  
Each, in his cauld hand, held a light.

Re-animation is perhaps the most ghastly of all ghastly things, uniting as it does an appearance of natural interdiction from the next world, with a supernatural experience of it. Our human consciousness is jarred out of its self-possession. The extremes of habit and newness, of common-place and astonishment, meet suddenly, without the kindly introduction of death and change ; and the stranger appeals us in proportion. When the account appeared the other day in the newspapers of the galvanised dead body, whose features as well as limbs underwent such contortions, that it seemed as if it were about to rise up, one almost expected to hear, for the first time, news of the other world. Perhaps the most appalling figure in Spenser is that of Maleger : (*Fairy Queen*, b. ii. c. xi.)

Upon a tygre swift and fierce he rode,  
That as the winde ran underneath his lode,  
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground :  
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,  
But of such subtle substance and unsound,  
That like a ghost he seemed, whose grave-clothes were unbound.

Mr. Coleridge, in that voyage of his to the brink of all unutterable things, the *Ancient Mariner* (which works out however a fine sentiment), does not set mere ghosts or hobgoblins to man the ship again, when its crew are dead ; but re-animates, for a while, the crew themselves. There is a striking fiction of this sort in Sale's notes upon the Koran. Solomon dies during the building of the temple, but his body remains leaning on a staff and overlooking the workmen, as if it were alive ; till a worm gnawing through the prop, he falls down.—The contrast of the appearance of humanity with



something mortal or supernatural, is always the more terrible in proportion as it is complete. In the pictures of the temptations of saints and hermits, where the holy person is surrounded, teased, and enticed, with devils and fantastic shapes, the most shocking phantasm is that of the beautiful woman. To return also to the poem above-mentioned. The most appalling personage in Mr. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* is the Spectre-woman, who is called Life-in-Death. He renders the most hideous abstraction more terrible than it could otherwise have been, by embodying it in its own reverse. "Death" not only "lives" in it; but the "unutterable" becomes uttered. To see such an unearthly passage end in such earthliness, seems to turn common-place itself into a sort of spectral doubt. The Mariner, after describing the horrible calm, and the rotting sea in which the ship was stuck, is speaking of a strange sail which he descried in the distance:

The western wave was all a-flame,  
The day was well-nigh done!  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright sun;  
When that strange ship drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)  
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd,  
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she neers and neers!  
Are those *her* sails that glance in the sun  
Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* ribs, through which the sun  
Did peer as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew?  
Is that a death? and are there two?  
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold,  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

But we must come to Mr. Coleridge's story with our subtlest imaginations upon us. Now let us put our knees a little nearer the fire, and tell a homelier one about Life in Death. The groundwork of it is in Sandys' Commentary upon Ovid, and quoted from Sabinus\*.

A gentleman of Bavaria, of a noble family, was so afflicted at the death of his wife, that unable to bear the company of any other person, he gave himself up to a solitary way of living. This was the more remarkable in him, as he had been a man of jovial habits, fond of his wine and visitors, and impatient of having his numerous indulgences contradicted. But in the same temper perhaps might be found the cause of his sorrow; for though he would be impatient with his wife, as with others, yet

\* The Saxon Latin poet, we presume, professor of belles-lettres at Frankfort. We know nothing of him except from a biographical dictionary.

his love for her was one of the gentlest wills he had; and the sweet and unaffected face which she always turned upon his anger, might have been a thing more easy for him to trespass upon while living, than to forget, when dead and gone. His very anger towards her, compared with that towards others, was a relief to him. It was rather a wish to refresh himself in the balmy feeling of her patience, than to make her unhappy herself, or to punish her, as some would have done, for that virtuous contrast to his own vice.

But whether he bethought himself, after her death, that this was a very selfish mode of loving; or whether as some thought, he had wearied out her life with habits so contrary to her own; or whether, as others reported, he had put it to a fatal risk by some lordly piece of self-will, in consequence of which she had caught a fever on the cold river during a night of festivity; he surprised even those who thought that he loved her, by the extreme bitterness of his grief. The very mention of festivity, though he was patient for the first day or two, afterwards threw him into a passion of rage; but by degrees even his rage followed his other old habits. He was gentle, but ever silent. He ate and drank but sufficient to keep him alive; and used to spend the greater part of the day in the spot where his wife was buried.

He was going there one evening, in a very melancholy manner, with his eyes turned towards the earth, and had just entered the rails of the burial-ground, when he was accosted by the mild voice of somebody coming to meet him. "It is a blessed evening, Sir," said the voice. The gentleman looked up. Nobody but himself was allowed to be in the place at that hour; and yet he saw, with astonishment, a young chorister approaching him. He was going to express some wonder, when, he said, the modest though assured look of the boy, and the extreme beauty of his countenance, which glowed in the setting sun before him, made an irresistible addition to the singular sweetness of his voice; and he asked him with an involuntary calmness, and a gesture of respect, not what he did there, but what he wished. "Only to wish you all good things," answered the stranger, who had now come up, "and to give you this letter." The gentleman took the letter, and saw upon it, with a beating yet scarcely bewildered heart, the handwriting of his wife. He raised his eyes again to speak to the boy, but he was gone. He cast them far and near round the place, but there were no traces of a passenger. He then opened the letter; and by the divine light of the setting sun, read these words:

"To my dear husband, who sorrows for his wife:

"Otto, my husband, the soul you regret so



is returned. You will know the truth of this, and be prepared with calmness to see it, by the divineness of the messenger, who has passed you. You will find me sitting in the public walk, praying for you; praying, that you may never more give way to those gusts of passion, and those curses against others, which divided us.

"This, with a warm hand, from the living Bertha."

Otto (for such, it seems, was the gentleman's name) went instantly, calmly, quickly, yet with a sort of benumbed being, to the public walk. He felt, but with only a half-consciousness, as if he glided without a body. But all his spirit was awake, eager, intensely conscious. It seemed to him as if there had been but two things in the world—Life and Death; and that Death was dead. All else appeared to have been a dream. He had awaked from a waking state, and found himself all eye, and spirit, and locomotion. He said to himself, once, as he went: "This is not a dream. I will ask my great ancestors to-morrow to my new bridal feast, for they are alive." Otto had been calm at first, but something of old and triumphant feelings seemed again to come over him. Was he again too proud and confident? Did his earthly humours prevail again, when he thought them least upon him? We shall see.

The Bavarian arrived at the public walk. It was full of people with their wives and children, enjoying the beauty of the evening. Something like common fear came over him, as he went in and out among them, looking at the benches on each side. It happened that there was only one person, a lady, sitting upon them. She had her veil down; and his being underwent a fierce but short convulsion as he went near her. Something had a little baffled the calmer inspiration of the angel that had accosted him: for fear prevailed at the instant, and Otto passed on. He returned before he had reached the end of the walk, and approached the lady again. She was still sitting in the same quiet posture, only he thought she looked at him. Again he passed her. On his second return, a grave and sweet courage came upon him, and in an under but firm tone of inquiry, he said "Bertha?"—"I thought you had forgotten me," said that well-known and mellow voice, which he had seemed as far from ever hearing again as earth is from heaven. He took her hand, which grasped his in turn; and they walked home in silence together, the arm, which was wound within his, giving warmth for warmth.

The neighbours seemed to have a miraculous want of wonder at the lady's re-appearance. Something was said about a mock-funeral, and her having withdrawn from his company for awhile; but visitors came as

before, and his wife returned to her household affairs. It was only remarked that she always looked pale and pensive. But she was more kind to all, even than before; and her pensiveness seemed rather the result of some great internal thought, than of unhappiness.

For a year or two, the Bavarian retained the better temper which he acquired. His fortunes flourished beyond his earliest ambition; the most amiable as well as noble persons of the district were frequent visitors; and people said, that to be at Otto's house, must be the next thing to being in heaven. But by degrees his self-will returned with his prosperity. He never vented impatience on his wife; but he again began to show, that the disquietude it gave her to see it vented on others, was a secondary thing, in his mind, to the indulgence of it. Whether it was, that his grief for her loss had been rather remorse than affection, so he held himself secure if he treated her well; or whether he was at all times rather proud of her, than fond; or whatever was the cause which again set his antipathies above his sympathies, certain it was, that his old habits returned upon him; not so often indeed, but with greater violence and pride when they did. These were the only times, at which his wife was observed to show any ordinary symptoms of uneasiness.

At length, one day, some strong rebuff which he had received from an alienated neighbour threw him into such a transport of rage, that he gave way to the most bitter imprecations, crying with a loud voice—"This treatment to me too! To me! To me, who if the world knew all"—At these words, his wife, who had in vain laid her hand upon his, and looked him with dreary earnestness in the face, suddenly glided from the room. He and two or three who were present, were struck with a dumb horror. They said, she did not walk out, nor vanish suddenly; but glided, as one who could dispense with the use of feet. After a moment's pause, the others proposed to him to follow her. He made a movement of despair; but they went. There was a short passage, which turned to the right into her favourite room. They knocked at the door twice or three times, and received no answer. At last, one of them gently opened it; and looking in, they saw her, as they thought, standing before a fire, which was the only light in the room. Yet she stood so far from it, as rather to be in the middle of the room; only the face was towards the fire, and she seemed looking upon it. They addressed her, but received no answer. They stepped gently towards her, and still received none. The figure stood dumb and unmoved. At last, one of them went round in front, and instantly fell on the floor. The figure was without body. A hollow hood was left instead of a face.

The clothes were standing upright by themselves.

That room was blocked up for ever, for the clothes, if it might be so, to moulder away. It was called the Room of the Lady's Figure. The house, after the gentleman's death, was long uninhabited, and at length burnt by the peasants in an insurrection. As for himself, he died about nine months after, a gentle and child-like penitent. He had never stirred from the house since; and nobody would venture to go near him, but a man who had the reputation of being a reprobate. It was from this man that the particulars of the story came first. He would distribute the gentleman's alms in great abundance to any strange poor who would accept them; for most of the neighbours held them in horror. He tried all he could to get the parents among them to let some of their little children, or a single one of them, go to see his employer. They said he even asked it one day with tears in his eyes. But they shuddered to think of it; and the matter was not mended, when this profane person, in a fit of impatience, said one day that he would have a child of his own on purpose. His employer, however, died in a day or two. They did not believe a word he told them of all the Bavarian's gentleness, looking upon the latter as a sort of Ogre, and upon his agent as little better, though a good-natured-looking earnest kind of person. It was said many years after, that this man had been a friend of the Bavarian's when young, and had been deserted by him. And the young believed it, whatever the old might do.

## XX.—THIEVES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

HAVING met in the *Harleian Miscellany* with an account of a pet thief of ours, the famous Du Vall, who flourished in the time of Charles the Second, and wishing to introduce him worthily to the readers, it has brought to mind such a number of the light-fingered gentry, his predecessors, that we almost feel hustled by the thoughts of them. Our subject, we may truly fear, will run away with us. We feel beset, like poor Tasso in his dungeon; and are not sure that our paper will not suddenly be conveyed away from under our pen. Already we miss some excellent remarks, which we should have made in this place. If the reader should meet with any of that kind hereafter, upon the like subject, in another man's writings, twenty to one they are stolen from us, and ought to have enriched this our plundered exordium. He that steals an author's purse, may emphatically be said to steal trash; but he that filches from him his good things—  
Alas, we thought our subject would be running away with us. We must keep firm. We

must put something heavier in our remarks, as the little thin Grecian philosopher used to put lead in his pockets, lest the wind should steal him.

The more ruffianly crowd of thieves should go first, as pioneers; but they can hardly be looked upon as progenitors of our gentle Du Vall; and besides, with all their ferocity, some of them assume a grandeur, from standing in the remote shadows of antiquity. There was the famous son, for instance, of Vulcan and Medusa, whom Virgil calls the dire aspect of half-human Cacus—*Semihominis Caci facies dira*. (*Æneid*, b. viii. v. 194.) He was the raw-head-and-bloody-bones of ancient fable. He lived in a cave by Mount Aventine, breathing out fiery smoke, and haunting king Evander's highway like the Apollyon of Pilgrim's Progress.

### Semperque recenti

*Cæde tepebat humus; foribusque adfixa superbis  
Ora virum tristi pendebant pallida tabo.*

The place about was ever in a plash  
Of steaming blood; and o'er the insulting door  
Hung pallid human heads, defaced with dreary gore.

He stole some of the cows of Hercules, and dragged them backwards into his cave to prevent discovery; but the oxen happening to low, the cows answered them; and the demigod, detecting the miscreant in his cave, strangled him after a hard encounter. This is one of the earliest sharpening tricks upon record.

Autolycus, the son of Mercury (after whom Shakspeare christened his merry rogue in the *Winter's Tale*) was a thief suitable to the greater airiness of his origin. He is said to have performed tricks which must awake the envy even of horse-dealers; for in pretending to return a capital horse which he had stolen, he palmed upon the owners a sorry jade of an ass; which was gravely received by those flats of antiquity. Another time he went still farther; for having conveyed away a handsome bride, he sent in exchange an old lady elaborately hideous; yet the husband did not find out the trick till he had got off.

Autolycus himself, however, was outwitted by Sisyphus, the son of Æolus. Autolycus was in the habit of stealing his neighbours' cattle, and altering the marks upon them. Among others he stole some from Sisyphus; but notwithstanding his usual precautions, he was astonished to find the latter come and pick out his oxen, as if nothing had happened. He had marked them under the hoof. Autolycus, it seems, had the usual generosity of genius; and was so pleased with this evidence of superior cunning, that some say he gave him in marriage his daughter Anticlea, who was afterwards the wife of Laertes, the father of Ulysses. According to others, however, he only favoured him with his daughter's company for a time, a fashion not yet extinct in



some primitive countries; and it was a reproach made against Ulysses, that Laertes was only his pretended, and Sisyphus his real, father. Sisyphus has the credit of being the greatest knave of antiquity. His famous punishment in hell, of being compelled to roll a stone up a hill to all eternity, and seeing it always go down again, is attributed by some to a characteristic trait, which he could not help playing off upon Pluto. It was supposed by the ancients, that a man's ghost wandered in a melancholy manner upon the banks of the Styx, as long as his corpse remained without burial. Sisyphus on his death-bed purposely charged his wife to leave him unburied; and then begged Pluto's permission to go back to earth, on his parole, merely to punish her for so scandalous a neglect. Like the lawyer, however, who contrived to let his hat fall inside the door of heaven, and got St. Peter's permission to step in for it, Sisyphus would not return; and so when Pluto had him again, he paid him for the trick with setting him upon this everlasting job.

The exploits of Mercury himself, the god of cunning, may be easily imagined to surpass everything achieved by profaner hands. Homer, in the hymn to his honour, has given a delightful account of his prematurity in swindling. He had not been born many hours before he stole Vulcan's tools, Mars' sword, and Jupiter's sceptre. He beat Cupid in a wrestling bout on the same day; and Venus caressing him for his conquest, he returned the embrace by filching away her girdle. He would also have stolen Jupiter's thunderbolts, but was afraid of burning his fingers. On the evening of his birth-day, he drove off the cattle of Admetus, which Apollo was tending. The good-humoured god of wit endeavoured to frighten him into restoring them; but could not help laughing when, in the midst of his threatenings, he found himself without his quiver.

The history of thieves is to be found either in that of romance, or in the details of the history of cities. The latter have not come down to us from the ancient world, with some exceptions in the comic writers, immaterial to our present purpose, and in the loathsome rhetoric of Petronius. The finest thief in old history is the pirate who made that famous answer to Alexander, in which he said that the conqueror was only the mightier thief of the two. The story of the thieving architect in Herodotus we will tell another time. We can call to mind no other thieves in the Greek and Latin writers (always excepting political ones) except some paltry fellows who stole napkins at dinner; and the robbers in Apuleius, the precursors of those in Gil Blas. When we come, however, to the times of the Arabians and of chivalry, they abound in all their glory, both great and small. Who among us does not know by heart the story of the never-to-be-

forgotten Forty Thieves, with their treasure in the green wood, their anxious observer, their magical opening of the door, their captain, their concealment in the jars, and the scalding oil, that, as it were, extinguished them groaning, one by one? Have we not all ridden backwards and forwards with them to the wood a hundred times?—watched them, with fear and trembling, from the tree?—sewn up, blindfolded, the four quarters of the dead body?—and said, "Open Sesamé," to every door at school? May we ride with them again and again; or we shall lose our appetite for some of the best things in the world.

We pass over those interlopers in our English family, the Danes; as well as Rollo the Norman, and other freebooters, who only wanted less need of robbery, to become respectable conquerors. In fact, they did so, as they got on. We have also no particular worthy to select from among that host of petty chieftains, who availed themselves of their knightly castles and privileges, to commit all sorts of unchivalrous outrages. These are the giants of modern romance; and the Veglios, Malengins, and Pinabellos, of Pulci, Spenser, and Ariosto. They survived in the petty states of Italy a long while; gradually took a less solitary, though hardly less ferocious shape, among the fierce political partisans recorded by Dante; and at length became represented by the men of desperate fortunes, who make such a figure, between the gloomy and the gallant, in Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*. The breaking up of the late kingdom of Italy, with its dependencies, has again revived them in some degree; but not, we believe, in any shape above common robbery. The regular modern thief seems to make his appearance for the first time in the imaginary character of Brunello, as described by Boiardo and Ariosto. He is a fellow that steals every valuable that comes in his way. The way in which he robs Sacripant, king of Circassia, of his horse, has been ridiculed by Cervantes; if indeed he did not rather repeat it with great zest: for his use of the theft is really not such a caricature as in Boiardo and his great follower. While Sancho is sitting lumpishly asleep upon the back of his friend Dapple, Gines de Passamonte, the famous thief, comes and gently withdraws the donkey from under him, leaving the somnolent squire propped upon the saddle with four sticks. His consternation on waking may be guessed. But in the Italian poets, the Circassian prince has only fallen into a deep meditation, when Brunello draws away his steed. Ariosto appears to have thought this extravagance a hazardous one, though he could not deny himself the pleasure of repeating it; for he has made Sacripant blush, when called upon to testify how the horse was stolen from him. (Orlando Furio. lib. xxvii. st. 84.)

In the Italian Novels and the old French



Tales, are a variety of extremely amusing stories of thieves, all most probably founded on fact. We will give a specimen as we go, by way of making this article the completer. A doctor of laws in Bologna had become rich enough, by scraping money together, to indulge himself in a grand silver cup, which he sent home one day to his wife from the goldsmith's. There were two sharpening fellows prowling about that day for a particular object; and getting scent of the cup, they laid their heads together, to contrive how they might indulge themselves in it instead. One of them accordingly goes to a fishmonger's, and buys a fine lamprey, which he takes to the doctor's wife, with her husband's compliments, and he would bring a company of his brother doctors with him to dinner, requesting in the meantime that she would send back the cup by the bearer, as he had forgotten to have his arms engraved upon it. The good lady, happy to obey all these pleasing impulses on the part of master doctor, takes in the fish, and sends out the cup, with equal satisfaction; and sets about getting the dinner ready. The doctor comes home at his usual hour, and finding his dinner so much better than ordinary, asks with an air of wonder, where was the necessity of going to that expense: upon which the wife, putting on an air of wonder in her turn, and proud of possessing the new cup, asks him where are all those brother doctors, whom he said he should bring with him. "What does the fool mean?" said the testy old gentleman. "Mean!" rejoined the wife—"what does *this* mean?" pointing to the fish. The doctor looked down with his old eyes at the lamprey. "God knows," said he, "what it means. I am sure I don't know what it means more than any other fish, except that I shall have to pay a pretty sum for every mouthful you eat of it."—"Why, it was your own doing, husband," said the wife; "and you will remember it, perhaps, when you recollect that the same man that brought me the fish, was to take away the cup to have your name engraved upon it." At this the doctor started back, with his eyes as wide open as the fish's, exclaiming, "And you gave it him, did you?"—"To be sure I did," returned the good housewife. The old doctor here began a passionate speech, which he suddenly broke off; and after stamping up and down the room, and crying out that he was an undone advocate, ran quivering out into the street like one frantic, asking everybody if he had seen a man with a lamprey. The two rogues were walking all this time in the neighbourhood; and seeing the doctor set off, in his frantic fit, to the goldsmith's, and knowing that he who brought the lamprey had been well disguised, they began to ask one another, in the jollity of their triumph, what need there was for losing a good lamprey, because they had gained a cup. The other therefore went

to the doctor's house, and putting on a face of good news, told the wife that the cup was found. "Master doctor," said he, "bade me come and tell you that it was but a joke of your old friend What's-his name."—"Castellani, I warrant me," said the wife, with a face broad with delight. "The same," returned he:—"master doctor says that Signor Castellani, and the other gentlemen he spoke of, are waiting for you at the Signor's house, where they purpose to laugh away the choler they so merrily raised, with a good dinner and wine, and to that end they have sent me for the lamprey."—"Take it in God's name," said the good woman; "I am heartily glad to see it go out of the house, and shall follow it myself speedily." So saying, she gave him the fine hot fish, with some sauce, between two dishes; and the knave, who felt already round the corner with glee, slid it under his cloak, and made the best of his way to his companion, who lifted up his hands and eyes at sight of him, and asked twenty questions in a breath, and chuckled, and slapped his thigh, and snapped his fingers for joy, to think what a pair of fools two rogues had to do with. Little did the poor despairing doctor, on his return home, guess what they were saying of him as he passed the wall of the house in which they were feasting. "Heyday!" cried the wife, smiling all abroad, as she saw him entering, "what art thou come to fetch me then, bone of my bone? Well; if this isn't the gallantest day I have seen many a year! It puts me in mind—it puts me in mind"—Here the chirping old lady was about to remind the doctor of the days of his youth, holding out her arms and raising her quivering voice, when (we shudder to relate) she received a considerable cuff on the left cheek. "You make me mad," cried the doctor, "with your eternal idiotical nonsense. What do you mean by coming to fetch you, and the gallantest day of your life? May the devil fetch you, and me, and that invisible fiend that stole the cup."—"What!" exclaimed the wife, suddenly changing her tone from a vociferous complaint which she had unthinkingly set up, "did you send nobody then for the lamprey?" Here the doctor cast his eyes upon the bereaved table; and unable to bear the shame of this additional loss, however trivial, began tearing his hair and beard, and hopping about the room, giving his wife a new and scandalous epithet at every step, as if he was dancing to a catalogue of her imperfections. The story shook all the shoulders in Bologna for a month after.

As we find, by the length to which this article has already reached, that we should otherwise be obliged to compress our recollections of Spanish, French, and English thieves, into a compass that would squeeze them into the merest dry notices, we will postpone them at once to our next number; and relate

another story from the same Italian novelist that supplied our last\*. Our author is Masuccio of Salerno, a novelist who disputes with Bandello the rank next in popularity to Boccaccio. We have not the original by us, and must be obliged to an English work for the groundwork of our story, as we have been to Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* for the one just related. But we take the liberty usual with the repeaters of these stories; we retain the incidents, but tell them in our own way, and imagine what might happen in the intervals.

Two Neapolitan sharpers, having robbed a Genoese merchant of his purse, make the best of their way to Sienna, where they arrive during the preaching of St. Bernardin. One of them attends a sermon with an air of conspicuous modesty and devotion, and afterwards waits upon the preacher, and addresses him thus: "Reverend father, you see before you a man, poor indeed, but honest. I do not mean to boast; God knows, I have no reason. Who upon earth has reason, unless it be one who will be the last to boast, like yourself, holy father?" Here the saintly orator shook his head. "I do not mean," resumed the stranger, "to speak even of the reverend and illustrious Bernardin, but as of a man among men. For my part, I am, as it were, a creeping thing among them; and yet I am honest. If I have any virtue, it is that. I crawl right onward in my path, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and yet I have my temptations. Reverend father, I have found this purse. I will not deny, that being often in want of the common necessities of life, and having been obliged last night, in particular, to sit down faint at the city gates, for want of my ordinary crust and onion, which I had given to one (God help him) still worse off than myself, I did cast some looks—I did, I say, just open the purse, and cast a wistful eye at one of those shining pieces, that lay one over the other inside, with something like a wish that I could procure myself a meal with it, unknown to the lawful proprietor. But my conscience, thank Heaven, prevailed. I have to make two requests to you, reverend father. First, that you will absolve me for this my offence; and second, that you will be pleased to mention in one of your discourses, that a poor sinner from Milan, on his road to hear them, has found a purse, and would willingly restore it to the right owner. I would fain give double the contents of it to find him out; but then, what can I do? All the wealth I have consists in my honesty. Be pleased, most illustrious father, to mention

this in your discourse, as modestly as becomes my nothingness; and to add especially, that the purse was found on the road from Milan, lying, miraculously as it were, upon a sunny bank, open to the view of all, under an olive-tree, not far from a little fountain, the pleasant noise of which peradventure had invited the owner to sleep." The good father, at hearing this detail, smiled at the anxious sincerity of the poor pilgrim, and, giving him the required absolution, promised to do his utmost to bring forth the proprietor. In his next sermon, he accordingly dwelt with such eloquence on the opportunities thrown in the way of the rich who lose purses to behave nobly, that his congregation several times half rose from their seats out of enthusiasm, and longed for some convenient loss of property, that might enable them to show their disinterestedness. At the conclusion of it, however, a man stepped forward, and said, that anxious as he was to do justice to the finder of the purse, which he knew to be his the moment he saw it (only he was loth to interrupt the reverend father), he had claims upon him at home, in the person of his wife and thirteen children,—fourteen perhaps, he might now say,—which, to his great sorrow, prevented him from giving the finder more than a quarter of a piece; this however he offered him with the less scruple, since he saw the seraphic disposition of the reverend preacher and his congregation, who he had no doubt would make ample amends for this involuntary deficiency on the part of a poor family man, the whole portion of whose wife and children might be said to be wrapped up in that purse. His sleep under the olive-tree had been his last for these six nights (here the other man said, with a tremulous joy of acknowledgment, that it was indeed just six nights since he had found it); and Heaven only knew when he should have had another, if his children's bread, so to speak, had not been found again." With these words, the sharper (for such, of course, he was) presented the quarter of a piece to his companion, who made all but a prostration for it; and hastened with the purse out of the church. The other man's circumstances were then inquired into, and as he was found to have almost as many children as the purse-owner, and no possessions at all, as he said, but his honesty,—all his children being equally poor and pious,—a considerable subscription was raised for him; so large indeed, that on the appearance of a new claimant next day, the pockets of the good people were found empty. This was no other than the Genoese merchant, who having turned back on his road when he missed his purse, did not stop till he came to Sienna, and heard the news of the day before. Imagine the feelings of the deceived people! Saint Bernardin was convinced that the two cheats

\* In the original edition of the *Indicator* this article was divided into three numbers. Perhaps it would have been better had the division been retained; but perplexities occur in hastily correcting a work for a new edition, which the reader will have the goodness to excuse.



were devils in disguise. The resident canon had thought pretty nearly as much all along, but had held his tongue, and now hoped it would be a lesson to people not to listen to everybody who could talk, especially to the neglect of Saint Antonio's monastery. As to the people themselves, they thought variously. Most of them were mortified at having been cheated; and some swore they never would be cheated again, let appearances be what they might. Others thought that this was a resolution somewhat equivocal, and more convenient than happy. For our parts, we think the last were right: and this reminds us of a true English story, more good than striking, which we heard a short while ago from a friend. He knew a man of rugged manners, but good heart (not that the two things, as a lover of parentheses will say, are at all bound to go together), who had a wife somewhat given to debating with hackney-coachmen, and disputing acts of settlement respecting half-miles, and quarter-miles, and abominable additional sixpences. The good housewife was lingering at the door, and exclaiming against one of these monstrous charioteers, whose hoarse low voice was heard at intervals, full of lying protestations and bad weather, when the husband called out from a back-room, "Never mind there, never mind:—let her be cheated; let her be cheated."

This is a digression; but it is as well to introduce it, in order to take away a certain bitterness out of the mouth of the other's moral.

We now come to a very unromantic set of rogues; the Spanish ones. In a poetical sense, at least, they are unromantic; though doubtless the mountains of Spain have seen as picturesque vagabonds in their time as any. There are the robbers in *Gil Blas*, who have, at least, a respectable cavern, and loads of polite superfluities. Who can forget the lofty-named Captain Rolando, with his sturdy height and his whiskers, showing with a lighted torch his treasure to the timid stripling, Gil Blas? The most illustrious theft in Spanish story is one recorded of no less a person than the fine old national hero, the Cid. As the sufferers were Jews, it might be thought that his conscience would not have hurt him in those days; but "My Cid" was a kind of early soldier in behalf of sentiment; and though he went to work roughly, he meant nobly and kindly. "God knows," said he, on the present occasion, "I do this thing more of necessity than of wilfulness; but by God's help I shall redeem all." The case was this. The Cid, who was too good a subject to please his master, the king, had quarrelled with him, or rather, had been banished; and nobody was to give him house-room or food. A number of friends, however, followed him; and by the help of his nephew, Martin Antolinez, he pro-

posed to raise some money. Martin accordingly negotiated the business with a couple of rich Jews, who, for a deposit of two chests full of spoil, which they were not to open for a year, on account of political circumstances, agreed to advance six hundred marks. "Well, then," said Martin Antolinez, "ye see that the night is advancing; the Cid is in haste, give us the marks." "This is not the way of business," said they; "we must take first, and then give." Martin accordingly goes with them to the Cid, who in the meantime has filled a couple of heavy chests with sand. The Cid smiled as they kissed his hand, and said, "Ye see I am going out of the land because of the king's displeasure; but I shall leave something with ye." The Jews made a suitable answer, and were then desired to take the chests; but, though strong men, they could not raise them from the ground. This put them in such spirits, that after telling out the six hundred marks (which Don Martin took without weighing), they offered the Cid a present of a fine red skin; and upon Don Martin's suggesting that he thought his own services in the business merited a pair of hose, they consulted a minute with each other, in order to do everything judiciously, and then gave him money enough to buy, not only the hose, but a rich doublet and good cloak into the bargain\*.

The regular sharpening rogues, however, that abound in Spanish books of adventure, have one species of romance about them of a very peculiar nature. It may be called, we fear, as far as Spain is concerned, a "romance of real life." We allude to the absolute want and hunger which is so often the original of their sin. A vein of this craving nature runs throughout most of the Spanish novels. In other countries theft is generally represented as the result of an abuse of plenty, or of some other kind of profligacy, or absolute ruin. But it seems to be an understood thing, that to be poor in Spain is to be in want of the commonest necessities of life. If a poor man, here and there, happens not to be in so destitute a state as the rest, he thinks himself bound to maintain the popular character for an appetite, and manifests the most prodigious sense of punctuality and anticipation in all matters relating to meals. Who ever thinks of Sancho, and does not think of ten minutes before luncheon? Don Quixote, on the other hand, counts it ungentle and undignified to be hungry. The cheat who flatters Gil Blas

\* See Mr. Southey's excellent compilation entitled *The Chronicles of the Cid*, book iii. sec. 21. The version at the end of the book, attributed to Mr. Hookham Frere, of a passage out of the *Poema del Cid*, is the most native and terse bit of translation we ever met with. It rides along, like the Cid himself on horseback, with an infinite mixture of ardour and self-possession; bending, when it chooses, with grace, or bearing down everything with mastery.



reckons himself entitled to be insultingly triumphant, merely because he has got a dinner out of him.

Of all these ingenious children of necessity, whose roguery has been sharpened by perpetual want, no wit was surely ever kept at so subtle and fierce an edge as that of the never-to-be-decently-treated Lazarillo de Tormes. If we ourselves had not been at a sort of monastic school, and known the beatitude of dry bread and a draught of spring-water, his history would seem to inform us, for the first time, what hunger was. His cunning so truly keeps pace with it, that he seems recompensed for the wants of his stomach by the abundant energies of his head. One-half of his imagination is made up of dry bread and scraps, and the other of meditating how to get at them. Every thought of his mind and every feeling of his affection coalesces and tends to one point with a ventripetal force. It was said of a contriving lady, that she took her very tea by stratagem. Lazarillo is not so lucky. It is enough for him, if by a train of the most ingenious contrivances, he can lay successful siege to a crust. To rout some broken victuals; to circumvent an onion or so, extraordinary, is the utmost aim of his ambition. An ox-foot is his beau ideal. He has as intense and circuitous a sense of a piece of cheese, as a mouse at a trap. He swallows surreptitious crumbs with as much zest as a young servant-girl does a plate of preserves. But to his story. He first serves a blind beggar, with whom he lives miserably, except when he commits thefts, which subject him to miserable beatings. He next lives with a priest, and finds his condition worse. His third era of esuriency takes place in the house of a Spanish gentleman; and here he is worse off than ever. The reader wonders, as he himself did, how he can possibly ascend to this climax of starvation. To overreach a blind beggar might be thought easy. The reader will judge by a specimen or two. The old fellow used to keep his mug of liquor between his legs, that Lazarillo might not touch it without his knowledge. He did, however; and the beggar discovering it, took to holding the mug in future by the handle. Lazarillo then contrives to suck some of the liquor off with a reed, till the beggar defeats this contrivance by keeping one hand upon the vessel's mouth. His antagonist upon this makes a hole near the bottom of the mug, filling it up with wax, and so tapping the can with as much gentleness as possible, whenever his thirst makes him bold. This stratagem threw the blind man into despair. He "used to swear and domineer," and wish both the pot and its contents at the devil. The following account of the result is a specimen of the English translation of the work, which is done with great tact and spirit, we know not by

whom, but it is worthy of De Foe. Lazarillo is supposed to tell his adventures himself. "You won't accuse me any more, I hope," cried I, 'of drinking your wine\*, after all the fine precautions you have taken to prevent it?' To that he said not a word; but feeling all about the pot, he at last unluckily discovered the hole, which dissembling at that time, he let me alone till next day at dinner. Not dreaming, my reader must know, of the old man's malicious stratagem, but getting in between his legs, according to my wonted custom, and receiving into my mouth the distilling dew, and pleasing myself with the success of my own ingenuity, my eyes upward, but half shut, the furious tyrant, taking up *the sweet, but hard pot*, with both his hands, flung it down again with all his force upon my face; with the violence of which blow, imagining the house had fallen upon my head, I lay sprawling without any sentiment or judgment; my forehead, nose, and mouth, gushing out of blood, and the latter full of broken teeth, and broken pieces of the can. From that time forward, I ever abominated the monstrous old churl, and in spite of all his flattering stories, could easily observe how my punishment tickled the old rogue's fancy. He washed my sores with wine; and with a smile, 'What sayest thou,' quoth he, 'Lazarillo? the thing that hurt thee, now restores thee to health. Courage, my boy.' But all his rillery could not make me change my mind."

At another time, a countryman giving them a cluster of grapes, the old man, says Lazarillo, "would needs take that opportunity to show me a little kindness, after he had been chiding and beating me the whole day before. So setting ourselves down by a hedge, 'Come hither, Lazarillo,' quoth he, 'and let us enjoy ourselves a little, and eat these raisins together; which that we may share like brothers, do you take but one at a time, and be sure not to cheat me, and I promise you, for my part, I shall take no more.' That I readily agreed to, and so we began our banquet; but at the very second time he took a couple, believing, I suppose, that I would do the same. And finding he had shown me the way, I made no scruple all the while to take two, three, or four at a time; sometimes more and sometimes less, as conveniently I could. When we had done, the old man shook his head, and holding the stalk in his hand, 'Thou hast cheated me, Lazarillo,' quoth he, 'for I could take my oath, that thou hast taken three at a time.'—'Who, I! I beg your pardon,' quoth I, 'my conscience is as dear to me as another.'—'Pass that jest upon another,' answered the old fox, 'you saw me take two at a time without complaining of it, and therefore you took three.' At that I could hardly forbear laugh-

\* The reader is to understand a common southern wine, very cheap.

ing; and at the same time admired the justness of his reasoning." Lazarillo at length quitted the service of the old hard-hearted miser, and revenged himself upon him at the same time, in a very summary manner. They were returning home one day on account of bad weather, when they had to cross a kennel which the rain had swelled to a little torrent. The beggar was about to jump over it as well as he could, when Lazarillo persuaded him to go a little lower down the stream, because there was a better crossing; that is, there was a stone pillar on the other side, against which he knew the blind old fellow would nearly dash his brains out. "He was mightily pleased with my advice. 'Thou art in the right on it, good boy,' quoth he, 'and I love thee with all my heart, Lazarillo. Lead me to the place thou speakest of; the water is very dangerous in winter, and especially to have one's feet wet.' And again—'Be sure to set me in the right place, Lazarillo,' quoth he; 'and then do thou go over first.' I obeyed his orders, and set him exactly before the pillar, and so leaping over, posted myself behind it, looking upon him as a man would do upon a mad bull. 'Now your jump,' quoth I; 'and you may get over to rights, without ever touching the water.' I had scarce done speaking, when the old man, like a ram that's fighting, ran three steps backwards, to take his start with the greater vigour, and so his head came with a vengeance against the stone pillar, which made him fall back into the kennel half dead." Lazarillo stops a moment to triumph over him with insulting language; and then, says he, "resigning my blind, bruised, wet, old, cross, cunning master to the care of the mob that was gathered about him, I made the best of my heels, without ever looking about, till I had got the town-gate upon my back; and thence marching on a merry pace, I arrived before night at Torrijo."

At the house of the priest, poor Lazarillo gets worse off than before, and is obliged to resort to the most extraordinary shifts to arrive at a morsel of bread. At one time, he gets a key of a tinker, and opening the old trunk in which the miser kept his bread (a sight, he says, like the opening of heaven), he takes small pieces out of three or four, in imitation of a mouse; which so convinces the old hunks that the mice and rats have been at them, that he is more liberal of the bread than usual. He lets him have in particular "the parings above the parts where he thought the mice had been." Another of his contrivances is to palm off his pickings upon a serpent, with which animal a neighbour told the priest that his house had been once haunted. Lazarillo, who had been used when he lived with the beggar to husband pieces of money in his mouth (substituting some lesser coin in the blind man's hand, when people gave him any

thing), now employs the same hiding-place for his key; but whistling through it unfortunately one night, as he lay breathing hard in his sleep, the priest concludes he has caught the serpent, and going to Lazarillo's bed with a broomstick, gives him at a venture such a tremendous blow on the head, as half murders him. The key is then discovered, and the poor fellow turned out of doors.

He is now hired by a lofty-looking hidalgo; and follows him home, eating a thousand good things by anticipation. They pass through the markets however to no purpose. The squire first goes to church too, and spends an unconscionable time at mass. At length they arrive at a dreary, ominous-looking house, and ascend into a decent apartment, where the squire, after shaking his cloak, and blowing off the dust from a stone seat, lays it neatly down, and so makes a cushion of it to sit upon. There is no other furniture in the room, nor even in the neighbouring rooms, except a bed "composed of the anatomy of an old hamper." The truth is, the squire is as poor as Lazarillo, only too proud to own it; and so he starves both himself and his servant at home, and then issues gallantly forth of a morning, with his Toledo by his side, and a countenance of stately satisfaction; returning home every day about noon with "a starched body, reaching out his neck like a greyhound." Lazarillo had not been a day in the house, before he found out how matters went. He was beginning, in his despair of a dinner, to eat some scraps of bread which had been given him in the morning, when the squire observing him, asked what he was about. "Come hither, boy," said he, "what's that thou art eating?"—"I went," says Lazarillo, "and showed him three pieces of bread, of which taking away the best, 'Upon my faith,' quoth he, 'this bread seems to be very good.'—" 'Tis too stale and hard, Sir,' said I, 'to be good.'—" 'I swear 'tis very good,' said the squire; 'Who gave it thee? Were their hands clean that gave it thee?'—" 'I took it without asking any questions, Sir,' answered I, 'and you see I eat it as freely.'—" 'Pray God it may be so,' answered the miserable squire; and so putting the bread to his mouth, he eat it with no less appetite than I did mine; adding to every mouthful, 'Gadzooks, this bread is excellent.'"

Lazarillo in short here finds the bare table so completely turned upon him, that he is forced to become provider for his master as well as himself; which he does by fairly going out every day and begging; the poor squire winking at the indignity, though not without a hint at keeping the connexion secret. The following extract shall be our climax, which it may well be, the hunger having thus ascended into the ribs of Spanish aristocracy. Lazarillo, one lucky day, has an ox-foot and



some tripe given him by a butcher-woman. On coming home with his treasure, he finds the hidalgo impatiently walking up and down, and fears he shall have a scolding for staying so long; but the squire merely asks where he has been, and receives the account with an irrepressible air of delight. "I sate down," says Lazarillo, "upon the end of the stone seat, and began to eat that he might fancy I was feasting; and observed, without seeming to take notice, that his eye was fixed upon my skirt, which was all the plate and table that I had.

"*May God pity me as I had compassion on that poor squire*: daily experience made me sensible of his trouble. I did not know whether I should invite him, for since he had told me he had dined, I thought he would make a point of honour to refuse to eat; but in short, being very desirous to supply his necessity, as I had done the day before, and which I was then much better in a condition to do, having already sufficiently stuffed my own guts, it was not long before an opportunity fairly offered itself; for he taking occasion to come near me in his walks, 'Lazarillo,' quoth he (as soon as he observed me begin to eat), 'I never saw anybody eat so handsomely as thee; a body can scarce see thee fall to work without desiring to bear thee company; let their stomachs be never so full, or their mouth be never so much out of taste.' Faith, thought I to myself, with such an empty belly as yours, my own mouth would water at a great deal less.

"But finding he was come where I wished him: 'Sir,' said I, 'good stuff makes a good workman. This is admirable bread, and here's an ox-foot so nicely dressed and so well-seasoned, that anybody would delight to taste of it.'

"'How!' cried the squire, interrupting me, 'an ox-foot?'—'Yes, sir,' said I, 'an ox-foot.'—'Ah! then,' quoth he, '*thou hast in my opinion the delicatest bit in Spain*; there being neither partridge, pheasant, nor any other thing that I like nearly so well as that.'

"'Will you please to try, sir?' said I (putting the ox-foot in his hand, with two good morsels of bread): 'when you have tasted it, you will be convinced that it is a treat for a king,' 'tis so well dressed and seasoned.'

"Upon that, sitting down by my side, he began to eat, or rather to devour, what I had given him, so that the bones could hardly escape. 'Oh! the excellent bit,' did he cry, 'that this would be with a little garlic!' Ha! thought I to myself, how hastily thou eatest it without sauce. 'Gad,' said the squire, 'I have eaten this as heartily as if I had not tasted a bit of victuals to-day:' which I did very readily believe.

"He then called for the pitcher with the water, which was as full as I had brought it home; so you may guess whether he had had any. When his squireship had drank, he

civily invited me to do the like; and thus ended our feast."

We hope the reader is as much amused with this prolongation of the subject as ourselves, for we are led on insensibly by these amusing thieves, and find we have more to write upon them, before we have done. We must give another specimen or two of the sharpening Spaniard, out of Quevedo. The *Adventures*, by the way, of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, were written in the sixteenth century by a Spanish gentleman, apparently of illustrious family, Don Diego de Mendoza, who was sometime ambassador at Venice. This renders the story of the hidalgo still more curious. Not that the author perhaps ever felt the proud but condescending pangs which he describes; this is not necessary for a man of imagination. He merely meant to give a hint to the poorer gentry not to overdo the matter on the side of loftiness, for their own sakes; and hunger, whether among the proud or the humble, was too national a thing not to be entered into by his statistic apprehension.

The most popular work connected with sharpening adventures is *Gil Blas*, which, though known to us as a French production, seems unquestionably to have originated in the country where the scene is laid. It is a work exquisitely easy and true; but somehow we have no fancy for the knaves in it. They are of too smooth, sneaking, and safe a cast. They neither bespeak one's sympathy by necessity, nor one's admiration by daring. We except, of course, the robbers before-mentioned, who are a picturesque patch in the world, like a piece of rough poetry.

Of the illustrious *Guzman d'Alfarache*, the most popular book of the kind, we believe, in Spain, and admired, we know, in this country by some excellent judges, we cannot with propriety speak, for we have only read a few pages at the beginning; though we read those twice over, at two different times, and each time with the same intention of going on. In truth, as Guzman is called by way of eminence the Spanish Rogue, we must say for him, as far as our slight acquaintance war-rants it, that he is also "as tedious as a king." They say, however, he has excellent stuff in him.

We can speak as little of *Marcos de Obregon*, of which a translation appeared a little while ago. We have read it, and, if we remember rightly, were pleased; but want of memory on these occasions is not a good symptom. Quevedo, no ordinary person, is very amusing. His *Visions of Hell*, in particular, though of a very different kind from Dante's, are more edifying. But our business at present is with his "*History of Paul the Spanish Sharper, the Pattern of Rogues and Mirror of Vagabonds*." We do not know that he deserves these appellations so much as some others; but



they are to be looked upon as titular ornaments, common to the Spanish *Kleptocracy*. He is extremely pleasant, especially in his younger days. His mother, who is no better than the progenitor of such a personage ought to be, happens to have the misfortune one day of being carted. Paul, who was then a school-boy, was elected king on some boyish holiday; and riding out upon a half-starved horse, it picked up a small cabbage as they went through the market. The market-women began pelting the king with rotten oranges and turnip-tops; upon which, having feathers in his cap, and getting a notion in his head that they mistook him for his mother, who, agreeably to a Spanish custom, was tricked out in the same manner when she was carted, he halloo'd out, "Good women, though I wear feathers in my cap, I am none of Alonza Saturuo de Rebillo. She is my mother."

Paul used to be set upon unlucky tricks by the son of a man of rank, who preferred enjoying a joke to getting punished for it. Among others, one Christmas, a counsellor happening to go by of the name of Pontio de Auguirre, the little Don told his companion to call Pontius Pilate, and then to run away. He did so, and the angry counsellor followed after him with a knife in his hand, so that he was forced to take refuge in the house of the schoolmaster. The lawyer laid his indictment, and Paul got a hearty flogging, during which he was enjoined never to call Pontius Pilate again; to which he heartily agreed. The consequence was, that next day, when the boys were at prayers, Paul, coming to the Belief, and thinking that he was never again to name Pontius Pilate, gravely said, "Suffered under Pontio de Auguirre;" which evidence of his horror of the scourge so interested the pedagogue, that, by a Catholic mode of dispensation, he absolved him from the next two whippings he should incur.

But we forget that our little picaro was a thief. One specimen of his talents this way, and we have done with the Spaniards. He went with young Don Diego to the university; and here getting applause for some tricks he played upon people, and dandling, as it were, his growing propensity to theft, he invited his companions one evening to see him steal a box of comfits from a confectioner's. He accordingly draws his rapier, which was stiff and well-pointed; runs violently into the shop; and exclaiming, "You're a dead man!" makes a fierce lunge at the confectioner between the body and arm. Down drops the man, half dead with fear; the others rush out. But what of the box of comfits? "Where are the box of comfits, Paul?" said the rogues: "we do not see what you have done after all, except frighten the fellow."—"Look here, my boys," answered Paul. They looked, and at the end of his rapier beheld, with shouts of laughter,

the vanquished box. He had marked it out on the shelf; and under pretence of lunging at the confectioner, pinked it away like a muffin.

Upon turning to Quevedo, we find that the story has grown a little upon our memory, as to detail; but this is the spirit of it. The prize here, it is to be observed, is something eatable; and the same yearning is a predominant property of Quevedo's sharpers, as well as the others.

Adieu, ye pleasant rogues of Spain! ye surmounters of bad government, hunger, and misery, by the mere force of a light climate and fingers! The dinner calls;—and to talk about you before it, is as good as taking a ride on horseback.

We must return a moment to the Italian thieves, to relate a couple of stories related of Ariosto and Tasso. The former was for a short period governor of Grafagnana, a disturbed district in the Apennines, which his prudent and gentle policy brought back from its disaffection. Among its other troubles were numerous bands of robbers, two of the names of whose leaders, Domenico Maroco, and Filippo Pacchione, have come down to posterity. Ariosto, during the first days of his government, was riding out with a small retinue, when he had to pass through a number of suspicious-looking armed men. The two parties had scarcely cleared each other, when the chief of the strangers asked a servant, who happened to be at some distance behind the others, who that person was. "It is the captain of the citadel here," said the man, "Lodovico Ariosto." The stranger no sooner heard the name, than he went running back to overtake the governor, who, stopping his horse, waited with some anxiety for the event. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, "but I was not aware that so great a person as the Signor Lodovico Ariosto was passing near me. My name is Filippo Pacchione; and when I knew who it was, I could not go on without returning to pay the respect due to so illustrious a name."

A doubt is thrown on this story, or rather on the particular person who gave occasion to it, by the similarity of an adventure related of Tasso. Both of them however are very probable, let the similarity be what it may; for both the poets had occasion to go through disturbed districts; robbers abounded in both their times; and the leaders being most probably men rather of desperate fortunes than want of knowledge, were likely enough to seize such opportunities of vindicating their better habits, and showing a romantic politeness. The enthusiasm too is quite in keeping with the national character; and it is to be observed that the particulars of Tasso's adventure are different, though the spirit of it is the same. He was journeying, it is said, in company with others, for better security against the banditti

who infested the borders of the papal territory, when they were told that Sciarra, a famous robber, was at hand in considerable force. Tasso was for pushing on, and defending themselves if attacked; but his opinion was overruled; and the company threw themselves, for safety, into the city of Mola. Here Sciarra kept them in a manner blocked up; but hearing that Tasso was among the travellers, he sent him word that he should not only be allowed to pass, but should have safe-conduct whithersoever he pleased. The lofty poet, making it a matter of delicacy, perhaps, to waive an advantage of which his company could not partake, declined the offer; upon which Sciarra sent another message, saying, that upon the sole account of Tasso, the ways should be left open. And they were so.

We can call to mind no particular German thieves, except those who figure in romances, and in the *Robbers* of Schiller. To say the truth, we are writing just now with but few books to refer to; and the better informed reader must pardon any deficiency he meets with in these egregious and furtive memorandums. Of the *Robbers* of Schiller an extraordinary effect is related. It is said to have driven a number of wild-headed young Germans upon playing at banditti, not in the bounds of a school or university, but seriously in a forest. The matter-of-fact spirit in which a German sets about being enthusiastic, is a metaphysical curiosity which modern events render doubly interesting. It is extremely worthy of the attention of those rare personages, entitled reflecting politicians. But we must take care of that kind of digression. It is very inhuman of these politics, that the habit of attending to them, though with the greatest good-will and sincerity, will always be driving a man upon thinking how his fellow-creatures are going on.

There is a pleasant, well-known story of a Prussian thief and Frederick the Second.

We forget what was the precise valuable found upon the Prussian soldier, and missed from an image of the Virgin Mary; but we believe it was a ring. He was tried for sacrilege, and the case seemed clear against him, when he puzzled his Catholic judges by informing them, that the fact was, the Virgin Mary had *given* him that ring. Here was a terrible dilemma. To dispute the possibility or even probability of a gift from the Virgin Mary, was to deny their religion: while, on the other hand, to let the fellow escape on the pretence, was to canonize impudence itself. The worthy judges, in their perplexity, applied to the king, who, under the guise of behaving delicately to their faith, was not sorry to have such an opportunity of joking it. His majesty therefore pronounced, with becoming gravity, that the allegation of the soldier could not but have its due weight with all Catholic believers; but that in future, it was forbidden any Prus-

sian subject, military or civil, to *accept* a present from the Virgin Mary.

The district, formerly rendered famous by the exploits of Scanderbeg, Prince of Epirus, and since become infamous by the tyranny of Ali Bey, has been very fertile in robbers. And no wonder: for a semi-barbarous people so governed become thieves by necessity. The name indeed, as well as profession, is in such good receipt with an Albanian, that according to late travellers, it is a common thing for him to begin his history by saying, "When I was a robber——" We remember reading of some Albanian or Slavonian leader of banditti, who made his enemies suppose he had a numerous force with him, by distributing military caps upon the hedges.

There are some other nations who are all thieves, more or less; or comprise such numbers of them as very much militate against the national character. Such are the piratical Malays; the still more infamous Algerines; and the mongrel tribes between Arabia and Abyssinia. As to the Arabs, they have a prescriptive right, from tradition as well as local circumstances, to plunder everybody. The sanguinary ruffians of Ashantee and other black empires on the coast of Guinea are more like a government of murderers and ogres than thieves. They are the next ruffians perhaps in existence to slave-dealers. The gentlest nation of pilferers are the Otaheitan: and something is to be said for their irresistible love of hatchets and old nails. Let the European trader, that is without sin, cast the first paragraph at them. Let him think what he should feel inclined to do, were a ship of some unknown nation to come upon his coast, with gold and jewels lying scattered about the deck. For no less precious is iron to the South Sea Islander. A Paradisiacal state of existence would be, to him, not the Golden, but the Iron Age. An Otaheitan Jupiter would visit his Danaë in a shower of tenpenny nails.

We are now come to a very multitudinous set of candidates for the halter, the thieves of our own beloved country. For what we know of the French thieves is connected with them, excepting Cartouche; and we remember nothing of him, but that he was a great ruffian, and died upon that worse ruffian, the rack.

There is, to be sure, an eminent instance of a single theft in the *Confessions* of Rousseau; and it is the second greatest blot in his book; for he suffered a girl to be charged with and punished for the theft, and maintained the lie to her face, though she was his friend, and appealed to him with tears. But it may be said for him, at any rate, that the world would not have known the story but for himself: and if such a disclosure be regarded by some as an additional offence (which it may be thought to be by some very delicate as well as dishonest people), we must recollect, that it was the ob-



ject of his book to give a plain unsophisticated account of a human being's experiences; and that many persons of excellent repute would have been found to have committed actions as bad, had they given accounts of themselves as candid. Dr. Johnson was of opinion that all children were thieves and liars: and somebody, we believe a Scotchman, answered a fond speech about human nature, by exclaiming that "human nature was a rogue and a vagabond, or so many laws would not have been necessary to restrain it." We venture to differ, on this occasion, with both Englishman and Scotchman. Laws in particular, taking the bad with the good, are quite as likely to have made rogues, as restrained them. But we see, at any rate, what has been suspected of more orthodox persons than Rousseau; to say nothing of less charitable advantages which might be taken of such opinions. Rousseau committed a petty theft; and miserably did his false shame, the parent of so many crimes, make him act. But he won back to their infants' lips the bosoms of thousands of mothers. He restored to their bereaved and helpless owners thousands of those fountains of health and joy: and before he is abused, even for worse things than the theft, let those whose virtue consists in custom, think of this.

As we have mixed fictitious with real thieves in this article, in a manner, we fear, somewhat uncritical (and yet the fictions are most likely founded on fact; and the life of a real thief is a kind of dream and romance), we will despatch our fictitious English thieves before we come to the others. And we must make shorter work of them than we intended, or we shall never come to our friend Du Vall. The length to which this article has stretched out, will be a warning to us how we render our paper liable to be run away with in future.

There is a very fine story of Three Thieves in Chaucer, which we must tell at large another time. The most prominent of the fabulous thieves in England is that bellipotent and immeasurable wag, Falstaff. If for a momentary freak, he thought it villanous to steal, at the next moment he thought it villanous not to steal.

"Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street, about you, Sir; but I marked him not. And yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not. And yet he talked wisely; and in the streets, too.

"P. Henry. Thou didst well; for 'Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.'

"Falstaff. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man

should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

"P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

"Falstaff. Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me."

We must take care how we speak of Macbeth, or we shall be getting political again. Fielding's *Jonathan Wild the Great* is also, in this sense, "caviare to the multitude." But we would say more if we had room. Count Fathom, a deliberate scoundrel, compounded of the Jonathan Wilds and the more equivocal Cagliostros and other adventurers, is a thief not at all to our taste. We are continually obliged to call his mother to our recollection, in order to bear him. The only instance in which the character of an absolute profligate pickpocket was ever made comparatively welcome to our graver feelings, is in the extraordinary story of "*Manon l'Escout*," by the Abbé Prevost. It is the story of a young man, so passionately in love with a profligate female, that he follows her through every species of vice and misery, even when she is sent as a convict to New Orleans. His love, indeed, is returned. He is obliged to subsist upon her vices, and, in return, is induced to help her with his own, becoming a cheat and a swindler to supply her outrageous extravagances. On board the convict-ship (if we recollect) he waits on her through every species of squalidness, the convict-dress and her shaved head only redoubling his love by the help of pity. This seems a shocking and very immoral book; yet multitudes of very reputable people have found a charm in it. The fact is, not only that Manon is beautiful, sprightly, really fond of her lover, and after all, becomes reformed; but that it is delightful, and ought to be so, to the human heart, to see a vein of sentiment and real goodness looking out through all this callous surface of guilt. It is like meeting with a tree in a squalid hole of a city; a flower or a frank face in a reprobate purlieu. The capabilities of human nature are not compromised. The virtue alone seems natural; the guilt, as it so often is, seems artificial, and the result of some bad education or other circumstance. Nor is anybody injured. It is one of the shallowest of all shallow notions to talk of the harm of such works. Do we think nobody is to be harmed but the virtuous; or that there are not privileged harms and vices to be got rid of, as well as unprivileged? No good-hearted person will be injured by reading "*Manon l'Escout*." There is the belief in goodness in it; a faith, the want of which does so much harm, both to the vicious and the over-righteous.



The prince of all robbers, English or foreign, is undoubtedly Robin Hood. There is a worthy Scottish namesake of his, Rob Roy, who has lately had justice done to all his injuries by a countryman; and the author, it seems, has now come down from the borders to see the Rob of the elder times well treated. We were obliged to tear ourselves away from his first volume\*, to go to this ill-repaying article. But Robin Hood will still remain the chief and "gentlest of thieves." He acted upon a larger scale, or in opposition to a larger injustice, to a whole political system. He "shook the superflux" to the poor, and "showed the heavens more just." However, what we have to say of him, we must keep till the trees are in leaf again, and the green-wood shade delightful.

We dismiss, in one rabble-like heap, the real Jonathan Wilds, Avershaws, and other heroes of the *Newgate Calendar*, who have no redemption in their rascality; and after them, for gentlemen-valets, may go the Barringtons, Major Semples, and other sneaking rogues, who held on a tremulous career of iniquity, betwixt pilfering and repenting. Yet Jack Sheppard must not be forgotten, with his ingenious and daring breaks-out of prison; nor Turpin, who is said to have ridden his horse with such swiftness from York to London, that he was enabled to set up an *alibi*. We have omitted to notice the celebrated Bucaniers of America; but these are fellows, with regard to whom we are willing to take Dogberry's advice, and "steal out of their company." Their history disappoints us with its dryness.

All hail! thou most attractive of scapegraces! thou most accomplished of gentlemen of the road! thou, worthy to be called one of "the minions of the moon," Monsieur Claude Du Vall, whom we have come such a long and dangerous journey to see!

Claude Du Vall, according to a pleasant account of him in the *Harleian Miscellany*, was born at Domfront, in Normandy, in the year 1643, of Pierre Du Vall, miller, and Marguerite de la Roche, the fair daughter of a tailor. Being a sprightly boy, he did not remain in the country, but became servant to a person of quality at Paris, and with this gentleman he came over to England at the time of the Restoration. It is difficult to say, which came over to pick the most pockets and hearts, Charles the Second or Claude du Vall. Be this as it may, his "courses" of life ("for," says the contemporary historian, "I dare not call them vices,") soon reduced him to the necessity of going upon the road; and here "he quickly became so famous, that in a proclamation for the taking several notorious highwaymen, he had the honour to be named first." "He took," says his biographer, "the

generous way of padding;" that is to say, he behaved with exemplary politeness to all coaches, especially those in which there were ladies, making a point of frightening them as amiably as possible, and insisting upon returning any favourite trinkets or keepsakes, for which they chose to appeal to him with "their most sweet voices."

It was in this character that he performed an exploit, which is the eternal feather in the cap of highway gentility. We will relate it in the words of our informer. Riding out with some of his confederates, "he overtakes a coach, which they had set over night, having intelligence of a booty of four hundred pounds in it. In the coach was a knight, his lady, and only one serving-maid, who, perceiving five horsemen making up to them, presently imagined that they were beset; and they were confirmed in this apprehension by seeing them whisper to one another and ride backwards and forwards. The lady, to show she was not afraid, takes a flageolet out of her pocket, and plays; Du Vall takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well, upon a flageolet of his own, and in this posture he rides up to the coach side. 'Sir,' says he to the person in the coach, 'your lady plays excellently, and I doubt not but that she dances as well; will you please to walk out of the coach, and let me have the honour to dance one coranto with her upon the heath?' 'Sir,' said the person in the coach, 'I dare not deny anything to one of your quality and good mind; you seem a gentleman, and your request is very reasonable:' which said, the lacquey opens the boot, out comes the knight, Du Vall leaps lightly off his horse, and hands the lady out of the coach. They danced, and here it was that Du Vall performed marvels; the best master in London, except those that are French, not being able to show such footing as he did in his great riding French boots. The dancing being over, he waits on the lady to her coach. As the knight was going in, says Du Vall to him, 'Sir, you have forgot to pay the music.' 'No, I have not,' replies the knight, and putting his hand under the seat of the coach, pulls out a hundred pounds in a bag, and delivers it to him, which Du Vall took with a very good grace, and courteously answered, 'Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this liberality of yours shall excuse you the other three hundred pounds;' and giving him the word, that if he met with any more of the crew he might pass undisturbed, he civilly takes his leave of him.

"This story, I confess, justifies the great kindness the ladies had for Du Vall; for in this, as in an epitome, are contained all things that set a man off advantageously, and make him appear, as the phrase is, *much a gentleman*. First, here was valour, that he and but four

\* Of Ivanhoe.

more durst assault a knight, a lady, a waiting-gentlewoman, a lacquey, a groom that rid by to open the gates, and the coachman, they being six to five, odds at football; and besides, Du Vall had much the worst cause, and reason to believe, that whoever should arrive, would range themselves on the enemy's party. Then he showed his invention and sagacity, that he could, *sur le champ*, and, without studying, make that advantage on the lady's playing on the flageolet. He evinced his skill in instrumental music, by playing on his flageolet; in vocal, by his singing; for (as I should have told you before) there being no violins, Du Vall sung the coranto himself. He manifested his agility of body, by lightly dismounting off his horse, and with ease and freedom getting up again, when he took his leave; his excellent deportment, by his incomparable dancing, and his graceful manner of taking the hundred pounds; his generosity, in taking no more; his wit and eloquence, and readiness at repartees, in the whole discourse with the knight and lady, the greatest part of which I have been forced to omit."

The noise of the proclamation made Du Vall return to Paris; but he came back in a short time for want of money. His reign however did not last long after his restoration. He made an unlucky attack, not upon some ill-bred passengers, but upon several bottles of wine, and was taken in consequence at the Hole-in-the-Wall in Chandos-street. His life was interceded for in vain: he was arraigned and committed to Newgate; and executed at Tyburn in the 27th year of his age; showers of tears from fair eyes bedewing his fate, both while alive in prison, and when dead at the fatal tree.

Du Vall's success with the ladies of those days, whose amatory taste was of a turn more extensive than delicate, seems to have made some well-dressed English gentlemen jealous. The writer of Du Vall's life, who is a man of wit, evidently has something of bitterness in his raileries upon this point; but he manages them very pleasantly. He pretends that he is an old bachelor, and has never been able to make his way with his fair countrywomen, on account of the French valets that have stood in his way. He says he had two objects in writing the book. "One is, that the next Frenchman that is hanged may not cause an uproar in this imperial city; which I doubt not but I have effected. The other is a much harder task: to set my countrymen on even terms with the French, as to the English ladies' affections. If I should bring this about, I should esteem myself to have contributed much to the good of this kingdom.

"One remedy there is, which, possibly, may conduce something towards it.

"I have heard, that there is a new invention

of transfusing the blood of one animal into another, and that it has been experimented by putting the blood of a sheep into an Englishman. I am against that way of experiments; for, should we make all Englishmen sheep, we should soon be a prey to the *louve*.

"I think I can propose the making that experiment a more advantageous way. I would have all gentlemen, who have been a full year or more out of France, be let blood weekly, or oftener, if they can bear it. Mark how much they bleed; transfuse so much French lacquey's blood into them; replenish these last out of the English footmen, for it is no matter what becomes of them. Repeat this operation *toties quoties*, and in process of time you will find this event: either the English gentlemen will be as much beloved as the French lacqueys, or the French lacqueys as little esteemed as the English gentlemen."

Butler has left an Ode, sprinkled with his usual wit, "*To the happy Memory of the Most Renowned Du Vall,*" who

—Like a pious man, some years before

Th' arrival of his fatal hour,

Made every day he had to live

To his last minute a preparative;

Taught the wild Arabs on the road

To act in a more gentle mode;

Take prizes more obligingly from those,

Who never had been bred *filious*;

And how to hang in a more graceful fashion

Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation.

As it may be thought proper that we should end this lawless article with a good moral, we will give it two or three sentences from Shakspeare worth a whole volume of sermons against thieving. The boy who belongs to Falstaff's companions, and who begins to see through the shallowness of their cunning and way of life, says that Bardolph stole a lute-case, carried it twelve miles, and sold it for three halfpence.

## XXI.—A FEW THOUGHTS ON SLEEP.

THIS is an article for the reader to think of, when he or she is warm in bed, a little before he goes to sleep, the clothes at his ear, and the wind moaning in some distant crevice.

"Blessings," exclaimed Sancho, "on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak." It is a delicious moment certainly,—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past: the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one:—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her



sleeping child;—the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye;—'tis closing;—'tis more closing;—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

It is said that sleep is best before midnight: and Nature herself, with her darkness and chilling dews, informs us so. There is another reason for going to bed betimes: for it is universally acknowledged that lying late in the morning is a great shortener of life. At least, it is never found in company with longevity. It also tends to make people corpulent. But these matters belong rather to the subject of early rising, than of sleep.

Sleep at a late hour in the morning is not half so pleasant as the more timely one. It is sometimes however excusable, especially to a watchful or overworked head; neither can we deny the seducing merits of "t' other doze,"—the pleasing wilfulness of nestling in a new posture, when you know you ought to be up, like the rest of the house. But then you cut up the day, and your sleep the next night.

In the course of the day, few people think of sleeping, except after dinner; and then it is often rather a hovering and nodding on the borders of sleep, than sleep itself. This is a privilege allowable, we think, to none but the old, or the sickly, or the very tired and care-worn; and it should be well understood, before it is exercised in company. To escape into slumber from an argument; or to take it as an affair of course, only between you and your biliary duct; or to assent with involuntary nods to all that you have just been disputing, is not so well: much less, to sit nodding and tottering beside a lady; or to be in danger of dropping your head into the fruit-plate or your host's face; or of waking up, and saying, "Just so," to the bark of a dog; or "Yes, Madam," to the black at your elbow.

Care-worn people, however, might refresh themselves oftener with day-sleep than they do; if their bodily state is such as to dispose them to it. It is a mistake to suppose that all care is wakeful. People sometimes sleep, as well as wake, by reason of their sorrow. The difference seems to depend upon the nature of their temperament; though in the *most* excessive cases, sleep is perhaps Nature's never-failing relief, as swooning is upon the rack. A person with jaundice in his blood shall lie down and go to sleep at noon-day, when another of a different complexion shall find his eyes as unclosable as a statue's, though he has had no sleep for nights together. Without meaning to lessen the dignity of suffering, which has quite enough to do with its waking hours, it is this that may often account for the profound sleeps enjoyed the night before hazardous battles, executions, and other demands upon an over-excited spirit.

The most complete and healthy sleep that can be taken in the day, is in summer-time,

out in a field. There is perhaps no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or hay, shaded from the hot sun by a tree, with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the sky stretching far overhead upon all sides. Earth, and heaven, and a placid humanity, seem to have the creation to themselves. There is nothing between the slumberer and the naked and glad innocence of nature.

Next to this, but at a long interval, the most relishing snatch of slumber out of bed, is the one which a tired person takes, before he retires for the night, while lingering in his sitting-room. The consciousness of being very sleepy and of having the power to go to bed immediately, gives great zest to the unwillingness to move. Sometimes he sits nodding in his chair; but the sudden and leaden jerks of the head to which a state of great sleepiness renders him liable, are generally too painful for so luxurious a moment; and he gets into a more legitimate posture, sitting sideways with his head on the chair-back, or throwing his legs up at once on another chair, and half reclining. It is curious, however, to find how long an inconvenient posture will be borne for the sake of this foretaste of repose. The worst of it is, that on going to bed, the charm sometimes vanishes; perhaps from the colder temperature of the chamber; for a fireside is a great opiate.

Speaking of the painful positions into which a sleepy lounge will get himself, it is amusing to think of the more fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. If we could add anything to the numberless things that have been said about sleep by the poets, it would be upon this point. Sleep never shows himself a greater leveller. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly; he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority; in a word, he may show himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures: so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limbtwisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with the string between its legs, is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together;—what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!

But Sleep is kindly, even in his tricks; and

the poets have treated him with proper reverence. According to the ancient mythologists, he had even one of the Graces to wife. He had a thousand sons, of whom the chief were Morpheus, or the Shaper; Icelos, or the Likely; Phantassus, the Fancy; and Phobetor, the Terror. His dwelling some writers place in a dull and darkling part of the earth; others, with greater compliment, in heaven; and others, with another kind of propriety, by the sea-shore. There is a good description of it in Ovid; but in these abstracted tasks of poetry, the moderns outvie the ancients; and there is nobody who has built his bower for him so finely as Spenser. Archimago in the first book of the *Faerie Queene* (Canto I. st. 39), sends a little spirit down to Morpheus to fetch him a Dream:

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,  
And through the world of waters, wide and deepe,  
To Morpheus' house doth hastily reparaie.  
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe  
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
His dwelling is. There, Tethys his wet bed  
Doth ever wash; and Cynthia still doth steepe  
In silver dew his ever-drouping head,

Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft  
A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe,  
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,  
Mixed with a murmuring winde, much like the soun  
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone.  
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,  
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,  
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes,  
Wrapt in eternall silence, far from enimes.

Chaucer has drawn the cave of the same god with greater simplicity; but nothing can have a more deep and sullen effect than his cliffs and cold running waters. It seems as real as an actual solitude, or some quaint old picture in a book of travels in Tartary. He is telling the story of Ceyx and Alcyone in the poem called his Dream. Juno tells a messenger to go to Morpheus and "bid him creep into the body" of the drowned king, to let his wife know the fatal event by his apparition.

This messenger tooke leave, and went  
Upon his way; and never he stent  
Till he came to the dark valley,  
That stant betweene rockes twey.  
There never yet grew corne, ne gras,  
Ne tree, ne nought that aught was,  
Beast, ne man, ne naught else;  
Save that there were a few wells  
Came running fro the cliffs adowne,  
That made a deadly sleeping soun,  
And runnen downe right by a cave,  
That was under a rocky grave,  
Amid the valley, wonder-deepe.  
There these goddis lay asleepe,  
Morpheus and Eclympasteire,  
That was the god of Sleepis heire,  
That slept and did none other worke.

Where the credentials of this new son and heir Eclympasteire, are to be found, we know not; but he acts very much, it must be allowed,

like an heir presumptive, in sleeping, and doing "none other work."

We dare not trust ourselves with many quotations upon sleep from the poets; they are so numerous as well as beautiful. We must content ourselves with mentioning that our two most favourite passages are one in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, admirable for its contrast to a scene of terrible agony, which it closes; and the other the following address in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*, the hero of which is also a sufferer under bodily torment. He is in a chair, slumbering; and these most exquisite lines are gently sung with music.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,  
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose  
On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud  
In gentle showers: give nothing that is loud  
Or painful to his slumbers: easy, sweet,  
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,  
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain  
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:  
Into this prince, gently, oh gently slide,  
And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion!

Sleep is most graceful in an infant; soundest, in one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome, to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept; lightest, in the playful child; proudest, in the bride adored.

## XXII.—THE FAIR REVENGE.

THE elements of this story are to be found in the old poem called *Albion's England*, to which we referred in the article on Charles Brandon and Mary Queen of France.

Aganippus, king of Argos, dying without heirs male, bequeathed his throne to his only daughter, the beautiful and beloved Daphles. This female succession was displeasing to a nobleman who held large possessions on the frontiers; and he came for the first time towards the court, not to pay his respects to the new queen, but to give her battle. Doracles (for that was his name) was not much known by the people. He had distinguished himself for as jealous an independence as a subject could well assume; and though he had been of use in repelling invasion during the latter years of the king, he had never made his appearance to receive his master's thanks personally. A correspondence, however, was understood to have gone on between him and several noblemen about the court; and there were those who, in spite of his inattention to popularity, suspected that it would go hard



with the young queen, when the two armies came face to face.

But neither these subtle statesmen, nor the ambitious young soldier Doracles, were aware of the effects to be produced by a strong personal attachment. The young queen, amiable as she was beautiful, had involuntarily baffled his expectations from her courtiers, by exciting in the minds of some a real disinterested regard, while others nourished a hope of sharing her throne instead. At least they speculated upon becoming each the favourite minister, and held it a better thing to reign under that title and a charming mistress, than be the servants of a master, wilful and domineering. By the people she was adored; and when she came riding out of her palace on the morning of the fight, with an unaccustomed spear standing up in its rest by her side, her diademed hair flowing a little off into the wind, her face paler than usual, but still tinted with roses, and a look in which confidence in the love of her subjects, and tenderness for the wounds they were going to encounter, seemed to contend for the expression, the shout which they sent up would have told a stouter heart than a traitor's, that the royal charmer was secure.

The queen, during the conflict, remained in a tent upon an eminence, to which the younger leaders vied who should best spur up their smoking horses, to bring her good news from time to time. The battle was short and bloody. Doracles soon found that he had miscalculated his point; and all skill and resolution could not set the error to rights. It was allowed, that if either courage or military talent could entitle him to the throne, he would have a right to it; but the popularity of Daphles supplied her cause with all the ardour which a lax state of subjection on the part of the more powerful nobles might have denied it. When her troops charged, or made any other voluntary movement, they put all their hearts into their blows; and when they were compelled to await the enemy, they stood as inflexible as walls of iron. It was like hammering upon metal statuary; or staking the fated horses upon spears riveted in stone. Doracles was taken prisoner. The queen, re-issuing from her tent, crowned with laurel, came riding down the eminence, and remained at the foot with her generals, while the prisoners were taken by. Her pale face kept as royal a countenance of composed pity as she could manage, while the commoner rebels passed along, aching with their wounded arms fastened behind, and shaking back their bloody and blinding locks for want of a hand to part them. But the blood mounted to her cheeks, when the proud and handsome Doracles, whom she now saw for the first time, blushed deeply as he cast a glance at his female conqueror, and then stepped haughtily

along, handling his gilded chains as if they were an indifferent ornament. "I have conquered him," thought she; "it is a heavy blow to so proud a head; and as he looks not unamiable, it might be politic, as well as courteous and kind in me, to turn his submission into a more willing one." Alas! pity was helping admiration to a kinder set of offices than the generous-hearted queen suspected. The captive went to his prison a conqueror after all, for Daphles loved him.

The second night, after having exhibited in her manners a strange mixture of joy and seriousness, and signified to her counsellors her intention of setting the prisoner free, she released him with her own hands. Many a step did she hesitate as she went down the stairs; and when she came to the door, she shed a full, but soft, and, as it seemed to her, a wilful and refreshing flood of tears, humbling herself for her approaching task. When she had entered, she blushed deeply, and then turning as pale, stood for a minute silent and without motion. She then said, "Thy queen, Doracles, has come to show thee how kindly she can treat a great and gallant subject, who did not know her;" and with these words, and almost before she was aware, the prisoner was released, and preparing to go. He appeared surprised, but not off his guard, nor in any temper to be over grateful. "Name," said he, "O queen, the conditions on which I depart, and they will be faithfully kept." Daphles moved her lips, but they spoke not. She waved her head and hand with a deadly smile, as if freeing him from all conditions, and he was turning to go, when she fell senseless on the floor. The haughty warrior raised her with more impatience than good-will. He could guess at love in a woman; but he had but a mean opinion both of it and her sex; and the deadly struggle in the heart of Daphles did not help him to distinguish the romantic passion which had induced her to put all her past and virgin notions of love into his person, from the commonest liking that might flatter his soldierly vanity.

The queen, on awaking from her swoon, found herself compelled, in very justice to the intensity of a true passion, to explain how pity had brought it upon her. "I might ask it," said she, "Doracles, in return," and here she resumed something of her queen-like dignity; "but I feel that my modesty will be sufficiently saved by the name of your wife; and a substantial throne, with a return that shall nothing perplex or interfere with thee, I do now accordingly offer thee, not as the condition of thy freedom, but as a diversion of men's eyes and thoughts from what they will think ill in me, if they find me rejected." And in getting out that hard word, her voice faltered a little, and her eyes filled with tears.

Doracles, with the best grace his lately

defeated spirit could assume, spoke in willing terms of accepting her offer. They left the prison, and his full pardon having been proclaimed, the courtiers, with feasts and entertainments, vied who should seem best to approve their mistress's choice, for so they were quick to understand it. The late captive, who was really as graceful and accomplished as a proud spirit would let him be, received and returned all their attention in princely sort, and Daphles was beginning to hope that he might turn a glad eye upon her some day, when news was brought her that he had gone from court, nobody knew whither. The next intelligence was too certain. He had passed the frontiers, and was leaguely with her enemies for another struggle.

From that day gladness, though not kindness, went out of the face of Daphles. She wrote him a letter, without a word of reproach in it, enough to bring back the remotest heart that had the least spark of sympathy; but he only answered it in a spirit which showed that he regarded the deepest love but as a wanton trifle. That letter touched her kind wits. She had had a paper drawn up, leaving him her throne in case she should die; but some of her ministers, availing themselves of her enfeebled spirit, had summoned a meeting of the nobles, at which she was to preside in the dress she wore on the day of victory, the sight of which, it was thought, with the arguments which they meant to use, would prevail upon the assembly to urge her to a revocation of the bequest. Her women dressed her whilst she was almost unconscious of what they were doing, for she had now begun to fade quickly, body as well as mind. They put on her the white garments edged with silver waves, in remembrance of the stream of Inachus, the founder of the Argive monarchy; the spear was brought out, to be stuck by the side of the throne, instead of the sceptre; and their hands prepared to put the same laurel on her head which bound its healthy white temples when she sat on horseback and saw the prisoner go by. But at sight of its twisted and withered green, she took it in her hand, and looking about her in her chair with an air of momentary recollection, began picking it, and letting the leaves fall upon the floor. She went on thus, leaf after leaf, looking vacantly downwards, and when she had stripped the circle half round, she leaned her cheek against the side of her sick chair, and shutting her eyes quietly, so died.

The envoys from Argos went to the court of Calydon, where Doracles then was, and bringing him the diadem upon a black cushion, informed him at once of the death of the queen, and her nomination of him to the throne. He showed little more than a ceremonious gravity at the former news; but could ill contain his joy at the latter, and set off instantly to take pos-

session. Among the other nobles who feasted him, was one who, having been the companion of the late king, had become like a second father to his unhappy daughter. The new prince observing the melancholy which he scarcely affected to repress, and seeing him look up occasionally at a picture which had a veil over it, asked him what the picture was that seemed to disturb him so, and why it was veiled. "If it be the portrait of the late king," said Doracles, "pray think me worthy of doing honour to it, for he was a noble prince. Unveil it, pray. I insist upon it. What! am I not worthy to look upon my predecessors, Phorbas?" And at these words he frowned impatiently. Phorbas, with a trembling hand, but not for want of courage, withdrew the black covering; and the portrait of Daphles, in all her youth and beauty, flashed upon the eyes of Doracles. It was not a melancholy face. It was drawn before misfortune had touched it, and sparkled with a blooming beauty, in which animal spirits and good-nature contended for predominance. Doracles paused and seemed struck. "The possessor of that face," said he, inquiringly, "could never have been so sorrowful as I have heard?" "Pardon me, Sir," answered Phorbas, "I was as another father to her, and knew all." "It cannot be," returned the prince. The old man begged his other guests to withdraw a while, and then told Doracles how many fond and despairing things the queen had said of him, both before her wits began to fail and after. "Her wits to fail!" murmured the king; "I have known what it is to feel almost a mad impatience of the will; but I knew not that these gentle creatures, women, could so feel for such a trifle." Phorbas brought out the laurel-crown, and told him how the half of it became bare. The impatient blood of Doracles mounted, but not in anger, to his face; and, breaking up the party, he requested that the picture might be removed to his own chamber, promising to return it.

A whole year, however, did he keep it; and as he had no foreign enemies to occupy his time, nor was disposed to enter into the common sports of peace, it was understood that he spent the greatest part of his time, when he was not in council, in the room where the picture hung. In truth, the image of the once smiling Daphles haunted him wherever he went; and to ease himself of the yearning of wishing her alive again and seeing her face, he was in the habit of being with it as much as possible. His self-will turned upon him, even in that gentle shape. Millions of times did he wish back the loving author of his fortunes, whom he had treated with so clownish an ingratitude; and millions of times did the sense of the impotence of his wish run up in red hurry to his cheeks, and help to pull them into a gaunt melancholy. But this is not a repaying sorrow to dwell upon. He was one



day, after being in vain expected at council, found lying madly on the floor of the room, dead. He had torn the portrait from the wall. His dagger was in his heart, and his cheek lay upon that blooming and smiling face, which had it been living, would never have looked so at being revenged.

### XXIII.—SPIRIT OF THE ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

FROM having a different creed of our own, and always encountering the heathen mythology in a poetical and fabulous shape, we are apt to have a false idea of the religious feeling of the ancients. We are in the habit of supposing, whatever we allow when we come to reason upon the point, that they regarded their fables in the same poetical light as ourselves; that they could not possibly put faith in Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto; in the sacrifice of innocent turtle-doves, the libation of wine, and the notions about Tartarus and Ixion.

Undoubtedly there were multitudes of free-thinkers in the ancient world. Most of the Greek poets and philosophers appear to have differed with the literal notions of the many\*. A system of refined theism is understood to have been taught to the initiated in the celebrated Mysteries. The doctrines of Epicurus were so prevalent in the most intellectual age of Rome, that Lucretius wrote a poem upon them, in which he treats their founder as a divinity; and Virgil, in a well-known passage of the *Georgics*: "*Felix qui potuit*," &c., exalts either Epicurus or Lucretius as a blessed being, who put hell and terror under his feet. A sickly temperament appears to have made him wish, rather than be able, to carry his own scepticism so far; yet he insinuates his disbelief in Tartarus, in the sixth book of his epic poem, where Æneas and the Sibyl, after the description of the lower world, go out through the ivory gate, which was the passage of false visions†. Cæsar, according to a speech of his in Sallust, derided the same notions in open senate; and Cicero, in other parts of his writings, as well as in a public pleading, speaks of them as fables and impertinence,—"*ineptiis ac fabulis*."

But however this plain-dealing may look on the part of the men of letters, there is reason

to believe, that even in those times, the people, in general, were strong upon points of faith. The extension of the Greek philosophy may have insensibly rendered them familiar with latitudes of interpretation on the part of others. They would not think it impious in Cicero and Cato to have notions of the Supreme Being more consistent with the elevation of their minds. But for themselves, they adhered, from habit, to the literal creed of their ancestors, as the Greek populace had done before them. The jealous enemies of Socrates contrived to have him put to death on a charge of irreverence for the gods. A frolic of the libertine Alcibiades, which, to say the least of it, was in bad taste—the defacing the statues of Mercury—was followed with important consequences. The history of Socrates had the effect, in after times, at least in the ancient world, of saving philosophical speculators from the vindictive egotism of opinion. But even in the days of Augustus, Ovid wrote a popular work full of mythological fables; and Virgil himself, whose creed perhaps only rejected what was unkindly, gave the hero of his intended popular epic the particular appellation of pious. That Augustus should pique himself on the same attribute proves little; for he was a cold-blooded man of the world, and could play the hypocrite for the worst and most despotic purposes. Did he now and then lecture his poetical friends upon this point, respecting their own appearances with the world? There is a curious ode of Horace (*Book I. Ode xxxiv.*), in which he says, that he finds himself compelled to give up his sceptical notions, and to attend more to public worship, because it had thundered one day when the sky was cloudless. The critics are divided in their opinion of his object in this ode. Some think him in earnest, others in jest. It is the only thing of the sort in his works, and is, at all events, of an equivocal character, that would serve his purpose on either side of the question.

The opinions of the ancients upon religion may be divided into three general classes. The great multitude believed anything; the very few disbelieved everything; the philosophers and poets entertained a refined natural religion, which, while it pronounced upon nothing, rejected what was evidently unworthy of the spirit of the creation, and regarded the popular deities as personifications of its various workings. All these classes had their extravagances, in proportion to their ignorance, or viciousness, or metaphysical perplexity. The multitude, whose notions were founded on ignorance, habit, and fear, admitted many absurd, and some cruel imaginations. The mere man of the world measured everything by his own vain and petty standard, and thought the whole goods of the universe a scramble for the cunning and hypocritical. The over refining followers of Plato, endeavouring to

\* It is remarkable that Æschylus and Euripides, the two dramatists whose faith in the national religion was most doubted, are said to have met with strange and violent deaths. The latter was torn to pieces by dogs, and the former killed by a tortoise which an eagle let fall upon his bald head, *in mistake for a stone*. These exits from the scene look very like the retributive death-beds which the bigots of all religions are so fond of ascribing to one another.

† Did Dante forget this, when he took Virgil for his guide through the *Inferno*?

pierce into the nature of things by the mere effort of the will, arrived at conclusions visible to none but their own yearning and impatient eyes, and lost themselves in the ethereal dogmatisms of Plotinus and Porphyry.

The greatest pleasure arising to a modern imagination from the ancient mythology, is in a mingled sense of the old popular belief and of the philosophical refinements upon it. We take Apollo, and Mercury, and Venus, as shapes that existed in popular credulity, as the greater fairies of the ancient world : and we regard them, at the same time, as personifications of all that is beautiful and genial in the forms and tendencies of creation. But the result, coming as it does, too, through avenues of beautiful poetry, both ancient and modern, is so entirely cheerful, that we are apt to think it must have wanted gravity to more believing eyes. We fancy that the old world saw nothing in religion but lively and graceful shapes, as remote from the more obscure and awful hintings of the world unknown, as physics appear to be from the metaphysical ; as the eye of a beautiful woman is from the inward speculations of a Brahmin ; or a lily at noon-day from the wide obscurity of night-time.

This supposition appears to be carried a great deal too far. We will not inquire, in this place, how far the *mass* of mankind, when these shapes were done away, did or did not escape from a despotic anthropomorphism ; nor how far they were driven by the vaguer fears, and the opening of a more visible eternity, into avoiding the whole subject, rather than courting it ; nor how it is, that the nobler practical religion which was afforded them, has been unable to bring back their frightened theology from the angry and avaricious pursuits into which they fled for refuge. But, setting aside the portion of terror, of which heathenism partook in common with all faiths originating in uncultivated times, the ordinary run of pagans were perhaps more impressed with a sense of the invisible world, in consequence of the very visions presented to their imagination, than the same description of men under a more shadowy system. There is the same difference between the two things, as between a populace believing in fairies, and a populace not believing. The latter is in the high road to something better, if not drawn aside into new terrors on the one hand or mere worldliness on the other. But the former is led to look out of the mere worldly common-places about it, twenty times to the other's once. It has a sense of a supernatural state of things, however gross. It has a link with another world, from which something like gravity is sure to strike into the most cheerful heart. Every forest, to the mind's eye of a Greek, was haunted with superior intelligences. Every stream had its presiding nymph, who was thanked for the draught of water. Every

house had its protecting gods, which had blessed the inmate's ancestors, and which would bless him also, if he cultivated the social affections : for the same word which expressed piety towards the Gods expressed love towards relations and friends. If in all this there was nothing but the worship of a more graceful humanity, there may be worships much worse as well as much better. And the divinest spirit that ever appeared on earth has told us that the extension of human sympathy embraces all that is required of us, either to do or to foresee.

Imagine the feelings with which an ancient believer must have gone by the oracular oaks of Dodona ; or the calm groves of the Eumœnides ; or the fountain where Proserpine vanished under ground with Pluto ; or the Great Temple of the mysteries at Eleusis ; or the laurelled mountain Parnassus, on the side of which was the temple of Delphi, where Apollo was supposed to be present in person. Imagine Plutarch, a devout and yet a liberal believer, when he went to study theology and philosophy at Delphi : with what feelings must he not have passed along the woody paths of the hill, approaching nearer every instant to the divinity, and not sure that a glance of light through the trees was not the lustre of the god himself going by ! This is mere poetry to us, and very fine it is ; but to him it was poetry, and religion, and beauty, and gravity, and hushing awe, and a path as from one world to another.

With similar feelings he would cross the ocean, an element that naturally detaches the mind from earth, and which the ancients regarded as especially doing so. He had been in the Carpathian sea, the favourite haunt of Proteus, who was supposed to be gifted above every other deity with a knowledge of the causes of things. Towards evening, when the winds were rising, and the sailors had made their vows to Neptune, he would think of the old "shepherd of the seas of yore," and believe it possible that he might become visible to his eyesight, driving through the darkling waters, and turning the sacred wildness of his face towards the blessed ship.

In all this, there is a deeper sense of another world, than in the habit of contenting oneself with a few vague terms and embodying nothing but Mammon. There is a deeper sense of another world, precisely because there is a deeper sense of the present ; of its varieties, its benignities, its mystery. It was a strong sense of this, which made a living poet, who is accounted very orthodox in his religious opinions, give vent, in that fine sonnet, to his impatience at seeing the beautiful planet we live upon, with all its starry wonders about it, so little thought of, compared with what is ridiculously called *the world*. He seems to have dreaded the symptom, as an evidence of materialism, and of the planets being dry self-



existing things, peopled with mere successive mortalities, and unconnected with any superintendence or consciousness in the universe about them. It is abhorrent from all we think and feel, that they should be so: and yet Love might make heavens of them, if they were.

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon,  
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours:  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The Winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

#### XXIV.—GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS.

AN Italian author—Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit—has written a poem upon insects, which he begins by insisting, that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the north may dispute this piece of theology; but on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the house-tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those, who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being,—a rational creature. How? Why with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh—it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and *lie* before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can.

Candid inquiries into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, &c. will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold,—from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harpy-footed furies,"—fellows who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster, as are exposed to the air of the room, are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. "It is very cold this morning, is it not?"—"Very cold, Sir."—"Very cold indeed, isn't it?"—"Very cold indeed, Sir."—"More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) "Why, Sir ---- I think it *is*." (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.) "I must rise, however—get me some warm water."—Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of "no use?" to get up. The hot water comes. "Is it quite hot?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Perhaps too hot for shaving: I must wait a little?"—"No Sir; it will just do." (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) "Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt;—linen gets very damp this weather."—"Yes, Sir." Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. "Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too."—"Very well, Sir."—Here another interval. At length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by the bye, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed.)—No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against

that degenerate King, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriance of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakspeare's—at Fletcher's—at Spenser's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's—I could name a great man for every tick of my watch.—Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people.—Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-ridden Hassan.—Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother, above the prejudice of his time.—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own.—Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

Sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and a ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, that he has no merit in opposing it.

Thomson the poet, who exclaims in his Seasons—

Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could also imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three or four pence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, "What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious liar in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

## XXV.—THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

OUR Old Gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious:—nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig; which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hair-dresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered; in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and, in warm weather, is proud of opening his waistcoat half-way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his hardness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one, when bowed to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning—

When beauteous Mira walks the plain.

He intends this for a common-place book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose, cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns; some of them rather gay. His principal other books are Shakspeare's Plays and Milton's Paradise Lost; the Spectator, the History of England, the Works of Lady M. W. Montague, Pope and Churchill; Middleton's Geography; the Gentleman's Magazine; Sir John Sinclair on Longevity; several plays with portraits in character; Account of Elizabeth Canning, Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy, Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton, Blair's Works, Elegant Extracts; Junius as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, &c. and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting-rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto of M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney;



a humorous piece after Penny ; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile, and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects ; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers ; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so ; the fishmonger soliciting his doubting eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale, and the flesh new. He eats no tart ; or if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses, as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port ; and if he has drunk more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced by some respectful inquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as—

Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,

or

Come, gentle god of soft repose,

or his wife's favourite ballad, beginning—

At Upton on the hill,  
There lived a happy pair.

Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room : but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with yon, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my lord North" or "my lord Rockingham ;" for he rarely says simply, lord ; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper ; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arm's length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open,

takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new-comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions he gives an important hem ! or so ; and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years ; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific ; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters ; who, if ill players, are good losers. Not that he is a miser, but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage ; and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre, he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes, he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks everything looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah !" says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place ! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty ! There was the Duchess of A., the finest woman in England, Sir ; and Mrs. L., a mighty fine creature ; and Lady Susan what's her name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire, when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh box-full in Tavistock-street, in his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them ; and has a privilege of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband for instance has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, Sir, from the country ;" and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, Sir ;" and he kisses the cousin. He "never recollects such weather," except during the "Great Frost," or when he rode down with "Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket." He grows

young again in his little grand-children, especially the one which he thinks most like himself ; which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best perhaps the one most resembling his wife ; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence, for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school, he often goes to see them ; and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper-scholars, that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast ; and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth ; "a very sad dog, Sir ; mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings, and say little or nothing ; but informs you, that there is Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper)—"She'll talk."

#### XXVI. DOLPHINS.

OUR old book-friend, the Dolphin, used to be confounded with the porpus ; but modern writers seem to concur in making a distinction between them. We remember being much mortified at this separation ; for having, in our childhood, been shown something dimly rolling in the sea, while standing on the coast at twilight, and told with much whispering solemnity that it was a porpus, we had afterwards learnt to identify it with the Dolphin, and thought we had seen the romantic fish on whom Arion rode playing his harp.

Spenser introduces Arion most beautifully, in all his lyrical pomp, in the marriage of the Thames and Medway. He goes before the bride, smoothing onwards with the sound of his harp, like the very progress of the water.

Then there was heard a most celestial sound  
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue  
Before the Spouse. *That was Arion crowned :*  
Who, playing on his harp, unto him drew  
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew ;  
That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore  
Through the Ægean seas from pirates' view,  
Stood still by him astonished at his lore ;  
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to roar.

*So went he, playing on the watery plain.*

Perhaps in no one particular thing or image, have some great poets shown the different characters of their genius more than in the use of the Dolphin. Spenser, who of all his tribe lived in a poetical world, and saw things as clearly there as in a real one, has never shown this nicety of realisation more than in the following passage. He speaks of his Dolphins with as familiar a detail, as if they were horses waiting at a door with an equipage.

A team of Dolphins ranged in array  
Drew the smooth charrett of sad Cymoënt.  
They were all taught by Triton to obey  
To the long reins at her commandement :  
As swift as swallows on the waves they went,  
That their broad flaggy finnes no foam did reare,  
Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent.  
The rest of other fishes drawn were,  
Which with their finny oares the swelling sea did sheare.

Soon as they been arrived upon the brim  
Of the Rich Strand, their charrets they forlore ;  
And let their teamed fishes softly swim  
Along the margent of the foamy shore,  
Lest they their finnes should bruise, and surbeate sore  
Their tender feete upon the stony ground,

There are a couple of Dolphins like these, in Raphael's *Galatea*. Dante, with his tendency to see things in a dreary point of view, has given an illustration of the agonies of some of the damned in his *Inferno*, at once new, fine, and horrible. It is in the 22d book, "*Come i del-fini*," &c. He says that some wretches, swimming in one of the gulfs of hell, shot out their backs occasionally, like Dolphins, above the pitchy liquid, in order to snatch a respite from torment ; but darted them back again like lightning. The devils would prong them as they rose. Strange fancies these for maintaining the character of religion !

Hear Shakspeare, always the noble and the good-natured. We forget of what great character he is speaking ; but never was an image that more singularly yet completely united superiority and playfulness.

His delights  
Were dolphin-like ; and showed themselves above  
The element he lived in.

#### XXVII.—RONALD OF THE PERFECT HAND.

[The following tale is founded on a Scottish tradition. It was intended to be written in verse ; which will account for its present appearance.]

THE stern old shepherd of the air,  
The spirit of the whistling hair,  
The wind, has risen drearily  
In the Northern evening sea,  
And is piping long and loud  
To many a heavy upcoming cloud,—  
Upcoming heavy in many a row,  
Like the unwieldy droves below  
Of seals and horses of the sea,  
That gather up as drearily,  
And watch with solemn-visaged eyes  
Those mightier movers in the skies.

"Tis evening quick ;—'tis night :—the rain  
Is sowing wide the fruitless main,  
Thick, thick ;—no sight remains the while  
From the farthest Orkney isle,  
No sight to sea-horse, or to seer,  
But of a little pallid sail,  
That seems as if 'twould struggle near,  
And then as if its pinion pale  
Gave up the battle to the gale.  
Four chiefs there are of special note,  
Labouring in that earnest boat ;



Four Orkney chiefs, that yesterday  
Coming in their pride away  
From there smote Norwegian king,  
Led their war-boats triumphing  
Straight along the golden line  
Made by morning's eye divine.  
Stately came they, one by one,  
Every sail beneath the sun,  
As if he their admiral were  
Looking down from the lofty air,  
Stately, stately through the gold.—  
But before that day was done,  
Lo, his eye grew vexed and cold;  
And every boat, except that one,  
A tempest trampled in its roar;  
And every man, except those four,  
Was drenched, and driving far from home,  
Dead and swift, through the Northern foam.

Four are they, who wearily  
Have drunk of toil two days at sea;  
Duth Maruno, steady and dark,  
Cormar, Soul of the Winged Bark;  
And bright Clan Alpin, who could leap  
Like a torrent from steep to steep;  
And he, the greatest of that great band,  
Ronald of the Perfect Hand.

Dumbly strain they for the shore,  
Foot to board, and grasp on oar.  
The billows, panting in the wind,  
Seem instinct with ghastly mind,  
And climb like crowding savages  
At the boat that dares their seas.  
Dumbly strain they through and through,  
Dumbly, and half blindly too,  
Drenched, and buffeted, and bending  
Up and down without an ending,  
Like ghostly things that could not cease  
To row among those savages.

Ronald of the Perfect Hand  
Has rowed the most of all that band;  
And now he's resting for a space  
At the helm, and turns his face  
Round and round on every side  
To see what cannot be descried,  
Shore, nor sky, nor light, nor even  
Hope, whose feet are lost in heaven.  
Ronald thought him of the roar  
Of the fight the day before,  
And of the young Norwegian prince  
Whom in all the worryings  
And hot vexations of the fray,  
He had sent with life away,  
Because he told him of a bride  
That if she lost him, would have died;  
And Ronald then, in bitter case,  
Thought of his own sweet lady's face,  
Which upon this very night  
Should have blushed with bridal light,  
And of her downward eyelids meek,  
And of her voice, just heard to speak,  
As at the altar, hand in hand,  
On ceasing of the organ grand,  
'Twould have bound her for weal or woe,  
With delicious answers low:  
And more he thought of, grave and sweet,  
That made the thin tears start, and meet  
The wetting of the insolent wave;  
And Ronald, who though all so brave,  
Had often that hard day before  
Wished himself well housed on shore,  
Felt a sharp impatient start  
Of home-sick wilfulness at heart,  
And steering with still firmer hand,  
As if the boat could feel command,  
Thrill'd with a fierce and forward motion,  
As though 'twould shoot it through the ocean.

"Some spirit," exclaimed Duth Maruno, "must pursue us, and stubbornly urge the boat out of its way, or we must have arrived by this time at Inistore."\* Ronald took him at his word, and turning hastily round, thought he saw an armed figure behind the stern. His anger rose with his despair; and with all his strength he dashed his arm at the moveless and airy shape. At that instant a fierce blast of wind half turned the boat round. The chieftains called out to Ronald to set his whole heart at the rudder; but the wind beat back their voices, like young birás into the nest, and no answer followed it. The boat seemed less and less manageable, and at last to be totally left to themselves. In the intervals of the wind they again called out to Ronald, but still received no answer. One of them crept forward, and felt for him through the blinding wet and darkness. His place was void. "It was a ghost," said they, "which came to fetch him to the spirits of his fathers. Ronald of the Perfect Hand is gone, and we shall follow him as we did in the fight. Hark! the wind is louder and louder: it is louder and many-voiced. Is it his voice which has roused up the others? Is he calling upon us, as he did in the battle, when his followers shouted after his call?"

It was the rocks of an isle beyond Inistore, which made that multitudinous roaring of the wind. The chieftains found that they were not destined to perish in the mid-ocean; but it was fortunate for them that the wind did not set in directly upon the island, or they would have been dashed to pieces upon the rocks. With great difficulty they stemmed their way obliquely; and at length were thrown violently to shore, bruised, wounded, and half inanimate. They remained on this desolate island two days, during the first of which the storm subsided. On the third, they were taken away by a boat of seal-hunters.

The chiefs, on their arrival at home, related how Ronald of the Perfect Hand had been summoned away by a loud-voiced spirit, and disappeared. Great was the mourning in Inistore for the Perfect Hand; for the Hand that with equal skill could throw the javelin and traverse the harp; could build the sudden hut of the hunter; and bind up the glad locks of the maiden tired in the dance. Therefore was he called the Perfect Hand; and therefore with great mourning was he mourned: yet with none half as great as by his love, his betrothed bride Moilena; by her of the Beautiful Voice; who had latterly begun to be called the Perfect Voice, because she was to be matched with him of the Perfect Hand. Perfect Hand and Perfect Voice were they called; but the Hand was now gone, and the Voice sang brokenly for tears.

A dreary winter was it though a victorious.

\* The old name for the Orkneys.

to the people of Inistore. Their swords had conquered in Lochlin; but most of the hands that wielded them had never come back. Their warm pressure was felt no more. The last which they had given their friends was now to serve them all their lives. "Never, with all my yearning," said Moilena, "shall I look upon his again, as I have looked upon it a hundred times, when nobody suspected. Never." And she turned from the sight of the destructive ocean, which seemed as interminable as her thoughts.

But winter had now passed away. The tears of the sky at least were dried up. The sun looked out kindly again; and the spring had scarcely re-appeared, when Inistore had a proud and gladder day, from the arrival of the young prince of Lochlin with his bride. It was a bitter one to Moilena, for the prince came to thank Ronald for sparing his life in the war, and had brought his lady to thank him too. They thanked Moilena instead; and, proud in the midst of her unhappiness, of being the representative of the Perfect Hand, she lavished hundreds of smiles upon them from her pale face. But she wept in secret. She could not bear this new addition to the store of noble and kind memories respecting her Ronald. He had spared the bridegroom for his bride. He had hoped to come back to his own. She looked over to the north; and thought that her home was as much there as in Inistore.

Meantime, Ronald was not drowned. A Scandinavian boat, bound for an island called the Island of the Circle, had picked him up. The crew, which consisted chiefly of priests, were going thither to propitiate the deities, on account of the late defeat of their countrymen. They recognised the victorious chieftain, who on coming to his senses freely confessed who he was. Instantly they raised a chorus, which rose sternly through the tempest. "We carry," said they, "an acceptable present to the gods. Odin, stay thy hand from the slaughter of the obscure. Thor, put down the mallet with which thou beatest, like red hail, on the skulls of thine enemies. Ye other feasters in Valhalla, set down the skulls full of mead, and pledge a health out of a new and noble one to the King of Gods and Men, that the twilight of heaven may come late. We bring an acceptable present: we bring Ronald of the Perfect Hand." Thus they sang in the boat, labouring all the while with the winds and waves, but surer now than ever of reaching the shore. And they did so by the first light of the morning. When they came to the circle of sacred stones, from which the island took its name, they placed their late conqueror by the largest, and kindled a fire in the middle. The warm smoke rose thickly against the cold white morning. "Let me be offered up to your gods," said Ronald, "like a man, by the

sword; and not like food, by the fire." "We know all," answered the priests: "be thou silent." "Treat not him," said Ronald, "who spared your prince, unworthily. If he must be sacrificed, let him die as your prince would have died by this hand." Still they answered nothing but "We know all: be thou silent." Ronald could not help witnessing these preparations for a new and unexpected death with an emotion of terror; but disdain and despair were uppermost. Once, and but once, his cheek turned deadly pale in thinking of Moilena. He shifted his posture resolutely, and thought of the spirits of the dead whom he was about to join. The priests then encircled the fire and the stone at which he stood, with another devoting song; and Ronald looked earnestly at the ruddy flames, which gave to his body, as in mockery, a kindly warmth. The priests, however, did not lay hands on him. They respected the sparer of their prince so far as not to touch him themselves; they left him to be despatched by the supernatural beings, whom they confidently expected to come down for that purpose as soon as they had retired.

Ronald, whose faith was of another description, saw their departure with joy; but it was damped the next minute. What was he to do in winter-time on an island, inhabited only by the fowls and other creatures of the northern sea, and never touched at but for a purpose hostile to his hopes? For he now recollected, that this was the island he had so often heard of, as the chief seat of the Scandinavian religion; whose traditions had so influenced countries of a different faith, that it was believed in Scotland as well as the continent, that no human being could live there many hours. Spirits, it was thought appeared in terrible superhuman shapes, like the bloody idols which the priests worshipped, and carried the stranger off.

The warrior of Inistore had soon too much reason to know the extent of this belief. He was not without fear himself, but disdained to yield to any circumstances without a struggle. He refreshed himself with some snow-water; and after climbing the highest part of the island to look for a boat in vain (nothing was to be seen but the waves tumbling on all sides after the storm), he set about preparing a habitation. He saw at a little distance, on a slope, the mouth of a rocky cave. This he destined for his shelter at night; and looking round for a defence for the door, as he knew not whether bears might not be among the inhabitants, he cast his eyes upon the thinnest of the stones which stood upright about the fire. The heart of the warrior, though of a different faith, misgave him as he thought of appropriating this mystical stone, carved full of strange figures; but half in courage, and half in the despair of fear, he sud-



denly twisted it from its place. No one appeared. The fire altered not. The noise of the fowl and other creatures was no louder on the shore. Ronald smiled at his fears, and knew the undiminished vigour of the Perfect Hand.

He found the cavern already fitted for shelter; doubtless by the Scandinavian priests. He had bitter reason to know how well it sheltered him; for day after day he hoped in vain that some boat from Inistore would venture upon the island. He beheld sails at a distance, but they never came. He piled stone upon stone, joined old pieces of boats together, and made flags of the sea-weed; but all in vain. The vessels, he thought, came nearer, but none so near as to be of use; and a new and sickly kind of impatience cut across the stout heart of Ronald, and set it beating. He knew not whether it was with the cold or with misery, but his frame would shake for an hour together, when he lay down on his dried weeds and feathers to rest. He remembered the happy sleeps that used to follow upon toil; and he looked with double activity for the eggs and shell-fish on which he sustained himself, and smote double the number of seals, half in the very exercise of his anger: and then he would fall dead asleep with fatigue.

In this way he bore up against the violences of the winter season, which had now passed. The sun looked out with a melancholy smile upon the moss and the poor grass, chequered here and there with flowers almost as poor. There was the buttercup, struggling from a dirty white into a yellow; and a faint-coloured poppy, neither the good nor the ill of which was then known; and here and there by the thorny underwood a shrinking violet. The lark alone seemed cheerful, and startled the ear of the desolate chieftain with its climbing triumph in the air. Ronald looked up. His fancy had been made wild and wilful by strange habits and sickened blood; and he thought impatiently, that if he were up there like the lark, he might see his friends and his love in Inistore.

Being naturally, however, of a gentle as well as courageous disposition, the Perfect Hand found the advantage as well as the necessity of turning his violent impulses into noble matter for patience. He had heard of the dreadful bodily sufferings which the Scandinavian heroes underwent from their enemies with triumphant songs. He knew that no such sufferings which were fugitive, could equal the agonies of a daily martyrdom of mind; and he cultivated a certain humane pride of patience, in order to bear them.

His only hope of being delivered from the island now depended on the Scandinavian priests; but it was a moot point whether they would respect him for surviving, or kill him on that very account, out of a mixture of personal

and superstitious resentment. He thought his death the more likely; but this, at least, was a termination to the dreary prospect of a solitude for life; and partly out of that hope, and partly from a courageous patience, he cultivated as many pleasant thoughts and objects about him as he could. He adorned his cavern with shells and feathers; he made himself a cap and cloak of the latter, and boots and a vest of seal-skin, girding it about with the glossy sea-weed; he cleared away a circle before the cavern, planted it with the best grass, and heaped about it the mossiest stones: he strung some bones of a fish with sinews, and fitting a shell beneath it, the Perfect Hand drew forth the first gentle music that had been heard in that wild island. He touched it one day in the midst of a flock of seals, who were basking in the sun; they turned their heads towards the sound; he thought he saw in their mild faces a human expression; and from that day forth no seal was ever slain by the Perfect Hand. He spared even the huge and cloudy visaged-walrusses, in whose societies he beheld a dull resemblance to the gentler affections; and his new intimacy with these possessors of the place was completed by one of the former animals, who having been rescued by him from a contest with a larger one, followed him about, as well as its half-formed and dragging legs would allow, with the officious attachment of a dog.

But the summer was gone, and no one had appeared. The new thoughts and deeper insight into things, which solitude and sorrowful necessity had produced, together with a diminution of his activity, had not tended to strengthen him against the approach of winter: and autumn came upon him like the melancholy twilight of the year. He had now no hope of seeing even the finishers of his existence before the spring. The rising winds among the rocks, and the noise of the whales blowing up their spouts of water, till the caverns thundered with their echoes, seemed to be like heralds of the stern season which was to close him in against approach. He had tried one day to move the stone at the mouth of his habitation a little further in, and found his strength fail him. He laid himself half reclining on the ground, full of such melancholy thoughts as half bewildered him. Things, by turns, appeared a fierce dream, and a fiercer reality. He was leaning and looking on the ground, and idly twisting his long hair, when his eyes fell upon the hand that held it. It was livid and emaciated. He opened and shut it, opened and shut it again, turned it round, and looked at its ribbed thinness and laid-open machinery; many thoughts came upon him, some which he understood not, and some which he recognised but too well; and a turbid violence seemed rising at his heart, when the seal, his companion, drew nigh, and began licking that weak memorial of the Perfect Hand. A shower of self-

pyting tears fell upon the seal's face and the hand together.

On a sudden he heard a voice. It was a deep and loud one, and distinctly called out "Ronald!" He looked up, gasping with wonder. Three times it called out, as if with peremptory command, and three times the rocks and caverns echoed the word with a dim sullenness.

Recollecting himself, he would have risen and answered; but the sudden change of sensations had done what all his sufferings had not been able to do, and he found himself unable either to rise or to speak. The voice called again and again; but it was now more distant, and Ronald's heart sickened as he heard it retreating. His strength seemed to fail him in proportion as it became necessary. Suddenly the voice came back again. It advances. Other voices are heard, all advancing. In a short time, figures come hastily down the slope by the side of his cavern, looking over into the area before it as they descend. They enter. They are before him and about him. Some of them, in a Scandinavian habit, prostrate themselves at his feet, and address him in an unknown language. But these are sent away by another, who remains with none but two youths. Ronald has risen a little, and leans his back against the rock. One of the youths puts his arm between his neck and the rock, and half kneels beside him, turning his face away and weeping. "I am no god, nor a favourite of gods, as these people supposed me," said Ronald, looking up at the chief who was speaking to the other youth: "if thou wilt despatch me then, do so. I only pray thee to let the death be fit for a warrior, such as I once was." The chief appeared agitated. "Speak not ill of the gods, Ronald," said he, "although thou wert blindly brought up. A warrior like thee must be a favourite of heaven. I come to prove it to thee. Dost thou not know me? I come to give thee life for life." Ronald looked more steadfastly. It was the Scandinavian prince whom he had spared, because of his bride, in battle. He smiled, and lifted up his hand to him, which was intercepted and kissed by the youth who held his arm round his neck. "Who are these fair youths?" said Ronald, half turning his head to look in his supporter's face. "This is the bride I spoke of," answered the prince, "who insisted on sharing this voyage with me, and put on this dress to be the bolder in it." "And who is the other?" The other, with dried eyes, looked smiling into his, and intercepted the answer also. "Who," said the sweetest voice in the world, "can it be, but one?" With a quick and almost fierce tone, Ronald cried out aloud, "I know the voice;" and he would have fallen flat on the earth, if they had not all three supported him.

It was a mild return to Inistore, Ronald gathering strength all the way, at the eyes and

voice of Moilena, and the hands of all three. Their discovery of him was easily explained. The crews of the vessels, who had been afraid to come nearer, had repeatedly seen a figure on the island making signs. The Scandinavian priests related how they had left Ronald there; but insisted that no human being could live upon it, and that some god wished to manifest himself to his faithful worshippers. The heart of Moilena was quick to guess the truth. The prince proposed to accompany the priests. His bride and the destined bride of his saviour went with him, and returned as you heard; and from that day forth many were the songs in Inistore, upon the fortunes of the Perfect Hand and the kindness of the Perfect Voice. Nor were those forgotten who forgot not others.

#### XXVIII.—A CHAPTER ON HATS.

WE know not what will be thought of our taste in so important a matter, but we must confess we are not fond of a new hat. There is a certain insolence about it: it seems to value itself upon its finished appearance, and to presume upon our liking before we are acquainted with it. In the first place, it comes home more like a marmot or some other living creature, than a manufacture. It is boxed up, and wrapt in silver paper, and brought delicately. It is as sleek as a lap-dog. Then we are to take it out as nicely, and people are to wonder how we shall look in it. Maria twitches one this way, and Sophia that, and Caroline that, and Catharine t'other. We have the difficult task, all the while, of looking easy, till the approving votes are pronounced; our only resource (which is also difficult) being to say good things to all four; or to clap the hat upon each of their heads, and see what pretty milk-women they make. At last the approving votes are pronounced; and (provided it is fine) we may go forth. But how uneasy the sensation about the head! How unlike the old hat, to which we had become used, and which must now make way for this fop of a stranger! We might do what we liked with the former. Dust, rain, a gale of wind, a fall, a squeeze,—nothing affected it. It was a true friend, a friend for all weathers. Its appearance only was against it: in everything else it was the better for wear. But if the roads or the streets are too dry, the new hat is afraid of getting dusty: if there is wind, and it is not tight, it may be blown off into the dirt: we may have to scramble after it through dust or mud; just reaching it with our fingers, only to see it blown away again. And if rain comes on! Oh ye gallant apprentices, who have issued forth on a Sunday morning, with Jane or Susan, careless either of storms at night-fall, or toils and scoldings next day! Ye, who have re-



ceived your new hat and boots but an hour before ye set out; and then issue forth triumphantly, the charmer by your side! She, with arm in yours, and handkerchief in hand, blushing, or eating gingerbread, trips on: ye, admiring, trudge: we ask ye, whether love itself has prevented ye from feeling a certain fearful consciousness of that crowning glory, the new and glossy hat, when the first drops of rain announce the coming of a shower? Ah, hasten, while yet it is of use to haste; ere yet the spotty horror fixes on the nap! Out with the protecting handkerchief, which, tied round the hat, and flowing off in a corner behind, shall gleam through the thickening night like a suburb comet! Trust not the tempting yawn of stable-yard or gate-way, or the impossible notion of a coach! The rain will continue; and alas! ye are not so rich as in the morning. Hasten! or think of a new hat's becoming a rain-spout! Think of its well-built crown, its graceful and well-measured fit, the curved-up elegance of its rim, its shadowing gentility when seen in front, its arching grace over the ear when beheld sideways! Think of it also the next day! How altered, how dejected!

How changed from him,  
That life of measure and that soul of rim!

Think of the paper-like change of its consistence; of its limp sadness—its confused and flattened nap, and of that polished and perfect circle, which neither brush nor hot iron shall restore!

We have here spoken of the beauties of a new hat; but abstractedly considered, they are very problematical. Fashion makes beauty for a time. Our ancestors found a grace in the cocked hats now confined to beadles, Chelsea pensioners, and coachmen. They would have laughed at our chimney-tops with a border: though upon the whole we do think them the more graceful of the two. The best modern covering for the head was the imitation of the broad Spanish hat in use about thirty years back, when Mr. Stothard made his designs for the *Novelist's Magazine*. But in proportion as society has been put into a bustle, our hats seem to have narrowed their dimensions: the flaps were clipped off more and more till they became a rim; and now the rim has contracted to a mere nothing; so that what with our close heads and our tight succinct mode of dress, we look as if we were intended for nothing but to dart backwards and forwards on matters of business, with as little hindrance to each other as possible.

This may give us a greater distaste to the hat than it deserves; but good-looking or not, we know of no situation in which a new one can be said to be useful. We have seen how the case is during bad weather: but if the weather is in the finest condition possible, with neither rain nor dust, there may be a hot

sunshine; and then the hat is too narrow to shade us: no great evil, it is true! but we must have our pique out against the knave, and turn him to the only account in our power:—we must write upon him. For every other purpose, we hold him as naught. The only place a new hat can be carried into with safety, is a church; for there is plenty of room there. There also takes place its only union of the ornamental with the useful, if so it is to be called: we allude to the preparatory ejaculation whispered into it by the genteel worshipper, before he turns round and makes a bow to Mr. and Mrs. Jones and the Miss Thompsons. There is a formula for this occasion; and doubtless it is often used, to say nothing of extempore effusions: but there are wicked imaginations, who suspect that instead of devouter whisperings, the communer with his lining sometimes ejaculates no more than Swallow, St. James's-street; or, Augarde and Spain, Hatters, No. 51, Oxford-street, London:—after which he draws up his head with infinite gravity and preparation, and makes the gentle recognitions aforesaid.

But wherever there is a crowd, the new hat is worse than useless. It is a pity that the general retrenchment of people's finances did away with the flat opera hat, which was a very sensible thing. The round one is only in the way. The matting over the floor of the Opera does not hinder it from getting dusty; not to mention its chance of a kick from the inconsiderate. But from the pit of the other theatres, you may bring it away covered with sawdust, or rubbed up all the wrong way of the nap, or monstrosously squeezed into a shapeless lump. The least thing to be expected in a pressure, is a great poke in its side like a sunken cheek.

Boating is a mortal enemy to new hats. A shower has you fast in a common boat; or a sail-line, or an inexperienced oar, may knock the hat off; and then fancy it tilting over the water with the tide, soaked all the while beyond redemption, and escaping from the tips of your outstretched fingers, while you ought all to be pulling the contrary way home.

But of all wrong boxes for a new hat, avoid a mail-coach. If you keep it on, you will begin nodding perhaps at midnight, and then it goes jamming against the side of the coach, to the equal misery of its nap and your own. If you take it off, where is its refuge? Will the clergyman take the least heed of it, who is snoring comfortably in one corner in his night-cap? Or will the farmer, jolting about inexorably? Or the regular traveller, who in his fur-cap and infinite knowledge of highway conveniences, has already beheld it with contempt? Or the old market-woman, whom it is in vain to request to be tender? Or the young damsel, who wonders how you can think of sleeping in such a thing? In the morning you suddenly miss your hat, and ask after it

with trepidation. The traveller smiles. They all move their legs, but know nothing of it ; till the market-woman exclaims, "Deary me ! Well—lord, only think ! A hat is it, Sir ? Why I do believe,—but I'm sure I never thought o' such a thing more than the child unborn,—that it must be a hat then which I took for a pan I've been a buying ; and so I've had my warm foot in it, Lord help us, ever since five o'clock this blessed morning !"

It is but fair to add, that we happen to have an educated antipathy to the hat. At our school no hats were worn, and the cap is too small to be a substitute. Its only use is to astonish the old ladies in the street, who wonder how so small a thing can be kept on ; and to this end, we used to rub it into the back or side of the head, where it hung like a worsted wonder. It is after the fashion of Catharine's cap in the play : it seems as if

Moulded on a porringer ;  
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;  
A custard coffin, a bauble.

But we may not add

I love thee well, in that thou likest it not ;

Ill befall us, if we ever dislike anything about thee, old nurse of our childhood ! How independent of the weather used we to feel in our old friar's dress,—our thick shoes, yellow worsted stockings, and coarse long coat or gown ! Our cap was oftener in our hand than on our head, let the weather be what it would. We felt a pride as well as pleasure, when every body else was hurrying through the streets, in receiving the full summer showers with uncovered poll, sleeking our glad hair like the feathers of a bird.

It must be said for hats in general, that they are a very ancient part of dress, perhaps the most ancient ; for a negro, who has nothing else upon him, sometimes finds it necessary to guard off the sun with a hat of leaves or straw. The Chinese, who carry their records farther back than any other people, are a hatted race, both narrow-brimmed and broad. We are apt to think of the Greeks as a bare-headed people ; and they liked to be so ; but they had hats for journeying in, such as may be seen on the statues of Mercury, who was the god of travellers. They were large and flapped, and were sometimes fastened round under the chin like a lady's bonnet. The Eastern nations generally wore turbans, and do still, with the exception of the Persians, who have exchanged them for large conical caps of felt. The Romans copied the Greeks in their dress, as in everything else ; but the poorer orders wore a cap like their boasted Phrygian ancestors, resembling the one which the reader may see about the streets upon the bust of Canova's Paris. The others would put their

robes about their heads upon occasion,—after the fashion of the hoods of the middle ages, and of the cloth head-dresses which we see in the portraits of Dante and Petrarch. Of a similar mode are the draperies on the heads of our old Plantagenet kings and of Chaucer. The velvet cap which succeeded, appears to have come from Italy, as seen in the portraits of Raphael and Titian ; and it would probably have continued till the French times of Charles the Second, for our ancestors up to that period were great admirers of Italy, had not Philip the Second of Spain come over to marry our Queen Mary. The extreme heats of Spain had forced the natives upon taking to that ingenious compound of the hat and umbrella, still known by the name of the Spanish hat. We know not whether Philip himself wore it. His father, Charles the Fifth, who was at the top of the world, is represented as delighting in a little humble-looking cap. But we conceive it was either from Philip, or some gentleman in his train, that the hat and feather succeeded among us to the cap and jewels of Henry the Eighth. The ascendancy of Spain in those times carried it into other parts of Europe. The French, not requiring so much shade from the sun, and always playing with and altering their dress, as a child does his toy, first covered the brim with feathers, then gave them a pinch in front ; then came pinches up at the side ; and at last appeared the fierce and triple-daring cocked hat. This disappeared in our childhood, or only survived among the military, the old, and the reverend, who could not willingly part with their habitual dignity. An old beau or so would also retain it, in memory of its victories when young. We remember its going away from the heads of the foot-guards. The heavy dragoons retained it till lately. It is now almost sunk into the mock-heroic, and confined, as we before observed, to headles and coachmen, &c. The modern clerical beaver, agreeably to the deliberation with which our establishments depart from all custom, is a cocked hat with the front flap let down, and only a slight pinch remaining behind. This is worn also by the judges, the lawyers being of clerical extraction. Still however the true cocked-hat lingers here and there with a solitary old gentleman ; and wherever it appears in such company, begets a certain retrospective reverence. There was a something in its connexion with the high-bred drawing-room times of the seventeenth century ; in the gallant though quaint ardour of its look ; and in its being lifted up in salutations with that deliberate loftiness, the arm arching up in front and the hand slowly raising it by the front angle with finger and thumb,—that could not easily die. We remember, when our steward at school, remarkable for his inflexible air of precision and dignity, left off his cocked-hat for a round one ; there



was, undoubtedly, though we dared only half confess it to our minds, a sort of diminished majesty about him. His infinite self-possession began to look remotely finite. His Crown Imperial was a little blighted. It was like divesting a column of its capital. But the native stateliness was there, informing the new hat. He

Had not yet lost

All his original beaver ; nor appeared  
Less than arch-steward ruined, and the excess  
Of glory obscured.

The late Emperor Paul had conceived such a sense of the dignity of the cocked hat, aggravated by its having been deposed by the round one of the French republicans, that he ordered all persons in his dominions never to dare be seen in public with round hats, upon pain of being knouted and sent to Siberia.

Hats being the easiest part of the European dress to be taken off, are doffed among us out of reverence. The Orientals, on the same account, put off their slippers instead of turbans, which is the reason why the Jews still keep their heads covered during worship. The Spanish grandees have the privilege of wearing their hats in the royal presence, probably in commemoration of the free spirit in which the Cortes used to crown the sovereign; telling him (we suppose in their corporate capacity) that they were better men than he, but chose him of their own free will for their master. The grandees only claim to be as good men, unless their families are older. There is a well-known story of a picture, in which the Virgin Mary is represented with a label coming out of her mouth, saying to a Spanish gentleman who has politely taken off his hat, "Cousin, be covered." But the most interesting anecdote connected with a hat belongs to the family of the De Courcys, Lord Kinsale. One of their ancestors, at an old period of our history, having overthrown a huge and insolent champion, who had challenged the whole court, was desired by the king to ask him some favour. He requested that his descendants should have the privilege of keeping their heads covered in the royal presence, and they do so to this day. The new lord, we believe, always comes to court on purpose to vindicate his right. We have heard, that on the last occasion, probably after a long interval, some of the courtiers thought it might as well have been dispensed with; which was a foolish as well as a jealous thing, for these exceptions only prove the royal rule. The Spanish grandees originally took their privilege instead of receiving it; but when the spirit of it had gone, their covered heads were only so many intense recognitions of the king's dignity, which it was thought such a mighty thing to resemble. A Quaker's hat is a more formidable thing than a grandee's.

## XXIX.—SEAMEN ON SHORE.

THE sole business of a seaman on shore, who has to go to sea again, is to take as much pleasure as he can. The moment he sets his foot on dry ground, he turns his back on all salt beef and other salt-water restrictions. His long absence, and the impossibility of getting land pleasures at sea, put him upon a sort of desperate appetite. He lands, like a conqueror taking possession. He has been debarred so long, that he is resolved to have that matter out with the inhabitants. They must render an account to him of their treasures, their women, their victualling-stores, their entertainments, their everything; and in return he will behave like a gentleman, and scatter his gold.

His first sensation on landing, is the strange firmness of the earth, which he goes treading in a sort of heavy light way, half waggoner and half dancing-master, his shoulders rolling, and his feet touching and going; the same way, in short, in which he keeps himself prepared for all the chances of the vessel, when on deck. There is always this appearance of lightness of foot and heavy strength of upper works, in a sailor. And he feels it himself. He lets his jacket fly open, and his shoulders slouch, and his hair grow long, to be gathered into a heavy pigtail; but when full dressed, he prides himself on a certain gentility of toe, on a white stocking and a *natty* shoe, issuing lightly out of the flowing blue trowser. His arms are neutral, hanging and swinging in a curve aloof; his hands half open, as if they had just been handling ropes, and had no object in life but to handle them again. He is proud of appearing in a new hat and slops, with a Belcher handkerchief flowing loosely round his neck, and the corner of another out of his pocket. Thus equipped, with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes (which he bought for gold), he puts some tobacco in his mouth, not as if he were going to use it directly, but as if he stuffed it in a pouch on one side, as a pelican does fish, to employ it hereafter; and so, with Bet Monson at his side, and perhaps a cane or whanghee twisted under his other arm, sallies forth to take possession of all Lubberland. He buys everything that he comes athwart—nuts, gingerbread, apples, shoe-strings, beer, brandy, gin, buckles, knives, a watch (two, if he has money enough), gowns and handkerchiefs for Bet and his mother and sisters, dozens of "Superfine Best Men's Cotton Stockings," dozens of "Superfine Best Women's Cotton Ditto," best good Check for Shirts (though he has too much already), infinite needles and thread (to sew his trowsers with some day), a footman's laced hat, Bear's Grease, to make his hair grow (by way of joke), several sticks, all sorts of Jew articles, a flute (which he can't play, and never intends), a leg of

mutton, which he carries somewhere to roast, and for a piece of which the landlord of the *Ship* makes him pay twice what he gave for the whole; in short, all that money can be spent upon, which is everything but medicine gratis, and this he would insist on paying for. He would buy all the painted parrots on an Italian's head, on purpose to break them, rather than not spend his money. He has fiddles and a dance at the *Ship*, with oceans of flip and grog; and gives the blind fiddler tobacco for sweet-meats, and half-a-crown for treading on his toe. He asks the landlady, with a sigh, after her daughter Nanse, who first fired his heart with her silk stockings; and finding that she is married and in trouble, leaves five crowns for her, which the old lady appropriates as part payment for a shilling in advance. He goes to the Port playhouse with Bet Monson, and a great red handkerchief full of apples, ginger-bread nuts, and fresh beef; calls out for the fiddlers and *Rule Britannia*; pelts Tom Sikes in the pit; and compares Othello to the black ship's cook in his white nightcap. When he comes to London, he and some messmates take a hackney-coach, full of Bet Monsons and tobacco-pipes, and go through the streets smoking and lolling out of window. He has ever been cautious of venturing on horseback, and among his other sights in foreign parts, relates with unfeigned astonishment how he has seen the Turks ride: "Only," says he, guarding against the hearer's incredulity, "they have saddle-boxes to hold 'em in, fore and aft, and shovels like for stirrups." He will tell you how the Chinese drink, and the *Negurs* dance, and the monkeys pelt you with cocoa-nuts; and how King Domy would have built him a mud hut and made him a peer of the realm, if he would have stopped with him, and taught him to make trowsers. He has a sister at a "School for Young Ladies," who blushes with a mixture of pleasure and shame at his appearance; and whose confusion he completes by slipping fourpence into her hand, and saying out loud that he has "no more copper" about him. His mother and elder sisters at home doat on all he says and does; telling him however, that he is a great sea fellow, and was always wild ever since he was a hop-o'-my-thumb, no higher than the window locker. He tells his mother that she would be a duchess in Paranaaboo; at which the good old portly dame laughs and looks proud. When his sisters complain of his romping, he says that they are only sorry it is not the baker. He frightens them with a mask made after the New Zealand fashion, and is forgiven for his learning. Their mantel-piece is filled by him with shells and shark's teeth; and when he goes to sea again, there is no end of tears, and "God bless you's!" and home-made gingerbread.

His Officer on shore does much of all this, only, generally speaking, in a higher taste.

The moment he lands, he buys quantities of jewellery and other valuables, for all the females of his acquaintance; and is taken in for every article. He sends in a cart-load of fresh meat to the ship, though he is going to town next day; and calling in at a chandler's for some candles, is persuaded to buy a dozen of green wax, with which he lights up the ship at evening; regretting that the fine moonlight hinders the effect of the colour. A man, with a bundle beneath his arm, accosts him in an under-tone; and, with a look in which respect for his knowledge is mixed with an avowed zeal for his own interest, asks if his Honour will just step under the gangway here, and inspect some real India shawls. The gallant Lieutenant says to himself, "This fellow knows what's what, by his face;" and so he proves it, by being taken in on the spot. When he brings the shawls home, he says to his sister with an air of triumph, "There, Poll, there's something for you; only cost me twelve, and is worth twenty if it's worth a dollar." She turns pale—"Twenty what, my dear George? Why, you haven't given twelve dollars for it, I hope?" "Not I, by the Lord."—"That's lucky; because you see, my dear, George, that all together is not worth more than fourteen or fifteen shillings." "Fourteen or fifteen what! Why its real India, en't it? Why the fellow told me so; or I'm sure I'd as soon"—(here he tries to hide his blushes with a bluster)—"I'd as soon have given him twelve douses on the chaps as twelve guineas."—"Twelve guineas!" exclaims the sister; and then drawing forth, "Why—my—dear—George," is proceeding to show him what the articles would have cost at Condell's, when he interrupts her by requesting her to go and choose for herself a tea-table service. He then makes his escape to some messmates at a coffee-house, and drowns his recollection of the shawls in the best wine, and a discussion on the comparative merits of the English and West-Indian beauties and tables. At the theatre afterwards, where he has never been before, he takes a lady at the back of one of the boxes for a woman of quality; and when, after returning his long respectful gaze with a smile, she turns aside and puts her handkerchief to her mouth, he thinks it is in derision, till his friend undeceives him. He is introduced to the lady; and ever afterwards, at first sight of a woman of quality (without any disparagement either to those charming personages), expects her to give him a smile. He thinks the other ladies much better creatures than they are taken for; and for their parts, they tell him, that if all men were like himself, they would trust the sex again:—which, for aught we know, is the truth. He has, indeed, what he thinks a very liberal opinion of ladies in general; judging them all, in a manner, with the eye of a seaman's experience. Yet he will believe nevertheless in



the "true-love" of any given damsel whom he seeks in the way of marriage, let him roam as much, or remain as long at a distance, as he may. It is not that he wants feeling; but that he has read of it, time out of mind, in songs; and he looks upon constancy as a sort of exploit, answering to those which he performs at sea. He is nice in his watches and linen. He makes you presents of cornelians, antique seals, cocoa-nuts set in silver, and other valuables. When he shakes hands with you, it is like being caught in a windlass. He would not swagger about the streets in his uniform, for the world. He is generally modest in company, though liable to be irritated by what he thinks ungentlemanly behaviour. He is also liable to be rendered irritable by sickness; partly because he has been used to command others, and to be served with all possible deference and alacrity; and partly, because the idea of suffering pain, without any honour or profit to get by it, is unprofessional, and he is not accustomed to it. He treats talents unlike his own with great respect. He often perceives his own so little felt, that it teaches him this feeling for that of others. Besides, he admires the quantity of information which people can get, without travelling like himself; especially when he sees how interesting his own becomes, to them as well as to everybody else. When he tells a story, particularly if full of wonders, he takes care to maintain his character for truth and simplicity, by qualifying it with all possible reservations, concessions, and anticipations of objection; such as, "in case, at such times as, so to speak, as it were, at least, at any rate." He seldom uses sea-terms but when jocosely provoked by something contrary to his habits of life; as for instance, if he is always meeting you on horseback, he asks if you never mean to walk the deck again; or if he finds you studying day after day, he says you are always overhauling your log-book. He makes more new acquaintances, and forgets his old ones less, than any other man in the busy world; for he is so compelled to make his home everywhere, remembers his native one as such a place of enjoyment, has all his friendly recollections so fixed upon his mind at sea, and has so much to tell and to hear when he returns, that change and separation lose with him the most heartless part of their nature. He also sees such a variety of customs and manners, that he becomes charitable in his opinions altogether; and charity, while it diffuses the affections, cannot let the old ones go. Half the secret of human intercourse is to make allowance for each other.

When the Officer is superannuated or retires, he becomes, if intelligent and inquiring, one of the most agreeable old men in the world, equally welcome to the silent for his card-playing, and to the conversational for his recollections. He is fond of astronomy and

books of voyages, and is immortal with all who know him for having been round the world, or seen the transit of Venus, or had one of his fingers carried off by a New Zealand hatchet, or a present of feathers from an Otaheitan beauty. If not elevated by his acquirements above some of his humbler tastes, he delights in a corner-cupboard holding his cocoa-nuts and punch-bowl; has his summer-house castellated and planted with wooden cannon; and sets up the figure of his old ship, the *Britannia* or the *Lovely Nancy*, for a statue in the garden; where it stares eternally with red cheeks and round black eyes, as if in astonishment at its situation.

Chaucer, who wrote his *Canterbury Tales* about four hundred and thirty years ago, has among his other characters in that work a *SHIPMAN*, who is exactly of the same cast as the modern sailor,—the same robustness, courage, and rough-drawn virtue, doing its duty, without being very nice in helping itself to its recreations. There is the very dirk, the complexion, the jollity, the experience, and the bad horsemanship. The plain unaffected ending of the description has the air of a sailor's own speech; while the line about the beard is exceedingly picturesque, poetical, and comprehensive. In copying it out, we shall merely alter the old spelling, where the words are still modern.

A shipman was there, wonned far by west;  
For aught I wot, he was of Dartmouth.  
He rode upon a rounceie, as he couthe\*,  
All in a gown of falding to the knee.  
A dagger hanging by a lace had he,  
About his neck, under his arm adown:  
The hot summer had made his hew all brown:  
And certainly he was a good felaw.  
Full many a draught of wine he hadde draw  
From Bourdeaux ward, while that the chapman slep.  
Of nice conscience took he no keep.  
If that he fought and had the higher hand,  
By water he sent 'em home to every land.  
But of his craft, to reckon well his tides,  
His streames and his strandes him besides,  
His harborough, his moon, and his lode manage,  
There was not such from Hull unto Carthage.  
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake;  
With many a tempest had his beard been shake.  
He knew well all the havens, as they were,  
From Gothland to the Cape de Finisterre,  
And every creek in Briton and in Spain.  
His barge ycleped was the Magdelain.

When about to tell his Tale, he tells his fellow-travellers that he shall clink them so merry a bell,

That it shall waken all this company:  
But it shall not be of philosophy,  
Nor of physick, nor of terms quaint of law;  
There is but little Latin in my maw.

The story he tells is a well-known one in the Italian novels, of a monk who made love to a merchant's wife, and borrowed a hundred francs of the husband to give her. She accord-

\* He rode upon a hack-horse, as well as he could.

ingly admits his addresses during the absence of her good man on a journey. When the latter returns, he applies to the cunning monk for repayment, and is referred to the lady; who thus finds her mercenary behaviour outwitted.

### XXX.—ON THE REALITIES OF IMAGINATION.

THERE is not a more unthinking way of talking, than to say such and such pains and pleasures are only imaginary, and therefore to be got rid of or undervalued accordingly. There is nothing imaginary, in the common acceptation of the word. The logic of Moses in the *Vicar of Wakefield* is good argument here:—"Whatever is, is." Whatever touches us, whatever moves us, does touch and does move us. We recognise the reality of it, as we do that of a hand in the dark. We might as well say that a sight which makes us laugh, or a blow which brings tears into our eyes, is imaginary, as that anything else is imaginary which makes us laugh or weep. We can only judge of things by their effects. Our perception constantly deceives us, in things with which we suppose ourselves perfectly conversant; but our reception of their effect is a different matter. Whether we are materialists or immaterialists, whether things be about us or within us, whether we think the sun is a substance, or only the image of a divine thought, an idea, a thing imaginary, we are equally agreed as to the notion of its warmth. But on the other hand, as this warmth is felt differently by different temperaments, so what we call imaginary things affect different minds. What we have to do is not to deny their effect, because we do not feel in the same proportion, or whether we even feel it at all; but to see whether our neighbours may not be moved. If they are, there is, to all intents and purposes, a moving cause. But we do not see it? No;—neither perhaps do they. They only feel it; they are only sentient,—a word which implies the sight given to the imagination by the feelings. But what do you mean, we may ask in return, by seeing? Some rays of light come in contact with the eye; they bring a sensation to it; in a word, they touch it; and the impression left by this touch we call sight. How far does this differ in effect from the impression left by any other touch, however mysterious? An ox knocked down by a butcher, and a man knocked down by a fit of apoplexy, equally feel themselves compelled to drop. The tickling of a straw and of a comedy, equally move the muscles about the mouth. The look of a beloved eye will so thrill the frame, that old philosophers have had recourse to a doctrine of beams and radiant particles flying from one sight to another. In fine, what

is contact itself, and why does it affect us? There is no one cause more mysterious than another, if we look into it.

Nor does the question concern us like moral causes. We may be content to know the earth by its fruits; but how to increase and improve them is a more attractive study. If instead of saying that the causes which moved in us this or that pain or pleasure were imaginary, people were to say that the causes themselves were removeable, they would be nearer the truth. When a stone trips us up, we do not fall to disputing its existence: we put it out of the way. In like manner, when we suffer from what is called an imaginary pain, our business is not to canvass the reality of it. Whether there is any cause or not in that or any other perception, or whether everything consist not in what is called effect, it is sufficient for us that the effect is real. Our sole business is to remove those second causes, which always accompany the original idea. As in deliriums, for instance, it would be idle to go about persuading the patient that he did not behold the figures he says he does. He might reasonably ask us, if he could, how we know anything about the matter; or how we can be sure, that in the infinite wonders of the universe, certain realities may not become apparent to certain eyes, whether diseased or not. Our business would be to put him into that state of health, in which human beings are not diverted from their offices and comforts by a liability to such imaginations. The best reply to his question would be, that such a morbidity is clearly no more a fit state for a human being, than a disarranged or incomplete state of works is for a watch; and that seeing the general tendency of nature to this completeness or state of comfort, we naturally conclude, that the imaginations in question, whether substantial or not, are at least not of the same lasting or prevailing description.

We do not profess metaphysics. We are indeed so little conversant with the masters of that art, that we are never sure whether we are using even its proper terms. All that we may know on the subject comes to us from some reflection and some experience; and this all may be so little as to make a metaphysician smile; which, if he be a true one, he will do good-naturedly. The pretender will take occasion, from our very confession, to say that we know nothing. Our faculty, such as it is, is rather instinctive than reasoning; rather physical than metaphysical; rather sentient because it loves much, than because it knows much; rather calculated by a certain retention of boyhood, and by its wanderings in the green places of thought, to light upon a piece of the old golden world, than to tire ourselves, and conclude it unattainable, by too wide and scientific a search. We pretend to see farther than none but the worldly and the malignant,



And yet those who see farther, may not all see so well. We do not blind our eyes with looking upon the sun in the heavens. We believe it to be there, but we find its light upon earth also; and we would lead humanity, if we could, out of misery and coldness into the shine of it. Pain might still be there; must be so, as long as we are mortal;

For oft we still must weep, since we are human :

but it should be pain for the sake of others, which is noble; not unnecessary pain inflicted by or upon them, which it is absurd not to remove. The very pains of mankind struggle towards pleasures; and such pains as are proper for them have this inevitable accompaniment of true humanity,—that they cannot but realise a certain gentleness of enjoyment. Thus the true bearer of pain would come round to us; and he would not grudge us a share of his burden, though in taking from his trouble it might diminish his pride. Pride is but a bad pleasure at the expense of others. The great object of humanity is to enrich everybody. If it is a task destined not to succeed, it is a good one from its very nature; and fulfils at least a glad destiny of its own. To look upon it austere is in reality the reverse of austerity. It is only such an impatience of the want of pleasure as leads us to grudge it in others; and this impatience itself, if the sufferer knew how to use it, is but another impulse, in the general yearning, towards an equal wealth of enjoyment.

But we shall be getting into other discussions.

—The ground-work of all happiness is health. Take care of this ground; and the doleful imaginations that come to warn us against its abuse, will avoid it. Take care of this ground, and let as many glad imaginations throng to it as possible. Read the magical works of the poets, and they will come. If you doubt their existence, ask yourself whether you feel pleasure at the idea of them; whether you are moved into delicious smiles, or tears as delicious. If you are, the result is the same to you, whether they exist or not. It is not mere words to say, that he who goes through a rich man's park, and sees things in it which never bless the mental eyesight of the possessor, is richer than he. He is richer. More results of pleasure come home to him. The ground is actually more fertile to him: the place haunted with finer shapes. He has more servants to come at his call, and administer to him with full hands. Knowledge, sympathy, imagination, are all divining-rods, with which he discovers treasure. Let a painter go through the grounds, and he will see not only the general colours of green and brown, but their combinations and contrasts, and the modes in which they might again be combined and contrasted. He will also put figures in the landscape if there are none there, flocks and herds,

or a solitary spectator, or Venus lying with her white body among the violets and primroses. Let a musician go through, and he will hear "differences discreet" in the notes of the birds and the lapsing of the water-fall. He will fancy a serenade of wind instruments in the open air at a lady's window, with a voice rising through it; or the horn of the hunter; or the musical cry of the hounds,

Matched in mouth like bells,  
Each under each;

or a solitary voice in a bower, singing for an expected lover; or the chapel organ, waking up like the fountain of the winds. Let a poet go through the grounds, and he will heighten and increase all these sounds and images. He will bring the colours from heaven, and put an unearthly meaning into the voice. He will have stories of the sylvan inhabitants; will shift the population through infinite varieties; will put a sentiment upon every sight and sound; will be human, romantic, supernatural; will make all nature send tribute into that spot.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
While the landscape round it measures;  
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
Towers and battlements it sees,  
Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

But not to go on quoting lines which are ever in people's mouths like a popular tune, take a passage from the same poet less familiar to one's every-day recollections. It is in his Arcadian Masque, which was performed by some of the Derby family at their seat at Harefield near Uxbridge. The Genius of the place, meeting the noble shepherds and shepherdesses, accosts them:—

Stay, gentle swains, for though in this disguise,  
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;  
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
Divine Alphæus, who by secret sluice  
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;  
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good;  
I know this quest of yours, and free intent,  
Was all in honour and devotion meant  
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine;  
And with all helpful service will comply  
To further this night's glad solemnity;  
And lead ye where ye may more near behold  
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;  
Which I, full oft, amidst these shades alone,  
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:  
For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power  
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
In ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove:

And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill ;  
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,  
And heal the arms of thwarting thunder blue,  
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.  
When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round  
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground ;  
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn  
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn  
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
With puissant words and murmurs made to bless.  
But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness  
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I  
To the celestial Syrens' harmony,  
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,  
And the low world in measured motion draw,  
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.

"Milton's Genius of the Grove," says Warton, "being a spirit sent from Jove, and commissioned from heaven to exercise a preternatural guardianship over the 'saplings tall,' to avert every noxious influence, and 'to visit every sprout with puissant words, and murmurs made to bless,' had the privilege, not indulged to gross mortals, of hearing the celestial syrens' harmony. This enjoyment," continues the critic, in the spirit of a true reader, luxuriating over a beautiful thought, "this enjoyment, which is highly imagined, was a relaxation from the duties of his peculiar charge, in the depth of midnight, when the world is locked up in sleep and silence."\* The music of the spheres is the old Platonic or Pythagorean doctrine ; but it remained for Milton to render it a particular midnight recreation to "purged ears," after the earthly toils of the day. And we partake of it with the Genius. We may say of the love of nature, what Shakspeare says of another love, that it

Adds a precious seeing to the eye.

And we may say also, upon the like principle, that it adds a precious hearing to the ear. This and imagination, which ever follows upon it, are the two purifiers of our sense, which rescue us from the deafening babble of common cares, and enable us to hear all the affectionate voices of earth and heaven. The starry orbs, lapsing about in their smooth and sparkling dance, sing to us. The brooks talk to us of solitude. The birds are the animal spirits

\* If the reader wishes to indulge himself in a volume full of sheer poetry with a pleasant companion, familiar with the finest haunts of the Muses, he cannot do better than get *Warton's Edition of the Minor Poems of Milton*. The principal notes have been transferred by Mr. Todd to the sixth volume of his own valuable edition of *Milton's Poetical Works* ; but it is better to have a good thing entire.

of nature, carolling in the air, like a careless lass.

The gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes ; and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils.—*Paradise Lost*, book iv.

The poets are called creators (*Poimnai*, Makers) because with their magical words they bring forth to our eyesight the abundant images and beauties of creation. They put them there, if the reader pleases ; and so are literally creators. But whether put there or discovered, whether created or invented (for invention means nothing but finding out), there they are. If they touch us, they exist to as much purpose as anything else which touches us. If a passage in *King Lear* brings the tears into our eyes, it is real as the touch of a sorrowful hand. If the flow of a song of Anacreon's intoxicates us, it is as true to a pulse within us as the wine he drank. We hear not their sounds with ears, nor see their sights with eyes ; but we hear and see both so truly, that we are moved with pleasure ; and the advantage, nay even the test, of seeing and hearing, at any time, is not in the seeing and hearing, but in the ideas we realise, and the pleasure we derive. Intellectual objects, therefore, inasmuch as they come home to us, are as true a part of the stock of nature, as visible ones ; and they are infinitely more abundant. Between the tree of a country clown and the tree of a Milton or Spenser, what a difference in point of productiveness ! Between the plodding of a sexton through a church-yard, and the walk of a Gray, what a difference ! What a difference between the Bermudas of a ship-builder and the Bermoothes of Shakspeare ! the isle

Full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not ;

the isle of elves and fairies, that chased the tide to and fro on the sea-shore ; of coral-bones and the knell of sea-nymphs : of spirits dancing on the sands, and singing amidst the hushes of the wind ; of Caliban, whose brute nature enchantment had made poetical ; of Ariel, who lay in cowslip bells, and rode upon the bat ; of Miranda, who wept when she saw Ferdinand work so hard, and begged him to let her help ; telling him,

I am your wife, if you will marry me ;  
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow  
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

Such are the discoveries which the poets make for us ; worlds, to which that of Columbus was but a handful of brute matter. America began to be richer for us the other day, when Humboldt came back and told us of its luxuriant and gigantic vegetation ; of the myriads of shooting lights, which revel at evening in the southern sky ; and of that grand constellation, at which Dante seems to have made so remark-



able a guess (*Purgatorio*, cant. i., v. 22). The natural warmth of the Mexican and Peruvian genius, set free from despotism, will soon do all the rest for it ; awaken the sleeping riches of its eye-sight, and call forth the glad music of its affections.

To return to our parks or landscapes, and what the poets can make of them. It is not improbable that Milton, by his Genius of the Grove at Harefield, covertly intended himself. He had been applied to by the Derbys to write some holiday poetry for them. He puts his consent in the mouth of the Genius, whose hand, he says, curls the ringlets of the grove, and who refreshes himself at midnight with listening to the music of the spheres ; that is to say, whose hand confers new beauty on it by its touch, and who has pleasures in solitude far richer and loftier than those of mere patrician mortal.

See how finely Ben Jonson enlivens his description of Penshurst, the family-seat of the Sydneys ; now with the creations of classical mythology, and now with the rural manners of the time.

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show,  
Or touch, of marble ; nor canst boast a row  
Of polished pillows, or a roof of gold ;  
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told ;  
Or stairs, or courts ; but stand'st an ancient pile :  
And these, grudging at, are revered the while.  
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,  
Of wood, of water : therein thou art fair.  
Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport ;  
Thy mount, to which the Dryads do resort ;  
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,  
Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade ;  
That taller tree, which of a nut was set  
At his great birth, where all the Muses met \*.  
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names  
Of many a Sylvan, taken with his flames :  
And thence the ruddy Satyrs oft provoke  
The lighter fawns to reach thy lady's oak.  
Thy copse too, named of Gamage, thou hast there,  
That never fails to serve thee seasoned deer,  
When thou wouldst feast, or exercise thy friends.  
The lower land, that to the river bends,  
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed ;  
The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed :  
Each bank doth yield thee conies ; and thy tops  
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydney copse,  
To crown,—thy open table doth provide  
The purple pheasant with the speckled side.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,  
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.  
The early cherry, with the later plum,  
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come :  
The blushing apricot, and woolly peach,  
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach ;  
And though thy walls be of the country stone,  
They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan ;  
There's none that dwell about them wish them down ;  
But all come in, the farmer and the clown,  
And no one empty-handed, to salute  
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.  
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,  
Some nuts, some apples ; some that think they make

\* Sir Philip Sydney.

The better cheeses, bring 'em ; or else send  
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend  
This way to husbands ; and whose baskets bear  
An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.

Imagination enriches everything. A great library contains not only books, but

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

*Davenant.*

The moon is Homer's and Shakspeare's moon, as well as the one we look at. The sun comes out of his chamber in the east, with a sparkling eye, "rejoicing like a bridegroom." The commonest thing becomes like Aaron's rod, that budded. Pope called up the spirits of the Cabala to wait upon a lock of hair, and justly gave it the honours of a constellation ; for he has hung it, sparkling for ever, in the eyes of posterity. A common meadow is a sorry thing to a ditcher or a coxcomb ; but by the help of its dues from imagination and the love of nature, the grass brightens for us, the air soothes us, we feel as we did in the daisied hours of childhood. Its verdures, its sheep, its hedge-row elms,—all these, and all else which sight, and sound, and associations can give it, are made to furnish a treasure of pleasant thoughts. Even brick and mortar are vivified, as of old, at the harp of Orpheus. A metropolis becomes no longer a mere collection of houses or of trades. It puts on all the grandeur of its history, and its literature ; its towers, and rivers ; its art, and jewellery, and foreign wealth ; its multitude of human beings all intent upon excitement, wise or yet to learn ; the huge and sullen dignity of its canopy of smoke by day ; the wide gleam upwards of its lighted lustre at night-time ; and the noise of its many chariots, heard at the same hour, when the wind sets gently towards some quiet suburb.

### XXXII.—DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

A GRECIAN philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend, that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming ; but the soil on which they pour, would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or

bow quietly and drily down, in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment ; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child ; but, in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness ; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself ; to turn the memory of them into pleasure ; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over-head, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far-distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot ; which links the pleasures of our childhood and manhood together ; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape ; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field ; and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realising her hopes ; and gaiety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments

of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship ; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us ; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could ; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world ; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive ; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything about abilities or otherwise), they are misunderstood if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain ; for it endeavours, at all times, to turn pain into pleasure : or at least to set off the one with the other, to make the former a zest and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this, and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far, indeed, from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain when most unselfish, if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind (and ill-health, for instance, may draw it), we should not quarrel with it if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy ; but in our composition something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible, though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.



Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea\*. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "Of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

### XXXIII.—POETICAL ANOMALIES OF SHAPE.

It is not one of the least instances of the force of habit to see how poetry and mythology can reconcile us to shapes, or rather combinations of shape, unlike anything in nature. The dog-headed deities of the Egyptians were doubtless not so monstrous in their eyes as in

ours. The Centaurs of the Greeks, as Ovid has shown us, could be imagined possessing beauty enough for a human love story; and our imaginations find nothing at all monstrous in the idea of an angel, though it partakes of the nature of the bird. The angel, it is true, is the least departure from humanity. Its wings are not an alteration of the human shape, but an addition to it. Yet, leaving a more awful wonder out of the question, we should be startled to find pinions growing out of the shoulder-blades of a child; and we should wait with anxiety to see of what nature the pinions were, till we became reconciled to them. If they turned out to be ribbed and webbed, like those of the imaginary dragon, conceive the horror! If, on the other hand, they became feathers, and tapered off, like those of a gigantic bird, comprising also grace and splendour, as well as the power of flight, we can easily fancy ourselves reconciled to them. And yet again, on the other hand, the flying women, described in the *Adventures of Peter Wilkins*, do not shock us, though their wings partake of the ribbed and webbed nature, and not at all of the feathered. We admire Peter's gentle and beautiful bride, notwithstanding the phenomenon of the graundee, its light whalebone-like intersections, and its power of dropping about her like drapery. It even becomes a matter of pleasant curiosity. We find it not at all in the way. We can readily apprehend the delight he felt at possessing a creature so kind and sensitive; and can sympathise with him in the happiness of that bridal evening, equally removed from prudery and grossness, which he describes with a mixture of sentiment and voluptuousness beyond all the bridal we ever read.

To imagine anything like a sympathy of this kind, it is of course necessary that the difference of form should consist in addition, and not in alteration. But the un-angel-like texture of the flying apparatus of fair Youwarkee (such, if we remember, is her name) helps to show us the main reason why we are able to receive pleasure from the histories of creatures only half-human. The habit of reading prevents the first shock; but we are reconciled in proportion to their possession of what we are pleased to call human qualities. Kindness is the great elevator. The Centaurs may have killed all the Lapithæ, and shown considerable generalship to boot, without reconciling us to the brute part of them; but the brutality melts away before the story of their two lovers in Ovid. Drunkenness and rapine made beasts of them;—sentiment makes human beings. Polyphemus in Homer is a shocking monster, not because he has only one eye, but because he murders and eats our fellow-creatures. But in Theocritus, where he is Galatea's lover, and sits hopelessly lamenting his passion, we only pity him. His deformity even increases our

\* "I sighed," says old Captain Dalton, "when I envied you the two bonnie children; but I sigh not now to call either the monk or the soldier mine own!"—*Monastery*, vol. iii., p. 341.

pity. We blink the question of beauty, and become one-eyed for his sake. Nature seems to do him an injustice in gifting him with sympathies so human, and at the same time preventing them from being answered; and we feel impatient with the all-beautiful Galatea, if we think she ever showed him scorn as well as unwillingness. We insist upon her avoiding him with the greatest possible respect.

These fictions of the poets, therefore, besides the mere excitement which they give the imagination, assist remotely to break the averseness and uncharitableness of human pride. And they may blunt the point of some fancies that are apt to come upon melancholy minds. When Sir Thomas Brown, in the infinite range of his metaphysical optics, turned his glass, as he no doubt often did, towards the inhabitants of other worlds, the stories of angels and Centaurs would help his imaginative good-nature to a more willing conception of creatures in other planets unlike those on earth; to other "lords of creation;" and other, and perhaps nobler humanities, noble in spirit, though differing in form. If indeed there can be anything in the starry endlessness of existence, nobler than what we can conceive of love and generosity.

#### XXXIV.—SPRING AND DAISIES.

SPRING, while we are writing, is complete. The winds have done their work. The shaken air, well tempered and equalised, has subsided; the genial rains, however thickly they may come, do not saturate the ground, beyond the power of the sun to dry it up again. There are clear crystal mornings; noons of blue sky and white cloud; nights, in which the growing moon seems to lie looking at the stars, like a young shepherdess at her flock. A few days ago she lay gazing in this manner at the solitary evening star, like Diana, on the slope of a valley, looking up at Endymion. His young eye seemed to sparkle out upon the world; while she, bending inwards, her hands behind her head, watched him with an enamoured dumbness.

But this is the quiet of Spring. Its voices and swift movements have come back also. The swallow shoots by us, like an embodied ardour of the season. The glowing bee has his will of the honied flowers, grappling with them as they tremble. We have not yet heard the nightingale or the cuckoo; but we can hear them with our imagination, and enjoy them through the content of those who have.

Then the young green. This is the most apt and perfect mark of the season,—the true issuing forth of the Spring. The trees and bushes are putting forth their crisp fans; the lilac is loaded with bud; the meadows are thick with

the bright young grass, running into sweeps of white and gold with the daisies and buttercups. The orchards announce their riches, in a shower of silver blossoms. The earth in fertile woods is spread with yellow and blue carpets of primroses, violets, and hyacinths, over which the birch-trees, like stooping nymphs, hang with their thickening hair. Lilies-of-the-valley, stocks, columbines, lady-smocks, and the intensely red piony which seems to anticipate the full glow of summertime, all come out to wait upon the season, like fairies from their subterraneous palaces.

Who is to wonder that the idea of love mingles itself with that of this cheerful and kind time of the year, setting aside even common associations? It is not only its youth, and beauty, and budding life, and "the passion of the groves," that exclaim with the poet,

Let those love now, who never loved before;  
And those who always loved, now love the more \*.

All our kindly impulses are apt to have more sentiment in them, than the world suspect; and it is by fetching out this sentiment, and making it the ruling association, that we exalt the impulse into generosity and refinement, instead of degrading it, as is too much the case, into what is selfish, and coarse, and pollutes all our systems. One of the greatest inspirers of love is gratitude,—not merely on its common grounds, but gratitude for pleasures, whether consciously or unconsciously conferred. Thus we are thankful for the delight given us by a kind and sincere face; and if we fall in love with it, one great reason is, that we long to return what we have received. The same feeling has a considerable influence in the love that has been felt for men of talents, whose persons or address have not been much calculated to inspire it. In spring-time, joy awakens the heart: with joy, awakes gratitude and nature; and in our gratitude, we return, on its own principle of participation, the love that has been shown us.

This association of ideas renders solitude in spring, and solitude in winter, two very different things. In the latter, we are better content to bear the feelings of the season by ourselves: in the former they are so sweet as well as so overflowing, that we long to share them. Shakspeare, in one of his sonnets, describes himself as so identifying the beauties of the Spring with the thought of his absent mistress, that he says he forgot them in their own character, and played with them only as with her shadow. See how exquisitely he turns a common-place into this fancy; and what a noble brief portrait of April he gives us at the beginning. There is indeed a wonderful mixture of softness and strength in almost every one of the lines.

\* *Perrigillum Veneris*.—Farnell's translation.



From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;  
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.  
Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:  
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose:  
They were but sweet, but patterns of delight,  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
Yet seemed it winter still; and, you away,  
As with your shadow, I with these did play.

Shakspeare was fond of alluding to April. He did not allow May to have all his regard, because she was richer. *Perdita*, crowned with flowers, in the *Winter's Tale*, is beautifully compared to

Flora,  
Peering in April's front.

There is a line in one of his sonnets, which, agreeably to the image he had in his mind, seems to strike up in one's face, hot and odorous, like perfume in a censer.

In process of the seasons have I seen  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned.

His allusions to Spring are numerous in proportion. We all know the song, containing that fine line, fresh from the most brilliant of pallets:—

When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight.

We owe a long debt of gratitude to the daisy; and we take this opportunity of discharging a millionth part of it. If we undertook to pay it all, we should have had to write such a book, as is never very likely to be written,—a journal of numberless happy hours in childhood, kept with the feelings of an infant and the pen of a man. For it would take, we suspect, a depth of delight and a subtlety of words, to express even the vague joy of infancy, such as our learned departures from natural wisdom would find it more difficult to put together, than criticism and comfort, or an old palate and a young relish.—But knowledge is the widening and the brightening road that must conduct us back to the joys from which it led us; and which it is destined perhaps to secure and extend. We must not quarrel with its asperities, when we can help.

We do not know the Greek name of the daisy, nor do the dictionaries inform us; and we are not at present in the way of consulting books that might. We always like to see what the Greeks say to these things, because they had a sentiment in their enjoyments. The Latins called the daisy *Bellis* or *Bellus*, as much as to say *Nice One*. With the French and Italians it has the same name as a *Pearl*,—*Marguerite*, *Margarita*, or, by way of endear-

ment, *Margheretina*\*. The same word was the name of a woman, and occasioned infinite intermixtures of compliment about pearls, daisies, and fair mistresses. Chaucer, in his beautiful poem of the *Flower and the Leaf*, which is evidently imitated from some French poetess, says,

And at the laste there began anon  
A lady for to sing right womanly  
A bargaret† in praising the daisie,  
For as me thought among her notes sweet,  
She said “Si douset est la Margarete.”

“The Margaret is so sweet.” Our Margaret, however, in this allegorical poem, is undervalued in comparison with the laurel; yet Chaucer perhaps was partly induced to translate it on account of its making the figure that it does; for he has informed us more than once, in a very particular manner, that it was his favourite flower. There is an interesting passage to this effect in his *Legend of Good Women*; where he says, that nothing but the daisied fields in spring could take him from his books.

And as for me, though that I can ‡ but lite  
On bookes for to read I me delight,  
And to hem give I faith and full credence,  
And in my heart have hem in reverence,  
So heartily, that there is game none,  
That from my bookes maketh me to gone,  
But it be seldom, on the holy day;  
Save certainly, when that the month of May  
Is comen, and that I hear the foulès sing,  
And that the flowers ginnen for to spring,  
Farewell my booke, and my devotion.  
Now have I then eke this condition,  
That, of all the flowers in the mead,  
Then love I most those flowers white and red,  
Such that men callen daisies in our town.  
To hem I have so great affection,  
As I said erst, when comen is the May,  
That in the bed there daweth § me no day,  
That I nam up and walking in the mead,  
To seen this flower agenst the sunne spread,  
When it upriseth early by the morrow,  
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow.  
So glad am I, when that I have presence  
Of it, to done it all reverence,  
As she that is of all flowers the flower.

He says that he finds it ever new, and that he shall love it till his “heart dies:” and afterwards, with a natural picture of his resting on the grass,

Adown full softléy I gan to sink,  
And leaning on my elbow and my side,  
The long day I shope || me for to abide  
For nothing else, and I shall not lie,  
But for to look upon the daisie;  
That well by reason men it call may  
The daisie, or else the eye of day.

This etymology, which we have no doubt is the real one, is repeated by Ben Jonson, who

\* This word is originally Greek,—*Margarites*; and as the Franks probably brought it from Constantinople, perhaps they brought its association with the daisy also.

† Bargaret, Bergerette, a little pastoral.

‡ Know but little.

§ Dawneth.

|| Shaped.

takes occasion to spell the word "days-eyes;" adding, with his usual tendency to overdo a matter of learning,

Days-eyes, and the lippes of cows ;

videlicet, cowslips : which is a disentanglement of compounds, in the style of our pleasant parodists :

———Puddings of the plum,  
And fingers of the lady.

Mr. Wordsworth introduces his homage to the daisy with a passage from George Wither ; which, as it is an old favourite of ours, and extremely applicable both to this article and our whole work, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of repeating. It is the more interesting, inasmuch as it was written in prison, where the freedom of the author's opinions had thrown him\*. He is speaking of his Muse, or Imagination.

Her divine skill taught me this ;  
That from every thing I saw  
I could some instruction draw,  
And raise pleasure to the height  
From the meanest object's sight.  
By the murmur of a spring,  
Or the least bough's rustelling ;  
By a daisy, whose leaves spread  
Shut, when Titan goes to bed ;  
Or a shady bush or tree ;  
She could more infuse in me,  
Than all Nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man.

Mr. Wordsworth undertakes to patronise the *Celandine*, because nobody else will notice it ; which is a good reason. But though he tells us, in a startling piece of information, that

Poets, vain men in their mood,  
Travel with the multitude,

yet he falls in with his old brethren of England and Normandy, and becomes loyal to the daisy.

Be violets in their secret mews  
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs chuse ;  
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews  
Her head impearling ;  
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;  
Thou art indeed, by many a claim,  
The poet's darling.

\* \* \* \* \*

A nun demure, of lowly port ;  
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,  
In thy simplicity the sport  
Of all temptations ;  
A queen in crown of rubies drest ;  
A starveling in a scanty vest ;  
Are all, as seem to suit thee best,  
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye  
Staring to threaten or defy,—  
That thought comes next, and instantly

\* It is not generally known, that Chaucer was four years in prison, in his old age, on the same account. He was a Wickliffite,—one of the precursors of the Reformation. His prison, doubtless, was no diminisher of his love of the daisy.

The freak is over ;  
The freak will vanish, and behold !  
A silver shield with boss of gold,  
That spreads itself, some fairy bold  
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar ;  
And then thou art a pretty star,  
Not quite so fair as many are  
In heaven above thee !  
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
Self-poised in air, thou seem'st to rest ;—  
May peace come never to his nest,  
Who shall reprove thee.

Sweet flower ! for by that name at last,  
When all my reveries are past,  
I call thee, and to that cleave fast ;  
Sweet silent creature !  
That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
Of thy meek nature.

Mr. Wordsworth calls the daisy "an unassuming common-place of Nature," which it is ; and he praises it very becomingly for discharging its duties so cheerfully, in that universal character. But we cannot agree with him in thinking that it has a "homely face." Not that we should care, if it had ; for homeliness does not make ugliness ; but we appeal to everybody, whether it is proper to say this of *la belle Marguerite*. In the first place, its shape is very pretty and slender, but not too much so. Then it has a boss of gold, set round and irradiated with silver points. Its yellow and fair white are in so high a taste of contrast, that Spenser has chosen the same colours for a picture of Leda reposing :

Oh wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man !  
That her in daffodillies sleeping laid,  
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade.

It is for the same reason, that the daisy, being chiefly white, makes such a beautiful show in company with the buttercup. But this is not all ; for look at the back, and you find its fair petals blushing with a most delightful red. And how compactly and delicately is the neck set in green ! *Belle et douce Marguerite, aimable sœur du roi Kingcup*, we would tilt for thee with a hundred pens, against the stoutest poet that did not find perfection in thy cheek.

But here somebody may remind us of the spring showers, and what drawbacks they are upon going into the fields.—Not at all so, when the spring is really confirmed, and the showers but April-like and at intervals. Let us turn our imaginations to the bright side of spring, and we shall forget the showers. You see they have been forgotten just this moment. Besides, we are not likely to stray too far into the fields ; and if we should, are there not hats, bonnets, barns, cottages, elm-trees, and good wills ? We may make these things zests, if we please, instead of drawbacks.



## XXXV.—MAY-DAY.

MAY-DAY is a word, which used to awaken in the minds of our ancestors all the ideas of youth, and verdure, and blossoming, and love; and hilarity; in short, the union of the two best things in the world, the love of nature, and the love of each other. It was the day, on which the arrival of the year at maturity was kept, like that of a blooming heiress. They caught her eye as she was coming, and sent up hundreds of songs of joy.

Now the bright Morning-Star, Day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.  
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;  
Hill and dale, doth boast thy blessing.  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

These songs were stopped by Milton's friends the Puritans, whom in his old age he differed with, most likely on these points among others. But till then, they appear to have been as old, all over Europe, as the existence of society. The Druids are said to have had festivals in honour of May. Our Teutonic ancestors had, undoubtedly; and in the countries which had constituted the Western Roman Empire, Flora still saw thanks paid for her flowers, though her worship had gone away\*.

The homage which was paid to the Month of Love and flowers, may be divided into two sorts, the general and the individual. The first consisted in going with others to gather May, and in joining in sports and games afterwards. On the first of the month, "the juvenile part of both sexes," says Bourne, in his *Popular Antiquities*, "were wont to rise a little after midnight and walk to some neighbouring wood, where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this was done, they returned with their booty about the rising of the sun, and made their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day was chiefly spent in dancing round a May-pole, which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stood there, as it were, consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation offered to it, in the whole circle of the year." Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, has detailed the circumstances, in a style like a rustic dance.

\* The great May holiday observed over the West of Europe was known for centuries, up to a late period, under the name of the Belte, or Beltane. Such a number of etymologies, all perplexingly probable, have been found for this word, that we have been surprised to miss among them that of *Bel-temps*, the Fine Time or Season. Thus *Printemps*, the First Time, or Prime Season, is the Spring.

Younge folke now flocken in—every where  
To gather May-busquets \*—and swelling brere;  
And home they hasten—the postes to dight,  
And all the kirk-pilours—eare day-light,  
With hawthorne buds—and sweet eglantine,  
And girlonds of roses—and soppes in wine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sicker this morowe, no longer agoe,  
I saw a shole of shepherds outgoe  
With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere;  
Before them yode † a lustie tabrere ‡  
That to the many a hornpipe played,  
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.  
To see these folks make such jovisaunce,  
Made my heart after the pipe to daunce.  
Tho § to the greene wood they speeden hem all,  
To fetchen home May with their musickal;  
And home they bringen, in a royall throne,  
Crowned as king; and his queen attone ¶  
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend  
A fayre flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend  
Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there  
To helpen the ladies their May-bush beare.

The day was passed in sociality and manly sports;—in archery, and running, and pitching the bar,—in dancing, singing, playing music, acting Robin Hood and his company, and making a well-earned feast upon all the country dainties in season. It closed with an award of prizes.

As I have seen the Lady of the May,  
Set in an arbour (on a holiday)  
Built by the Maypole, where the jocund swains  
Dance with the maidens to the bag-pipe's strains,  
When envious night commands them to be gone,  
Call for the merry youngsters one by one,  
And for their well performance soon disposes,  
To this a garland interwove with roses,  
To that a carved hook, or well-wrought scrip,  
Gracing another with her cherry lip;  
To one her garter, to another then  
A handkerchief cast o'er and o'er again;  
And none returneth empty, that hath spent  
His pains to fill their rural merriment¶.

Among the gentry and at court the spirit of the same enjoyments took place, modified according to the taste or rank of the entertainers. The most universal amusement, agreeably to the general current in the veins, and the common participation of flesh and blood (for rank knows no distinction of legs and knee-pans), was dancing. Contests of chivalry supplied the place of more rural gymnastics. But the most poetical and elaborate entertainment was the Mask. A certain flowery grace was sprinkled over all; and the finest spirits of the

\* *Busquets*—*Bosquets*—*Bushes*—from *Boschetti, Ital.*

† *Yode*, Went.

‡ *Tabrere*, a Tabourer.

§ *Tho*, Then.

¶ *Attone*, At once—With him.

¶ *Britannia's Pastorals*, by William Browne. Song the 4th. Browne, like his friend Wither, from whom we quoted a passage last week, wanted strength and the power of selection; though not to such an extent. He is however well worth reading by those who can expatiate over a pastoral subject, like a meadowy tract of country; finding out the beautiful spots, and gratified, if not much delighted, with the rest. His genius, which was by no means destitute of the social part of passion, seems to have been turned almost wholly to description, by the beauties of his native county Devonshire.

time thought they showed both their manliness and wisdom, in knowing how to raise the pleasures of the season to their height. Sir Philip Sydney, the idea of whom has come down to us as a personification of all the refinement of that age, is fondly recollected by Spenser in this character.

His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,  
Sweet without soure, and honey without gall :  
And he himself seemed made for merriment,  
Merrily masking both in bowre and hall.  
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,  
When Astrophel soever was away.

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,  
Amongst the shepheards in their shearing feast ;  
As somer's lark that with her song doth greet  
The dawning day forth coming from the East.  
And layes of love he also could compose ;  
Thrice happie she, whom he to praise did choose.

*Astrophel, st. 5.*

Individual homage to the month of May consisted in paying respect to it though alone, and in plucking flowers and flowering boughs to adorn apartments with.

This maiden, in a morn betime,  
Went forth when May was in the prime  
To get sweet setywall,  
The honey-suckle, the harlock,  
The lily, and the lady-smock,  
To deck her summer-hall.

*Drayton's Pastorals, Eclog. 4.*

But when morning pleasures are to be spoken of, the lovers of poetry who do not know Chaucer, are like those who do not know what it is to be up in the morning. He has left us two exquisite pictures of the solitary observance of May, in his *Palamon and Arcite*. They are the more curious, inasmuch as the actor in one is a lady, and in the other a knight. How far they owe any of their beauty to his original, the *Theseide of Boccaccio*, we cannot say ; for we never had the happiness of meeting with that rare work. The Italians have so neglected it, that they have not only never given it a rifacimento or re-modelling, as in the instance of Boiardo's poem, but are almost as much unacquainted with it, we believe, as foreign nations. Chaucer thought it worth his while to be both acquainted with it, and to make others so ; and we may venture to say, that we know of no Italian after Boccaccio's age who was so likely to understand him to the core, as his English admirer, Ariosto not excepted. Still, from what we have seen of Boccaccio's poetry, we can imagine the *Theseide* to have been too lax and long. If Chaucer's *Palamon and Arcite* be all that he thought proper to distil from it, it must have been greatly so ; for it was an epic. But at all events the essence is an exquisite one. The tree must have been a fine old enormity, from which such honey could be drawn.

To begin, as in duty bound, with the lady. How she sparkles through the antiquity of the language, like a young beauty in an old hood !

Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,  
Till it felle ones in a morowe of May,  
That Emelie—

But we will alter the spelling where we can, as in a former instance, merely to let the reader see what a notion is in his way, if he suffers the look of Chaucer's words to prevent his enjoying him.

Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,  
Till it fell once, in a morrow of May,  
That Emily, that fairer was to seen  
Than is the lily upon his stalk green,  
And fresher than the May with flowers new,  
(For with the rosy colour strove her hue ;  
I n'ot which was the finer of them two)  
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,  
She was arisen and all ready dight,  
For May will have no sluggardy a-night :  
The season pricketh every gentle heart,  
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,  
And saith " Arise, and do thine observance."

This maketh Emily have remembrance  
To do honour to May, and for to rise.  
Yeclothed was she, fresh for to devise :  
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,  
Behind her back, a yard\* long I guess :  
And in the garden, at the sun uprist,  
She walketh up and down where as her list ;  
She gathereth flowers, party white and red  
To make a subtle garland for her head ;  
And as an angel, heavenly she sung.  
The great tower, that was so thick and strong,  
Which of the castle was the chief dongeon,  
(Where as these knights weren in prison,  
Of which I told\* you, and tellen shall)  
Was even joinant to the garden wall,  
There as this Emily had her playing.

Bright was the sun, and clear that morwëning—

[How finely, to our ears at least, the second line of the couplet always rises up from this full stop at the first !]

Bright was the sun, and clear that morwëning  
And Palamon, this woeful prisoner,  
As was his wont, by leave of his jailer,  
Was risen, and roamed in a chamber on high,  
In which he all the noble city sigh †,  
And eke the garden, full of branches green,  
There as this fresh Emilia the sheen ‡  
Was in her walk, and roamed up and down.

Sir Walter Scott, in his edition of Dryden, says upon the passage before us, and Dryden's version of it, that " the modern must yield the palm to the ancient, in spite of the beauty of his versification." We quote from memory, but this is the substance of his words. For our parts, we agree with them, as to the consignment of the palm, but not as to the exception about the versification. With some allowance as to our present mode of accentuation, it appears to us to be touched with a finer sense of music even than Dryden's. It is more delicate, without any inferiority in strength, and still more various.

But to our other portrait. It is as sparkling with young manhood, as the former is with a

\* These additional syllables are to be read slightly, like the *e* in French verse.

† Saw.

‡ The shining.



gentler freshness. What a burst of radiant joy is in the second couplet; what a vital quickness in the comparison of the horse, "starting as the fire;" and what a native and happy ease in the conclusion!

The busy lark, the messenger of day,  
Saluteth \* in her song the morrow gray;  
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,  
That all the orient laugheth of the sight;  
And with his strêmes drieth in the graves †  
The silver droppès hanging in the leaves;  
And Arcite, that is in the court real ‡  
With Theseus the squier principal,  
Is risen, and looketh on the merry day;  
And for to do his observance to May,  
Rememb'ring on the point of his desire,  
He on the courser, starting as the fire,  
Is ridden to the fields him to play,  
Out of the court, were it a mile or tway:  
And to the grove, of which that I you told,  
By aventure his way 'gan to hold,  
To make him a garland of the groves,  
Were it of woodbind or of hawthorn leaves,  
And loud he sung against the sunny sheen:  
"O May, with all thy flowers and thy green,  
Right welcome be thou, faire freshè May:  
I hope that I some green here gotten may."  
And from his courser, with a lusty heart,  
Into the grove full hastily he start,  
And in the path he roamed up and down.

The versification of this is not so striking as the other, but Dryden again falls short in the freshness and feeling of the sentiment. His lines are beautiful; but they do not come home to us with so happy and cordial a face. Here they are. The word morning in the first line, as it is repeated in the second, we are bound to consider as a slip of the pen; perhaps for mounting.

The morning-lark, the messenger of day,  
Saluteth in her song the morning gray;  
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,  
That all the horizon laughed to see the joyous sight:  
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,  
And licks the drooping leaves and dries the dew;  
When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay  
Observance to the month of merry May:  
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,  
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:  
At ease he seemed, and prancing o'er the plains,  
Turned only to the grove his horse's reins,  
The grove I named before; and, lighted there,  
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;  
Then turned his face against the rising day,  
And raised his voice to welcome in the May:  
"For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,  
If not the first, the fairest of the year:  
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,  
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:  
When thy short reign is past, the feverish Sun  
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.  
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,  
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,  
As thou shalt guide my wandering steps to find  
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind."  
His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd.

How poor is this to Arcite's leaping from his courser "with a lusty heart!" How inferior the common-place of the "fiery steed," which need not involve any actual notion in the writer's

mind, to the courser "starting as the fire;"—how inferior the turning his face to "the rising day" and raising his voice to the singing "loud against the sunny sheen;" and lastly, the whole learned invocation and adjuration of May, about guiding his "wandering steps" and "so may thy tender blossoms" &c. to the call upon the "fair fresh May," ending with that simple, quick-hearted line, in which he hopes he shall get "some green here;" a touch in the happiest vivacity! Dryden's genius, for the most part, wanted faith in nature. It was too gross and sophisticate. There was as much difference between him and his original, as between a hot noon in perukes at St. James's, and one of Chaucer's lounges on the grass, of a May-morning.

All this worship of May is over now. There is no issuing forth, in glad companies, to gather boughs; no adorning of houses with "the flowery spoil;" no songs, no dances, no village sports and coronations, no courtly poetries, no sense and acknowledgment of the quiet presence of nature, in grove or glade.

O dolce primavera, o fior novelli,  
O aure, o arboscelli, o fresche erbette,  
O piagge benedette; o colli, o monti,  
O valli, o fiumi, o fonti, o verdi rivi,  
Palme lauri, ed olive, edere e mirti;  
O gloriosi spiriti de gli boschi;  
O Eco, o antri foschi, o chiare linfe,  
O faretrate ninfe, o agresti Pani,  
O Satiri e Silvani, o Fauni e Driadi,  
Naiadi ed Amadriadi, o Semidee,  
Oreadi e Napee,—or siete sole.—Sannazzaro.

O thou delicious spring, O ye new flowers,  
O airs, O youngling bowers; fresh thickening grass,  
And plains beneath heaven's face; O hills and mountains,  
Valleys, and streams, and fountains; banks of green,  
Myrtles, and palms serene, ivies, and bays;  
And ye who warmed old lays, spirits o' the woods,  
Echoes, and solitudes, and lakes of light;  
O quivered virgins bright, Pans rustical,  
Satyrs and Sylvans all, Dryades, and ye  
That up the mountains be; and ye beneath  
In meadow or flowery heath,—ye are alone.

Two hundred years ago, our ancestors used to delight in anticipating their May holidays. Bigotry came in, and frowned them away; then Debauchery, and identified all pleasures with the town; then Avarice, and we have ever since been mistaking the means for the end.

Fortunately, it does not follow that we shall continue to do so. Commerce, while it thinks it is only exchanging commodities, is helping to diffuse knowledge. All other gains,—all selfish and extravagant systems of acquisition,—tend to over-do themselves, and to topple down by their own undiffused magnitude. The world, as it learns other things, may learn not to confound the means with the end, or at least (to speak more philosophically), a really poor means with a really richer. The veriest cricket-player on a green has as sufficient a quantity of excitement as a fundholder or a

\* Saluteth.

† Groves.

‡ Royal.

partisan ; and health, and spirits, and manliness to boot. Knowledge may go on ; must do so, from necessity ; and should do so, for the ends we speak of ; but knowledge, so far from being incompatible with simplicity of pleasures, is the quickest to perceive its wealth. Chaucer would lie for hours, looking at the daisies. Scipio and Lælius could amuse themselves with making ducks and drakes on the water. Epaminondas, the greatest of all the active spirits of Greece, was a flute-player and dancer. Alfred the Great could act the whole part of a minstrel. Epicurus taught the riches of temperance and intellectual pleasure in a garden. The other philosophers of his country walked between heaven and earth in the colloquial bowers of Academus ; and "the wisest heart of Solomon," who found everything vain because he was a king, has left us panegyrics on the Spring and the "voice of the turtle," because he was a poet, a lover, and a wise man.

#### XXXVI.—SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE fifth of May, making the due allowance of twelve days from the twenty-third of April, according to the change of the Style, is the birthday of Shakspeare. Pleasant thoughts must be associated with him in everything. If he is not to be born in April, he must be born in May. Nature will have him with her on her blithest holidays, like her favourite lover.

O thou divine human creature—greater name than even divine poet or divine philosopher—and yet thou wast all three—a very spring and vernal abundance of all fair and noble things is to be found in thy productions ! They are truly a second nature. We walk in them, with whatever society we please ; either with men, or fair women, or circling spirits, or with none but the whispering airs and leaves. Thou makest worlds of green trees and gentle natures for us, in thy forests of Arden, and thy courtly retirements of Navarre. Thou bringest us among the holiday lasses on the green sward ; layest us to sleep among fairies in the bowers of midsummer ; wakest us with the song of the lark and the silver-sweet voices of lovers : bringest more music to our ears, both from earth and from the planets ; anon settest us upon enchanted islands, where it welcomes us again, from the touching of invisible instruments ; and after all, restorest us to our still desired haven, the arms of humanity. Whether grieving us or making us glad, thou makest us kinder and happier. The tears which thou fetchest down, are like the rains of April, softening the times that come after them. Thy smiles are those of the month of love, the more blessed and universal for the tears.

The birth-days of such men as Shakspeare ought to be kept, in common gratitude and

affection, like those of relations whom we love. He has said, in a line full of him, that

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

How near does he become to us with his thousand touches ! The lustre and utility of intellectual power is so increasing in the eyes of the world, that we do not despair of seeing the time when his birthday will be a subject of public rejoicing ; when the regular feast will be served up in tavern and dwelling-house, the bust crowned with laurel, and the theatres sparkle with illuminations.

In the mean time, it is in the power of every admirer of Shakspeare to honour the day privately. Rich or poor, busy or at leisure, all may do it. The busiest finds time to eat his dinner, and may pitch one considerate glass of wine down his throat. The poorest may call him to mind, and drink his memory in honest water. We had mechanically written *health*, as if he were alive. So he is in spirit ;—and the spirit of such a writer is so constantly with us, that it would be a good thing, a judicious extravagance, a contemplative piece of jollity, to drink his health instead of his memory. But this, we fear, should be an impulse. We must content ourselves with having felt it here, and drinking it in imagination. To act upon it, as a proposal of the day before yesterday, might be too much like getting up an extempore gesture, or practising an unspeakable satisfaction.

An outline, however, may be drawn of the manner in which such a birth-day might be spent. The tone and colouring would be filled up, of course, according to the taste of the parties.—If any of our readers, then, have leisure as well as inclination to devote a day to the memory of Shakspeare, we would advise them, in the first place, to walk out, whether alone or in company, and enjoy during the morning as much as possible of those beauties of nature, of which he has left us such exquisite pictures. They would take a volume of him in their hands the most suitable to the occasion ; not to hold themselves bound to sit down and read it, nor even to refer to it, if the original work of nature should occupy them too much ; but to read it, if they read anything ; and to feel that Shakspeare was with them substantially as well as spiritually ;—that they had him with them under their arm. There is another thought connected with his presence, which may render the Londoner's walk the more interesting. Shakspeare had neither the vanity which induces a man to be disgusted with what everybody can enjoy ; nor, on the other hand, the involuntary self-degradation which renders us incapable of enjoying what is abased by our own familiarity of acquaintance-ship. About the metropolis, therefore, there is perhaps not a single rural spot, any more than about Stratford-upon-Avon, which he has not



himself enjoyed. The south side of London was the one nearest his theatre. Hyde Park was then, as it is now, one of the fashionable promenades. Richmond also was in high pride of estimation. At Greenwich Elizabeth held her court, and walked abroad amid the gallant service of the Sydneys and Raleighs. And Hampstead and Highgate, with the country about them, were, as they have been ever since, the favourite resort of the lovers of natural productions. Nay, without repeating what we said in a former number about the Mermaid in Cornhill, the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and other town associations with Shakspeare, the reader who cannot get out of London on his birth-day, and who has the luck to be hard at work in Chancery-lane or the Borough, may be pretty certain that Shakspeare has admired the fields and the May flowers there; for the fields were close to the latter, perhaps came up to the very walls of the theatre; and the suburban mansion and gardens of his friend Lord Southampton occupied the spot now called Southampton-buildings. It was really a country neighbourhood. The Old Bourne (Holborn) ran by with a bridge over it; and Gray's Inn was an Academic bower in the fields.

The dinner does not much signify. The sparest or the most abundant will suit the various fortunes of the great poet; only it will be as well for those who can afford wine, to pledge Falstaff in a cup of "sherris sack," which seems to have been a sort of sherry negus. After dinner Shakspeare's volumes will come well on the table; lying among the dessert like laurels, where there is one, and supplying it where there is not. Instead of songs, the persons present may be called upon for scenes. But no stress need be laid on this proposition, if they do not like to read out aloud. The pleasure of the day should be as much at liberty as possible; and if the company prefer conversation, it will not be very easy for them to touch upon any subject which Shakspeare shall not have touched upon also. If the enthusiasm is in high taste, the ladies should be crowned with violets, which (next to the roses of their lips) seem to have been his favourite flower. After tea should come singing and music, especially the songs which Arne set from his plays, and the ballad of *Thou soft-flowing Avon*. If an engraving or bust of him could occupy the principal place in the room, it would look like the "present deity" of the occasion; and we have known a very pleasant effect produced by everybody's bringing some quotation applicable to him from his works, and laying it before his image, to be read in the course of the evening.

## XXXVII.—LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

AMONG the pieces printed at the end of Chaucer's works, and attributed to him, is a translation, under this title, of a poem of the celebrated Alain Chartier, secretary to Charles the Sixth and Seventh. It was the title which suggested to a friend the verses at the end of our present Number\*. We wish Alain could have seen them. He would have found a Troubadour air for them, and sung them to *La Belle Dame Agnes Sorel*, who was, however, not *Sans Mercy*. The union of the imaginative and the real is very striking throughout, particularly in the dream. The wild gentleness of the rest of the thoughts and of the music are alike old, and they are also alike young; for love and imagination are always young, let them bring with them what times and accompaniments they may. If we take real flesh and blood with us, we may throw ourselves, on the facile wings of our sympathy, into what age we please. It is only by trying to feel, as well as to fancy, through the medium of a costume, that writers become fleshless masks and cloaks—things like the trophies of the ancients, when they hung up the empty armour of an enemy.

## LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,  
With anguish moist and fever dew;  
And on thy cheek a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long;  
For sideways would she lean and sing  
A fairy's song.

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She look'd at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew;  
And sure in language strange she said,  
I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she gazed and sighed deep,  
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—  
So kiss'd to sleep.

\* The late Mr. Keats. This beautiful little effusion is reprinted in the *Indicator*, where it originally appeared, because it is not to be found in the collected works of that delightful poet.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,  
And there I dream'd, ah woe betide.  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
Who cried, "La Belle Dame Sans Mercy  
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloom  
With horrid warning gaped wide,  
And I awoke and found me here,  
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

CAVIARE.\*

### XXXVIII. OF STICKS.

AMONG other comparative injuries which we are accustomed to do to the characters of things animate and inanimate, in order to gratify our human vanity, such as calling a rascal a dog (which is a great compliment), and saying that a tyrant makes a beast of himself (which it would be a very good thing, and a lift in the world, if he could), is a habit in which some persons indulge themselves, of calling insipid things and persons *sticks*. Such and such a one is said to write a stick; and such another is himself called a stick;—a poor stick, a mere stick, a stick of a fellow.

We protest against this injustice done to those useful and once flourishing sons of a good old stock. Take, for instance, a common cherry stick, which is one of the favourite sort. In the first place, it is a very pleasant substance to look at, the grain running round it in glossy and shadowy rings. Then it is of primæval antiquity, handed down from scion to scion through the most flourishing of genealogical trees. In the third place, it is of Eastern origin; of a stock, which it is possible may have furnished Haroun Al Raschid with a djereed, or Mahomet with a camel-stick, or Xenophon in his famous retreat with fences, or Xerxes with tent-pins, or Alexander with a javelin, or Sardanapalus with tarts, or Solomon with a simile for his mistress' lips, or Jacob with a crook, or Methusalem with shadow, or Zoroaster with mathematical instruments, or the builders of Babel with scaffolding. Lastly, how do you know but that you may have eaten cherries off this very stick? for it was once alive with sap, and rustling with foliage, and powdered with blossoms, and red and laughing with fruit. Where the leathern tassel now hangs, may have dangled a bunch of berries; and instead of the brass ferule poking in the

mud, the tip was growing into the air with its youngest green.

The use of sticks in general is of the very greatest antiquity. It is impossible to conceive a state of society in which boughs should not be plucked from trees for some purpose of utility or amusement. Savages use clubs, hunters require lances, and shepherds their crooks. Then came the sceptre, which is originally nothing but a staff, or a lance, or a crook, distinguished from others. The Greek word for sceptre signifies also a walking-stick. A mace, however plumped up and disguised with gilding and a heavy crown, is only the same thing in the hands of an inferior ruler; and so are all other sticks used in office, from the baton of the Grand Constable of France down to the tipstaff of a constable in Bow-street. As the shepherd's dog is the origin of the gentlest whelp that lies on a hearth-cushion, and of the most pompous barker that jumps about a pair of greys, so the merest stick used by a modern Arcadian, when he is driving his flock to Leadenhall-market with a piece of candle in his hat, and No. 554 on his arm, is the first great parent and original of all authoritative staves, from the beadle's cane wherewith he terrifies charity-boys who eat bull's-eyes in church-time, up to the silver mace of the verger, to the wands of parishes and governors,—the tasselled staff, wherewith the Band-Major so loftily picks out his measured way before the musicians, and which he holds up when they are to cease; to the White Staff of the Lord Treasurer; the court-officer emphatically called the Lord Gold Stick; the Bishop's Crosier (Pedum Episcopale), whereby he is supposed to pull back the feet of his straying flock; and the royal and imperial sceptre aforesaid, whose holders, formerly called Shepherds of the people (Ποιμένες Λαών), were seditiously said to fleece more than to protect. The Vaulting-Staff, a luxurious instrument of exercise, must have been used in times immemorial for passing streams and rough ground with. It is the ancestor of the staff with which Pilgrims travelled. The Staff and Quarter-Staff of the country Robin Hoods is a remnant of the war-club. So is the Irish Shilelah, which a friend has well defined to be "a stick with two butt-ends." The originals of all these, that are not extant in our own country, may still be seen wherever there are nations uncivilised. The Negro Prince, who asked our countrymen what was said of him in Europe, was surrounded in state with a parcel of ragged fellows with shilelahs over their shoulders—Lord Old Sticks.

But sticks have been great favourites with civilised as well as uncivilised nations; only the former have used them more for help and ornament. The Greeks were a sceptropherous people. Homer probably used a walking-stick because he was blind; but we have it on au-

\* "Caviare to the multitude."—*Hamlet*. The signature was of Mr. Keats's own putting; a touching circumstance, when we call to mind the treatment he met with, and consider how his memory has triumphed over it.



thority that Socrates did. On his first meeting with Xenophon, which was in a narrow passage, he barred up the way with his stick, and asked him, in his good-natured manner, where provisions were to be had. Xenophon having told him, he asked again, if he knew where virtue and wisdom were to be had; and this reducing the young man to a nonplus, he said, "Follow me, and learn;" which Xenophon did, and became the great man we have all heard of. The fatherly story of Agesilaus, who was caught amusing his little boy with riding on a stick, and asked his visitor whether he was a father, is too well known for repetition.

There is an illustrious anecdote connected with our subject in Roman history. The highest compliment which his countrymen thought they could pay to the first Scipio, was to call him a walking-stick; for such is the signification of his name. It was given him for the filial zeal with which he used to help his old father about, serving his decrepit age instead of a staff. But the Romans were not remarkable for sentiment. What we hear in general of their sticks, is the thumpings which servants get in their plays; and above all, the famous rods which the lictors carried, and which being actual sticks, must have inflicted horrible dull bruises and malignant stripes. They were pretty things, it must be confessed, to carry before the chief magistrate! just as if the King or the Lord Chancellor were to be preceded by a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Sticks are not at all in such request with modern times as they were. Formerly, we suspect, most of the poorer ranks in England used to carry them, both on account of the prevalence of manly sports, and for security in travelling; for before the invention of posts and mail-coaches, a trip to Scotland or Northumberland was a thing to make a man write his will. As they came to be ornamented, fashion adopted them. The Cavaliers of Charles the First's time were a sticked race, as well as the apostolic divines and puritans, who appear to have carried staves, because they read of them among the patriarchs. Charles the First, when at his trial, held out his stick to forbid the Attorney-General's proceeding. There is an interesting little story connected with a stick, which is related of Andrew Marvell's father, (worthy of such a son,) and which, as it is little known, we will repeat; though it respects the man more than the machine. He had been visited by a young lady, who in spite of a stormy evening persisted in returning across the Humber, because her family would be alarmed at her absence. The old gentleman, high-hearted and cheerful, after vainly trying to dissuade her from perils which he understood better than she, resolved in his gallantry to bear her company. He accordingly walked with her down to the shore, and getting into the boat, threw his stick to a friend, with

a request, in a lively tone of voice, that he would preserve it for a keepsake. He then cried out merrily "Ho-hoy for heaven!" and put off with his visitor. They were drowned.

As commerce increased, exotic sticks grew in request from the Indies. Hence the Bamboo, the Whanghee, the Jambee which makes such a genteel figure under Mr. Lilly's auspices in the Tatler; and our light modern cane, which the Sunday stroller buys at sixpence the piece, with a twist of it at the end for a handle. The physicians, till within the last few score of years, retained among other fopperies which they converted into gravities, the wig and gold-headed cane. The latter had been an indispensable sign-royal of fashion, and was turned to infinite purposes of accomplished gesticulation. One of the most courtly personages in the Rape of the Lock is

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,  
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Sir Richard Steele, as we have before noticed, is reproached by a busy-body of those times for a habit of jerking his stick against the pavement as he walked. When swords were abolished by Act of Parliament, the tavern-boys took to pinking each other, as injuriously as they could well manage, with their walking-sticks. Macklin the player was tried for his life for poking a man's eye out in this way. Perhaps this helped to bring the stick into disrepute; for the use of it seems to have declined more and more, till it is now confined to old men, and a few among the younger. It is unsuitable to our money-getting mode of rushing hither and thither. Instead of pinking a man's ribs or so, or thrusting out his eye from an excess of the jovial, we break his heart with a bankruptcy.

Canes became so common before the decline of the use of sticks, that whenever a man is beaten with a stick, let it be of what sort it may, it is still common to say that he has had a "caning;" which reminds us of an anecdote more agreeable than surprising; though the patient doubtless thought the reverse. A gentleman, who was remarkable for the amenity of his manners, accompanied by a something which a bully might think it safe to presume upon, found himself compelled to address a person who did not know how to "translate his style," in the following words, which were all delivered in the sweetest tone in the world, with an air of almost hushing gentility:—"Sir, I am extremely sorry—to be obliged to say,—that you appear to have a very erroneous notion of the manners that become your situation in life;—and I am compelled with great reluctance, to add," (here he became still softer and more delicate) "that, if you do not think fit, upon reflection, to alter this very extraordinary conduct towards a gentleman, I shall be under the necessity of—caning you." The other

treated the thing as a joke; and to the delight of the by-standers, received a very gravedrugging.

There are two eminent threats connected with caning, in the history of Dr. Johnson. One was from himself, when he was told that Foote intended to mimic him on the stage. He replied, that if "the dog" ventured to play his tricks with him, he would step out of the stage-box, chastise him before the audience, and then throw himself upon their candour and common sympathy. Foote desisted, as he had good reason to do. The Doctor would have read him a stout lesson, and then made a speech to the audience as forcible; so that the theatrical annals have to regret, that the subject and Foote's shoulders were not afforded him to expatiate upon. It would have been a fine involuntary piece of acting,—the part of Scipio by Dr. Johnson.—The other threat was against the Doctor himself from Macpherson, the compounder of Ossian. It was for denying the authenticity of that work; a provocation the more annoying, inasmuch as he did not seem duly sensible of its merits. Johnson replied to Macpherson's letter by one of contemptuous brevity and pith; and contented himself with carrying about a large stick, with which he intended to repel Macpherson in case of an assault. Had they met, it would have been like "two clouds over the Caspian;" for both were large-built men.

We recollect another bacular Johnsonian anecdote. When he was travelling in Scotland, he lost a huge stick of his in the little treeless island of Mull. Boswell told him he would recover it: but the Doctor shook his head. "No, no," said he; "let anybody in Mull get possession of it, and it will never be restored. Consider, Sir, the value of such a piece of timber here."

The most venerable sticks now surviving are the smooth amber-coloured canes, in the possession of old ladies. They have sometimes a gold head, but oftener a crook of ivory. But they have latterly been much displaced by light umbrellas, the handles of which are imitations of them; and these are gradually retreating before the young parasol, especially about town. The old ladies take the wings of the stage-coaches, and are run away with by John Pullen, in a style of infinite convenience. The other sticks in use are for the most part of cherry, oak, and crab, and seldom adorned with more than a leathern tassel: often with nothing. Bamboo and other canes do not abound, as might be expected from our intercourse with India; but commerce in this as in other respects has overshot its mark. People cannot afford to use sticks, any more than bees could in their hives. Of the common sabbatical cane we have already spoken. There is a sufficing little manual, equally light and lissom, yeclapt an ebony switch; but we have not seen it often.

That sticks, however, are not to be despised by the leisurely, any one who has known what it is to want words, or to slice off the head of a thistle, will allow. The utility of the stick seems divisible into three heads: first, to give a general consciousness of power; second, which may be called a part of the first, to help the demeanour; and third, which may be called a part of the second, to assist a man over the gaps of speech—the little awkward intervals, called want of ideas.

Deprive a man of his stick, who is accustomed to carry one, and with what a diminished sense of vigour and gracefulness he issues out of his house! Wanting his stick, he wants himself. His self-possession, like Acres's on the duel-ground, has gone out of his fingers' ends; but restore it him, and how he resumes his energy! If a common walking-stick, he cherishes the top of it with his fingers, putting them out and back again, with a fresh desire to feel it in his palm! How he strikes it against the ground, and feels power come back to his arm! How he makes the pavement ring with the ferule, if in a street; or decapitates the downy thistles aforesaid, if in a field! Then if it be a switch, how firmly he jerks his step at the first infliction of it on the air! How he quivers the point of it as he goes, holding the handle with a straight-dropped arm and a tight grasp! How his foot keeps time to the switches! How he twigs the luckless pieces of lilac or other shrubs, that peep out of a garden railing! And if a sneaking-looking dog is coming by, how he longs to exercise his despotism and his moral sense at once, by giving him an invigorating twinge!

But what would certain men of address do without their cane or switch? There is an undoubted Rhabdosophy, Sceptrosophy, or Wisdom of the Stick, besides the famous Divining Rod, with which people used to discover treasures and fountains. It supplies a man with inaudible remarks, and an inexpressible number of graces. Sometimes, breathing between his teeth, he will twirl the end of it upon his stretched-out toe; and this means, that he has an infinite number of easy and powerful things to say, if he had a mind. Sometimes he holds it upright between his knees, and tattoos it against his teeth or underlip, which implies that he meditates coolly. On other occasions he switches the side of his boot with it, which announces elegance in general. Lastly, if he has not a bon-mot ready in answer to one, he has only to thrust his stick at your ribs, and say, "Ah! you rogue!" which sets him above you in an instant, as a sort of patronising wit, who can dispense with the necessity of joking.

At the same time, to give it its due zest in life, a stick has its inconveniences. If you have yellow gloves on, and drop it in the mud, a too hasty recovery is awkward. To have it stick



between the stones of a pavement is not pleasant, especially if it snap the ferule off; or more especially if an old gentleman or lady is coming behind you, and after making them start back with winking eyes, it threatens to trip them up. To lose the ferule on a country road, renders the end liable to the growth of a sordid brush, which, not having a knife with you, or a shop in which to borrow one, goes pounding the wet up against your legs. In a crowded street you may have the stick driven into a large pane of glass; upon which an unthinking tradesman, utterly indifferent to a chain of events, issues forth and demands twelve and sixpence.

### XXXIX.—OF THE SIGHT OF SHOPS.

THOUGH we are such lovers of the country, we can admire London in some points of view; and among others, from the entertainment to be derived from its shops. Their variety and brilliancy can hardly fail of attracting the most sluggish attention: and besides reasons of this kind, we can never look at some of them without thinking of the gallant figure they make in the *Arabian Nights*, with their Bazaars and Bezesteins; where the most beautiful of unknowns goes shopping in a veil, and the most graceful of drapers is taken blindfold to see her. He goes, too smitten at heart to think of the danger of his head; and finds her seated among her slaves (exquisite themselves, only very inferior), upon which she encourages him to sit near her, and lutes are played; upon which she sighs, and cannot help looking tenderly; upon which she claps her hands, and a charming collation is brought in; upon which they eat, but not much. A dance ensues, and the ocular sympathy is growing tenderer, when an impossible old woman appears, and says that the Sultan is coming. Alas! How often have we been waked up, in the person of the young draper or jeweller, by that ancient objection! How have we received the lady in the veil, through which we saw nothing but her dark eyes and rosy cheeks! How have we sat cross-legged on cushions, hearing or handling the lute, whose sounds faded away like our enamoured eyes! How often have we not lost our hearts and left-hands, like one of the Calendars? Or an eye, like another? Or a head; and resumed it at the end of the story? Or slept (no, not slept) in the Sultan's garden at Schiraz with the fair Persian.

But to return (as well as such enamoured persons can) to our shops. We prefer the country a million times over for walking in generally, especially if we have the friends in it that enjoy it as well; but there are seasons when the very streets may vie with it. If you have been solitary, for instance, for a long time,

it is pleasant to get among your fellow-creatures again, even to be jostled and elbowed. If you live in town, and the weather is showery, you may get out in the intervals of rain, and then a quickly-dried pavement and a set of brilliant shops are pleasant. Nay, we have known days, even in spring, when a street shall outdo the finest aspects of the country; but then it is only when the ladies are abroad, and there happens to be a run of agreeable faces that day. For whether it is fancy or not, or whether certain days do not rather bring out certain people, it is a common remark, that one morning you shall meet a succession of good looks, and another encounter none but the reverse. We do not merely speak of handsome faces; but of those which are charming, or otherwise, whatever be the cause. We suppose, that the money-takers are all abroad one day, and the heart-takers the other.

It is to be observed, that we are not speaking of utility in this article, except indeed the great utility of agreeableness. A candid leather-cutter therefore will pardon us, if we do not find anything very attractive in his premises. So will his friend the shoemaker, who is bound to like us rural pedestrians. A stationer too, on obvious accounts, will excuse us for thinking his a very dull and bald-headed business. We cannot bear the horribly neat monotony of his shelves, with their load of virgin paper, their slates and slate-pencils that set one's teeth on edge, their pocket-books, and above all, their detestable ruled account-books, which at once remind one of the necessity of writing, and the impossibility of writing anything pleasant on such pages. The only agreeable thing, in a stationer's shop when it has it, is the ornamental work, the card-racks, hand-screens, &c. which remind us of the fair morning fingers that paste and gild such things, and surprise their aunts with presents of flowery boxes. But we grieve to add, that the prints which the stationers furnish for such elegancies, are not in the very highest taste. They are apt to deviate too scrupulously from the originals. Their well-known heads become too anonymous. Their young ladies have casts in their eyes, a little too much on one side even for the sidelong divinities of Mr. Harlowe.

In a hatter's shop we can see nothing but the hats; and the reader is acquainted with our pique against them. The beaver is a curious animal, but the idea of it is not entertaining enough to convert a window full of those requisite nuisances into an agreeable spectacle. It is true, a hatter, like some other tradesmen, may be pleasanter himself, by reason of the adversity of his situation. We cannot say more for the *cruel*-shop next door,—a name justly provocative of a pun. It is customary, however, to have sign-paintings of Adam and Eve at these places; which is some relief

to the monotony of the windows; only they remind us but too well of these cruel necessities to which they brought us. The baker's next ensuing is a very dull shop, much inferior to the gingerbread baker's, whose parliament we used to munch at school. The tailor's makes one as melancholy to look at it, as the sedentary persons within. The hosier's is worse; particularly if it has a Golden Leg over it; for that precious limb is certainly not symbolical of the weaver's. The windows, half board and half dusty glass, which abound in the City, can scarcely be turned to a purpose of amusement, even by the most attic of dry-salters. We own we have half a longing to break them, and let in the light of nature upon their recesses; whether they belong to those more piquant gentlemen, or to bankers, or any other high and wholesale personages. A light in one of these windows in the morning is, to us, one of the very dimmest reflections on humanity. We wish we could say something for a tallow-chandler's, because everybody abuses it: but we cannot. It must bear its fate like the man. A good deal might be said in behalf of candle-light; but in passing from shop to shop, the variety is so great, that the imagination has not time to dwell on any one in particular. The ideas they suggest must be obvious and on the surface. A grocer's and tea-dealer's is a good thing. It fills the mind instantly with a variety of pleasant tastes, as the ladies in Italy on certain holidays pelt the gentlemen with sweetmeats. An undertaker's is as great a balm to one's spirits, as a loose stone to one's foot. It gives one a deadly jerk. But it is pleasant upon the whole to see the inhabitant looking carelessly out of doors, or hammering while humming a tune; for why should he die a death at every fresh order for a coffin? An undertaker walking merrily drunk by the side of a hearse, is a horrid object; but an undertaker singing and nammering in his shop, is only rapping death himself on the knuckles. The dead are not there; the altered fellow-creature is not there; out only the living man, and the abstract idea of death; and he may defy that as much as he pleases. An apothecary's is the more deadly thing of the two; for the coffin may be made for a good old age, but the draught and the drug are for the sickly. An apothecary's looks well however at night-time, on account of the coloured glasses. It is curious to see two or three people talking together in the light of one of them, and looking profoundly blue. There are two good things in the Italian warehouse, — its name and its olives; but it is chiefly built up of gout. Nothing can be got out of a brazier's windows, except by a thief: but we understand that it is a good place to live at for those who cannot procure water-falls. A music-shop with its windows full of title-pages, is provokingly insipid to look at,

considering the quantity of slumbering enchantment inside, which only wants waking. A bookseller's is interesting, especially if the books are very old or very new, and have frontispieces. But let no author, with or without money in his pocket, trust himself in the inside, unless, like the bookseller, he has too much at home. An author is like a baker; it is for him to make the sweets, and others to buy and enjoy them. And yet not so. Let us not blaspheme the "divinity that stirs within us." The old comparison of the bee is better; for even if his toil at last is his destruction, and he is killed in order to be plundered, he has had the range of nature before he dies. His has been the summer air, and the sunshine, and the flowers; and gentle ears have listened to him, and gentle eyes have been upon him. Let others eat his honey that please, so that he has had his morsel and his song.—A book-stall is better for an author than a regular shop; for the books are cheaper, the choice often better and more ancient; and he may look at them, and move on without the horrors of not buying anything; unless indeed the master or mistress stands looking at him from the shop-door; which is a vile practice. It is necessary, we suppose, to guard against pilferers; but then ought not a stall-keeper, of any perception, to know one of us real magnanimous spoilers of our gloves from a sordid thief? A tavern and coffee-house is a pleasant sight, from its sociality; not to mention the illustrious club memories of the times of Shakspeare and the Tatlers. We confess that the commonest public-house in town is not such an eyesore to us as it is to some. There may be a little too much drinking and roaring going on in the middle of the week; but what, in the mean time, are pride, and avarice, and all the unsocial vices about? Before we object to public-houses, and above all to their Saturday evening recreations, we must alter the systems that make them a necessary comfort to the poor and laborious. Till then, in spite of the vulgar part of the polite, we shall have an esteem for the "Devil and the Bag o' Nails;" and like to hear, as we go along on Saturday night, the applauding knocks on the table that follow the song of "*Lovely Nan*," or "*Brave Captain Death*," or "*Tobacco is an Indian Weed*," or "*Why, Soldiers, why*;" or "*Says Plato, why should man be vain*;" or that judicious and unanswerable ditty commencing

Now what can man more desire  
Nor sitting by a sea-coal fire:  
And on his knees, &c.

We will even refuse to hear anything against a gin-shop, till the various systems of the moralists and economists are discussed, and the virtuous leave off seduction and old port. In the mean time, we give up to anybody's dislike the butcher's and fishmonger's. And yet



see how things go by comparison. We remember, in our boyhood, a lady from the West Indies, of a very delicate and high-bred nature, who could find nothing about our streets that more excited her admiration than the butchers' shops. She had no notion, from what she had seen in her own country, that so ugly a business could be carried on with so much neatness, and become actually passable. An open potato-shop is a dull bleak-looking place, except in the height of summer. A cheesemonger's is then at its height of annoyance, unless you see a paviour or bricklayer coming out with his three penn'orth on his bread—a better sight than the glutton's waddling away from the fishmonger's. A poulterer's is a dead-bodied business, with its birds and their lax necks. We dislike to see a bird anywhere but in the open air, alive and quick. Of all creatures, restraint and death become its winged vivacity the least. For the same reason we hate aviaries. Dog-shops are tolerable. A cook-shop does not mingle the agreeable with the useful. We hate its panes, with *Ham and Beef* scratched upon them in white letters. An ivory-turner's is pleasant, with its red and white chessmen, and little big-headed Indians on elephants; so is a toy-shop, with its endless delights for children. A coach-maker's is not disagreeable, if you can see the painting and panels. An umbrella-shop only reminds one of a rainy day, unless it is a shop for sticks also, which as we have already shown are meritorious articles. The curiosity-shop is sometimes very amusing, with its mandarins, stuffed birds, odd old carved faces, and a variety of things as indescribable as bits of dreams. The green-grocer carries his recommendation in his epithet. The hair-dressers are also interesting as far as their hair goes, but not as their heads—we mean the heads in their windows. One of the shops we like least is an angling repository, with its rod for a sign, and a fish dancing in the agonies of death at the end of it. We really cannot see what equanimity there is in jerking a lacerated carp out of water by the jaws, merely because it has not the power of making a noise; for we presume that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish. An optician's is not very amusing, unless it has those reflecting-glasses in which you see your face run off on each side into attenuated width, or upwards and downwards in the same manner, in dreary longitude. A saddler's is good, because it reminds one of horses. A Christian sword-maker's or gun-maker's is edifying. A glass-shop is a beautiful spectacle; it reminds one of the splendours of a fairy palace. We like a blacksmith's for the sturdy looks and thumpings of the men, the swarthy colour, the fiery sparkles and the thunder-breathing throat of the furnace. Of other houses of traffic, not common in the streets, there is something striking to us in the

large, well-conditioned horses of the brewers, and the rich smoke rolling from out their chimneys. We also greatly admire a wharf, with its boats, barrels, and packages, and the fresh air from the water, not to mention the smell of pitch. It carries us at once a hundred miles over the water. For similar reasons, the crabbedest old lane has its merits in our eyes, if there is a sail-maker's in it, or a boat-builder's and water at the end. How used old Roberts of Lambeth to gratify the aspiring modesty of our school-coats, when he welcomed us down to his wherries and captains on a holiday, and said "Blue against Black at any time," meaning the Westminster boys! And the colleges will ratify his praise, taking into consideration the difference of the numbers that go there from either cloisters. But of all shops in the streets a print-seller's pleases us the most. We would rather pay a shilling to Mr. Colnaghi, Mr. Molteno, or Messieurs Moon and Boys, to look at their windows on one of their best-furnished days, than we would for many an exhibition. We can see fine engravings there, translations from Raphael and Titian, which are newer than hundreds of originals. We do not despise a pastry-cook's, though we would rather not eat tarts and puffs before the half-averted face of the prettiest of accountants, especially with a beggar watching and praying all the while at the door. We need not expatiate on the beauties of a florist's, where you see unwithering leaves, and roses made immortal. A dress warehouse is sometimes really worth stopping at, for its flowered draperies and richly coloured shawls. But one's pleasure is apt to be disturbed (ye powers of gallantry! bear witness to the unwilling pen that writes it) by the fair faces that come forth, and the half-polite, half-execrating expression of the tradesman that bows them out; for here takes place the chief enjoyment of the mystery yclept shopping; and here, while some ladies give the smallest trouble unwillingly, others have an infinity of things turned over, for the mere purpose of wasting their own time and the shopman's. We have read of a choice of a wife by cheese. It is difficult to speak of preference in such matters, and all such single modes of trial must be something equivocal; but we must say, that of all modes of the kind, we should desire no better way of seeing what ladies we admired most, and whom least, than by witnessing this trial of them at a linen-draper's counter.

#### XL.—A NEARER VIEW OF SOME OF THE SHOPS.

IN the general glance that we have taken at shops, we found ourselves unwillingly compelled to pass some of them too quickly. It is the object therefore of the present article to enter into those more attractive thresholds,

and look a little about us. We imagine a fine day ; time, about noon ; scene, any good brilliant street. The ladies are abroad in white and green ; the beaux lounging, conscious of their waists and neckcloths ; the busy pushing onward, conscious of their bills ; the dogs and coaches—but we must reserve this out-of-door view of the streets for a separate article.

To begin then, where our shopping experience began, with the toy-shop :

Visions of glory, spare our aching sight !  
Ye just-breech'd ages, crowd not on our soul !

We still seem to have a lively sense of the smell of that gorgeous red paint, which was on the handle of our first wooden sword ! The pewter guard also—how beautifully fretted and like silver did it look ! How did we hang it round our shoulder by the proud belt of an old ribbon ;—then feel it well suspended ; then draw it out of the sheath, eager to cut down four savage men for ill-using ditto of damsels ! An old muff made an excellent grenadier's cap ; or one's hat and feather, with the assistance of three surreptitious large pins, became fiercely modern and military. There it is, in that corner of the window—the same identical sword, to all appearance, which kept us awake the first night behind our pillow. We still feel ourselves little boys, while standing in this shop ; and for that matter, so we do on other occasions. A field has as much merit in our eyes, and ginger-bread almost as much in our mouths, as at that daisy-plucking and cake-eating period of life. There is the trigger-rattling gun, fine of its kind, but not so complete a thing as the sword. Its memories are not so ancient : for Alexander or St. George did not fight with a musket. Neither is it so true a thing ; it is not “like life.” The trigger is too much like that of a cross-bow ; and the pea which it shoots, however hard, produces even to the imaginative faculties of boyhood a humiliating flash of the mock-heroic. It is difficult to fancy a dragon killed with a pea : but the shape and appurtenances of the sword being genuine, the whole sentiment of massacre is as much in its wooden blade, as if it were steel of Damascus. The drum is still more real, though not so heroic.—In the corner opposite are battle-doors and shuttle-cocks, which have their maturer beauties ; balls, which possess the additional zest of the danger of breaking people's windows ;—ropes, good for swinging and skipping, especially the long ones which others turn for you, while you run in a masterly manner up and down, or skip in one spot with an easy and endless exactitude of toe, looking alternately at their conscious faces ;—blood-allies, with which the possessor of a crisp finger and thumb-knuckle causes the smitten marbles to vanish out of

the ring ; kites, which must appear to more vital birds a ghastly kind of fowl, with their grim long white faces, no bodies, and endless tails ;—cricket-bats, manly to handle ;—trap-bats, a genteel inferiority ;—swimming-corks, despicable ;—horses on wheels, an imposition on the infant public ;—rocking horses, too much like Pegasus, ardent yet never getting on ;—Dutch toys, so like life, that they ought to be better ;—Jacob's ladders, flapping down one over another their tintinnabulatory shutters ;—dissected maps, from which the infant statesmen may learn how to dovetail provinces and kingdoms ;—paper posture-makers, who hitch up their knees against their shoulder-blades, and dangle their legs like an opera dancer ;—Lilliputian plates, dishes, and other household utensils, in which a grand dinner is served up out of half an apple ;—boxes of paints, to colour engravings with, always beyond the outline ;—ditto of bricks, a very sensible and lasting toy, which we except from a grudge we have against the gravity of infant geometricks ;—whips, very useful for cutting people's eyes unawares ;—hoops, one of the most ancient as well as excellent of toys ;—sheets of pictures, from A apple-pie up to farming, military, and zoological exhibitions, always taking care that the Fly is as large as the Elephant, and the letter X exclusively appropriated to Xerxes ;—musical deal-boxes, rather complaining than sweet, and more like a peal of bodkins than bells ;—penny trumpets, awful at Bartlemy-tide ;—jew's harps, that thrill and breathe between the lips like a metal tongue ;—carts—carriages—hobby-horses, upon which the infant equestrian prances about proudly on his own feet ;—in short, not to go through the whole representative body of existence—dolls, which are so dear to the maternal instincts of little girls. We protest, however, against that abuse of them, which makes them full-dressed young ladies in body, while they remain infant in face ; especially when they are of frail wax. It is cultivating finery instead of affection. We prefer good honest plump limbs of cotton and saw-dust, dressed in baby-linen ; or even our ancient young friends, with their staring dotted eyes ; red varnished faces, triangular noses, and Rosinante wooden limbs—not, it must be confessed, excessively shapely or feminine, but the reverse of fragile beauty, and prepared against all disasters.

The next step is to the Pastry-cook's, where the plain bun is still the pleasantest thing in our eyes, from its respectability in those of childhood. The pastry, less patronised by judicious mothers, is only so much elegant indigestion : yet it is not easy to forget the pleasure of nibbling away the crust all round a raspberry or currant tart, in order to enjoy the three or four delicious semicircular bites at the fruity plenitude remaining. There is a custard with



a wall of paste round it, which provokes a siege of this kind ; and the cheese-cake has its amenities of approach. The acid flavour is a relief to the mawkishness of the biffin or pressed baked apple, and an addition to the glib and quivering lightness of the jelly. Twelfth Cake, which when cut looks like the side of a rich pit of earth covered with snow, is pleasant from warmer associations. Confectionary does not seem in the same request as of old ; its paint has hurt its reputation. Yet the school-boy has still much to say for its humbler suavities. Kisses are very amiable and allegorical. Eight or ten of them, judiciously wrapped up in pieces of letter-paper, have saved many a loving heart the trouble of a less eloquent billet-doux. Candied citron we look upon to be the very acmé and atticism of confectionary grace. Preserves are too much of a good thing, with the exception of the jams that retain their fruit-skins. "Jam satis." They qualify the cloying. Yet marmalade must not be passed over in these times, when it has been raised to the dignity of the peerage. The other day there was a Duke of Marmalade in Hayti, and a Count of Lemonade,—so called, from places in which those eminent relishes are manufactured. After all, we must own that there is but one thing for which we care much at a pastry-cook's, except our old acquaintance the bun ; especially as we can take up that, and go on. It is an ice. Fancy a very hot day ; the blinds down ; the loungers unusually languid ; the pavement burning one's feet ; the sun, with a strong outline in the street, baking one whole side of it like a brick-kiln ; so that everybody is crowding on the other, except a man going to intercept a creditor bound for the Continent. Then think of a heaped-up ice, brought upon a salver with a spoon. What statesman, of any warmth of imagination, would not pardon the Neapolitans in summer, for an insurrection on account of the want of ice ? Think of the first sidelong dip of the spoon in it, bringing away a well-sliced lump ; then of the sweet wintry refreshment, that goes lengthening down one's throat ; and lastly, of the sense of power and satisfaction resulting from having *had* the ice.

Not heaven itself can do away that slice ;  
But what has been, has been ; and I have had my ice.

We unaccountably omitted two excellent shops last week,—the fruiterer's and the sculptor's. There is great beauty as well as agreeableness in a well-disposed fruiterer's window. Here are the round piled-up oranges, deepening almost into red, and heavy with juice ; the apple with its brown red cheek, as if it had slept in the sun ; the pear, swelling downwards ; thronging grapes, like so many tight little bags of wine ; the peach, whose handsome leathern coat strips off so finely ; the pearly or ruby-like currants, heaped in

light long baskets ; the red little mouthful of strawberries ; the larger purple ones of plums ; cherries, whose old comparison with lips is better than anything new ; mulberries, dark and rich with juice, fit to grow over what Homer calls the deep black-watered fountains ; the swelling pomp of melons ; the rough inexorable-looking cocoa-nut, milky at heart ; the elaborate elegance of walnuts ; the quaint cashoo-nut ; almonds, figs, raisins, tamarinds, green leaves,—in short,

Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
In India East or West, or middle shore  
In Pontus or the Punick coast, or where  
Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell.

Milton.

There is something of more refined service in waiting upon a lady in a fruit-shop, than in a pastry-cook's. The eating of tarts, as Sir Walter Scott handsomely saith in his *Life of Dryden* (who used to enjoy them, it seems, in company with "Madam Reeves"), is "no inelegant pleasure ;" but there is something still more graceful and suitable in the choosing of the natural fruit, with its rosy lips and red cheeks. A white hand looks better on a basket of plums, than in the doubtful touching of syrupy and sophisticated pastry. There is less of the kitchen about the fair visitor. She is more Pomona-like, native, and to the purpose. We help her, as we would a local deity.

Here be grapes whose lusty blood  
Is the learned poets good,  
Sweeter yet did never crown  
The head of Bacchus ;—nuts more brown  
Than the squirrels' teeth that crack them ;  
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.  
For these black ey'd Drope  
Hath often times commanded me,  
With my clasped knee to climb ;  
See how well the lusty time  
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,  
Such as on your lips is spread.  
Here be berries for a Queen,  
Some be red, some be green ;  
These are of that luscious meat,  
The great God Pan himself doth eat.  
All these, and what the woods can yield,  
The hanging mountain or the field,  
I freely offer, and ere long  
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong.  
Till when humbly leave I take,  
Lest the great Pan do awake,  
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,  
Under a broad beech's shade.

FLETCHER'S Faithful Shepherdess.

How the poets double every delight for us,  
with their imagination and their music !

In the windows of some of the sculptors' shops, artificial fruit may be seen. It is a better thing to put upon a mantel-piece than many articles of greater fashion ; but it gives an abominable sensation to one's imaginary teeth. The incautious epicure who plunges his teeth into "a painted snow-ball" in Italy (see *Brydone's Tour in Sicily and Malta*), can

hardly receive so jarring a bask to his gums, as the bare apprehension of a bite at a stone peach; but the farther you go in a sculptor's shop the better. Many persons are not aware that there are show-rooms in these places, which are well worth getting a sight of by some small purchase. For the best plaster casts the Italian shops, such as Papera's in Marylebone-street, Golden-square, and Sarti's in Greek-street, are the best. Of all the shop-pleasures that are "not inelegant," an hour or two passed in a place of this kind is surely one of the most polite. Here are the gods and heroes of old, and the more beneficent philosophers, ancient and modern. You are looked upon, as you walk among them, by the paternal majesty of Jupiter, the force and decision of Minerva, the still more arresting gentleness of Venus, the budding compactness of Hebe, the breathing inspiration of Apollo. Here the Celestial Venus, naked in heart and body, ties up her locks, her drapery hanging upon her lower limbs. Here the Belvidere Apollo, breathing forth his triumphant disdain, follows with an earnest eye the shaft that has killed the serpent. Here the Graces, linked in an affectionate group, meet you in the naked sincerity of their innocence and generosity, their hands "open as day," and two advancing for one receding. Here Hercules, like the building of a man, looks down from his proping club, as if half disdaining even that repose. There Mercury, with his light limbs, seems just to touch the ground, ready to give a start with his foot and be off again. Bacchus, with his riper cheek, and his thicker hanging locks, appears to be eyeing one of his nymphs. The Vatican Apollo near him, leans upon the stump of a tree, the hand which hangs upon it holding a bit of his lyre, the other arm thrown up over his head, as if he felt the air upon his body, and heard it singing through the strings. In a corner on another side, is the Crouching Venus of John of Bologna, shrinking just before she steps into the bath. The Dancing Faun is not far off, with his animal spirits, and the Piping Faun, sedate because he possesses an art more accomplished. Among the other divinities, we

look up with veneration to old Homer's head, resembling an earthly Jupiter. Plato beholds us with a bland dignity—a beauty unimpaired by years. How different from the brute impulse of Mars, the bloated self-will of Nero, or the dull and literal effeminacy of some of the other emperors! There is a sort of presence in sculpture, more than in any other representations of art. It is curious to see how instinctively people will fall into this sentiment when they come into a place with busts and statues in it, however common. They hush, as if the images could hear them. In our boyhood, some of our most delightful holidays were spent in the gallery of the late Mr. West, in Newman-street. It runs a good way back from the street, crossing a small garden, and opening into loftier rooms on the other side of it. We remember how the world used to seem shut out from us the moment the street-door was closed, and we began stepping down those long carpeted aisles of pictures, with statues in the angles where they turned. We had observed everybody walk down them in this way, like the mild possessor of the mansion, and we went so likewise. We have walked down with him at night to his painting-room, as he went in his white flannel gown, with a lamp in his hand, which shot a lustrous twilight upon the pictured walls in passing; and everything looked so quiet and graceful, that we should have thought it sacrilege to hear a sound beyond the light tread of his footsteps. But it was the statues that impressed us still more than the pictures. It seemed as if Venus and Apollo waited our turning at the corners; and there they were, always the same, placid and intuitive, more human and bodily than the paintings, yet too divine to be over real. It is to that house with the gallery in question, and the little green plot of ground, surrounded with an arcade and busts, that we owe the greatest part of our love for what is Italian and belongs to the fine arts. And if this is a piece of private history, with which the readers have little to do, they will excuse it for the sake of the greatest of all excuse, which is Love.



THE  
I N D I C A T O R,

AND

THE COMPANION;

A MISCELLANY FOR THE FIELDS AND THE FIRE-SIDE.

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PART II.





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## THE INDICATOR.

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THERE is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land: but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *CUCULUS INDICATOR* of Linnaeus, otherwise called the *Moroc*, *Bee Cuckoo*, or *Honey Bird*.

There he, arriving, round about doth flie,  
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:  
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

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### XL.—A WORD OR TWO MORE ON STICKS.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to us on this subject, says:—"In my day I have indulged an extravagant fancy for canes and sticks; but, like the children of the fashionable world, I have, in running the round, grown tired of all my favourites, except one of a plain and useful sort. Conceive my mortification in finding this my last prop not included in your catalogue of sticks most in use; especially since it has become, among us men of sticks, the description most approved. The present day, which is one of mimicry, boasts scarcely any protection except in the very stick I allude to; and yet, because it is so unpresuming in its appearance, and so cheap, the gentlemen 'of a day' will not condescend to use it. We, Sir, who make a stick our constant companion (notwithstanding our motives may be misunderstood), value the tough, the useful, the highly picturesque 'Ash Plant.' Its still and gentlemanly colour; its peculiar property of bending round the shoulders of a man, without breaking (in the event of our using it that way); the economy of the thing, as economy is the order of the day (at least in minor concerns); its being the best substitute for the old-fashioned horse-whip in a morning-ride, and now so generally used in lieu of the long hunting-whip in the sports of the chase; answering every purpose for gates, &c., without offering any temptation to do the work of a whipper-in;—all this, and much more, might be said of the neglected Ground Ash."

[PART II.]

We must cry mercy on the estimable stick here referred to, and indeed on several other sorts of wood, unjustly omitted in our former article. We also neglected to notice those ingenious and pregnant walking-sticks, which contain swords, inkstands, garden-seats, &c. and sometimes surprise us with playing a tune. As the ancient poets wrote stories of gods visiting people in human shapes, in order to teach a considerate behaviour to strangers; so an abstract regard ought to be shown to all sticks, inasmuch as the irreverent spectator may not know what sort of staff he is encountering. If he does not take care, a man may beat him and "write him down an ass" with the same accomplished implement; or sit down upon it before his face, where there is no chair to be had; or follow up his chastisement with a victorious tune on the flute. As to the ash, to which we would do especial honour, for the sake of our injured, yet at the same time polite and forgiving, Correspondent, we have the satisfaction of stating that it hath been reputed the very next wood, in point of utility, to the oak; and hath been famous, time immemorial, for its staffian qualities. Infinite are the spears with which it has supplied the warlike, the sticks it has put into the hands of a less sanguinary courage, the poles it has furnished for hops, vines, &c. and the arbours which it has run up for lovers. The Greek name for it was *Melia*, or the *Honied*; from a juice or manna which it drops, and which has been much used in medicine and dyeing. There are, or were, about forty years back, when

Count Ginnani wrote his *History of the Ravenna Pine Forest*, large ash woods in Tuscany, which used to be tapped for those purposes. Virgil calls it the handsomest tree in the forest; Chaucer, "the hardie ashe;" and Spenser, "the ash for nothing ill." The ground-ash flourishes the better, the more it is cut and slashed;—a sort of improvement, which it sometimes bestows in return upon humankind.

#### XLI.—THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPOCRATES.

IN the time of the Norman reign in Sicily, a vessel bound from that island for Smyrna was driven by a westerly wind upon the island of Cos. The crew did not know where they were, though they had often visited the island; for the trading towns lay in other quarters, and they saw nothing before them but woods and solitudes. They found however a comfortable harbour; and the wind having fallen in the night, they went on shore next morning for water. The country proved as solitary as they thought it; which was the more extraordinary, inasmuch as it was very luxuriant, full of wild-figs and grapes, with a rich uneven ground, and stocked with goats and other animals, who fled whenever they appeared. The bees were remarkably numerous; so that the wild honey, fruits, and delicious water, especially one spring which fell into a beautiful marble basin, made them more and more wonder, at every step, that they could see no human inhabitants.

Thus idling about and wondering, stretching themselves now and then among the wild thyme and grass, and now getting up to look at some specially fertile place which another called them to see, and which they thought might be turned to fine trading purpose, they came upon a mound covered with trees, which looked into a flat wide lawn of rank grass, with a house at the end of it. They crept nearer towards the house along the mound, still continuing among the trees, for fear they were trespassing at last upon somebody's property. It had a large garden wall at the back, as much covered with ivy as if it had been built of it. Fruit-trees looked over the wall with an unpruned thickness; and neither at the back nor front of the house were there any signs of humanity. It was an ancient marble building, where glass was not to be expected in the windows; but it was much dilapidated, and the grass grew up over the steps. They listened again and again; but nothing was to be heard like a sound of men; nor scarcely of anything else. There was an intense noon-day silence. Only the hares made a rustling noise as they ran about the long hiding grass. The house looked like the tomb of human nature, amidst the vitality of earth.

"Did you see?" said one of the crew, turning pale, and hastening to go. "See what?" said the others. "What looked out of window." They all turned their faces towards the house, but saw nothing. Upon this they laughed at their companion, who persisted however with great earnestness, and with great reluctance at stopping, to say that he saw a strange hideous kind of face look out of window. "Let us go, Sir," said he, to the Captain;—"for I tell ye what: I know this place now: and you, Signor Gualtier," continued he, turning to a young man, "may now follow that adventure I have often heard you wish to be engaged in." The crew turned pale, and Gualtier among them. "Yes," added the man, "we are fallen upon the enchanted part of the island of Cos, where the daughter of—Hush! Look there!" They turned their faces again, and beheld the head of a large serpent looking out of window. Its eyes were direct upon them; and stretching out of window, it lifted back its head with little sharp jerks like a fowl; and so stood keenly gazing.

The terrified sailors would have begun to depart quicker than they did, had not fear itself made them move slowly. Their legs seemed melting from under them. Gualtier tried to rally his voice. "They say," said he, "it is a gentle creature. The hares that feed right in front of the house are a proof of it:—let us all stay." The others shook their heads, and spoke in whispers, still continuing to descend the mound as well as they could. "There is something unnatural in that very thing," said the Captain: "but we will wait for you in the vessel, if you stay. We will, by St. Ermo." The Captain had not supposed that Gualtier would stay an instant; but seeing him linger more than the rest, he added the oath in question, and in the mean time was hastening with the others to get away. The truth is, Gualtier was, in one respect, more frightened than any of them. His legs were more rooted to the spot. But the same force of imagination that helped to detain him, enabled him to muster up courage beyond those who found their will more powerful: and in the midst of his terror he could not help thinking what a fine adventure this would be to tell in Salerno, even if he did but conceal himself a little, and stay a few minutes longer than the rest. The thought, however, had hardly come upon him, when it was succeeded by a fear still more lively; and he was preparing to follow the others with all the expedition he could contrive, when a fierce rustling took place in the trees behind him, and in an instant the serpent's head was at his feet. Gualtier's brain as well as heart seemed to sicken, as he thought the monstrous object scented him like a bear; but despair coming in aid of a courage naturally fanciful and chivalrous, he bent his eyes more steadily, and found the huge jaws and fangs not only



abstaining from hurting him, but crouching and fawning at his feet like a spaniel. At the same time, he called to mind the old legend respecting the creature, and, corroborated as he now saw it, he ejaculated with good firmness, "In the name of God and his saints, what art thou?"

"Hast thou not heard of me?" answered the serpent in a voice whose singular human slenderness made it seem the more horrible. "I guess who thou art," answered Gualtier;—"the fearful thing in the island of Cos."

"I am that loathly thing," replied the serpent; "once not so." And Gualtier thought that its voice trembled sorrowfully.

The monster told Gualtier that what was said of her was true; that she had been a serpent hundreds of years, feeling old age and renewing her youth at the end of each century; that it was a curse of Diana's which had changed her; and that she was never to resume a human form, till somebody was found kind and bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. As she spoke this word, she raised her crest, and sparkled so with her fiery green eyes, dilating at the same time the corners of her jaws, that the young man thrilled through his very scalp. He stepped back, with a look of the utmost horror and loathing. The creature gave a sharp groan inwardly, and after rolling her neck frantically on the ground, withdrew a little back likewise, and seemed to be looking another way. Gualtier heard two or three little sounds as of a person weeping piteously, yet trying to subdue its voice; and looking with breathless curiosity, he saw the side of the loathly creature's face bathed in tears.

"Why speakest thou, lady," said he, "if lady thou art, of the curse of the false goddess Diana, who never was, or only a devil. I cannot kiss thee,"—and he shuddered with a horrible shudder, as he spoke, "but I will bless thee in the name of the true God, and even mark thee with his cross."

The serpent shook her head mournfully, still keeping it turned round. She then faced him again, hanging her head in a dreary and desponding manner. "Thou knowest not," said she, "what I know. Diana both was and never was; and there are many other things on earth, which are and yet are not. Thou canst not comprehend it, even though thou art kind. But the heavens alter not, neither the sun nor the strength of nature; and if thou wert kinder, I should be as I once was, happy and human. Suffice it, that nothing can change me but what I said."

"Why wert thou changed, thou fearful and mysterious thing?" said Gualtier.

"Because I denied Diana, as thou dost," answered the serpent; "and it was pronounced an awful crime in me, though it is none in thee; and I was to be made a thing loathsome in men's eyes. Let me not catch thine eye, I

beseech thee; but go thy way and be safe; for I feel a cruel thought coming on me, which will shake my innermost soul, though it shall not harm thee. But I could make thee suffer for the pleasure of seeing thine anguish; even as some tyrants do: and is not that dreadful?" And the monster openly shed tears, and sobbed.

There was something in this mixture of avowed cruelty and weeping contradiction to it, which made Gualtier remain in spite of himself. But fear was still uppermost in his mind, when he looked upon the mouth that was to be kissed; and he held fast round a tree with one hand, and his sword as fast in the other, watching the movements of her neck as he conversed. "How did thy father, the sage Hippocrates," asked he, "suffer thee to come to this?" "My father," replied she, "sage and good as he was, was but a Greek mortal; and the great Virgin was a worshipped Goddess. I pray thee, go." She uttered the last word in a tone of loud anguish; but the very horror of it made Gualtier hesitate, and he said, "How can I know that it is not thy destiny to deceive the merciful into this horrible kiss, that then and then only thou mayst devour them?"

But the serpent rose higher at this, and looking around loftily, said in a mild and majestic tone of voice, "O ye green and happy woods, breathing like sleep! O safe and quiet population of these leafy places, dying brief deaths! O sea! O earth! O heavens, never uttering syllable to man! Is there no way to make better known the meaning of your gentle silence, of your long basking pleasures and brief pains? And must the want of what is beautiful and kind from others, ever remain different from what is beautiful and kind in itself? And must form obscure essence; and human confidence in good from within, never be bolder than suspicion of evil from without? O ye large-looking and grand benignities of creation, is it that we are atoms in a dream; or that your largeness and benignity are in those only who see them, and that it is for us to hang over ye till we wake you into a voice with our kisses? I yearn to be made beautiful by one kind action, and beauty itself will not believe me!"

Gualtier, though not a foolish youth, understood little or nothing of this mystic apostrophe; but something made him bear in mind, and really incline to believe, that it was a transformed woman speaking to him; and he was making a violent internal effort to conquer his repugnance to the kiss, when some hares, starting from him as they passed, ran and cowered behind the folds of the monster: and she stooped her head, and licked them. "By Christ," exclaimed he, "whom the wormy grave gathered into its arms to save us from our corruptions, I will do this thing; so may he have mercy on my soul, whether I live or

die: for the very hares take refuge in her shadow." And shuddering and shutting his eyes, he put his mouth out for her to meet; and he seemed to feel, in his blindness, that dreadful mouth approaching; and he made the sign of the cross; and he murmured internally the name of him who cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalen, that afterwards anointed his feet; and in the midst of his courageous agony, he felt a small mouth, fast and warm upon his, and a hand about his neck, and another on his left hand; and opening his eyes, he dropped them upon two of the sweetest that ever looked into the eye of man.—But the hares fled; for they had loved the serpent, but knew not the beautiful human being.

Great was the fame of Gualtier, not only throughout the Grecian islands, but on both continents; and most of all in Sicily, where every one of his countrymen thought he had had a hand in the enterprise, for being born on the same soil. The Captain and his crew never came again; for, alas! they had gone off without waiting as they promised. But Tancred, Prince of Salerno, came himself with a knightly train to see Gualtier; who lived with his lady in the same place, all her past sufferings appearing as nothing to her before a month of love; and even sorrowful habit had endeared it to her. Tancred, and his knights, and learned clerks, came in a noble ship, every oar having a painted scutcheon over the rowlock; and Gualtier and his lady feasted them nobly, and drank to them amidst music in cups of Hippocras—that knightly liquor afterwards so renowned, which she retained the secret of making from her sage father, whose name it bore. And when King Tancred, with a gentle gravity in the midst of his mirth, expressed a hope that the beautiful lady no longer worshipped Diana, Gualtier said, "No indeed, Sir;" and she looked in Gualtier's face, as she sat next him, with the sweetest look in the world, as who should say, "No indeed:—I worship thee and thy kind heart."\*

#### XLII.—THE ITALIAN GIRL.

THE sun was shining beautifully one summer evening, as if he bade sparkling farewell to a world which he had made happy. It seemed also, by his looks, as if he promised to make his appearance again to-morrow; but there was at times a deep breathing western wind, and dark purple clouds came up here and there, like gorgeous waiters at a funeral. The children in a village not far from the metropolis were playing however on the green, content

with the brightness of the moment, when they saw a female approaching, who gathered them about her by the singularity of her dress. It was not a very remarkable dress; but any difference from the usual apparel of their country-women appeared so to them; and crying out, "A French girl! A French girl!" they ran up to her, and stood looking and talking.

The stranger seated herself upon a bench that was fixed between two elms, and for a moment leaned her head against one of them, as if faint with walking. But she raised it speedily, and smiled with complacency on the rude urchins. She had a boddice and petticoat on of different colours, and a handkerchief tied neatly about her head with the point behind. On her hands were gloves without fingers; and she wore about her neck a guitar, upon the strings of which one of her hands rested. The children thought her very handsome. Anybody else would also have thought her very ill; but they saw nothing before them but a good-natured looking foreigner and a guitar, and they asked her to play. "*O che bei ragazzi!*" said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice; —"*Che visi lieti!*"† and she began to play. She tried to sing too, but her voice failed her, and she shook her head smilingly, saying "*Stanca! stanca!*"‡ "Sing—do sing," said the children; and nodding her head, she was trying to do so, when a set of boys came up and joined in the request. "No, no," said one of the elder boys, "she is not well. You are ill, a'n't you,—Miss?" added he, laying his hand upon hers as if to hinder it. He drew out the last word somewhat doubtfully, for her appearance perplexed him; he scarcely knew whether to take her for a strolling musician or a lady strayed from a sick bed. "*Grazie!*" said she, understanding his look:—"*troppo stanca: troppo.*"§

By this time the usher came up, and addressed her in French; but she only understood a word here and there. He then spoke Latin, and she repeated one or two of his words, as if they were familiar to her.

"She is an Italian!" said he, looking round with a good-natured importance; "for the Italian is but a bastard of the Latin." The children looked with the more wonder, thinking he was speaking of the fair musician.

"*Non dubito,*" continued the usher, "*quin tu lectitas poetam illum celeberrimum, Tassonem; || Tassum,* I should say properly, but the departure from the Italian name is considerable." The stranger did not understand a word.

"I speak of Tasso," said the usher,—"*of Tasso.*"

"*Tasso! Tasso!*" repeated the fair minstrel;

† Oh what fine boys! What happy faces!

‡ Weary! Weary!

§ Thanks:—too weary! too weary!

|| Doubtless you read that celebrated poet Tasso.

\* This story is founded on a tradition still preserved in the island of Cos, and repeated in old romances and books of travels. See *Dunlop's History of Fiction*, vol. ii., where he gives an account of *Tirante the White*.



"*oh—conosco—il Tàs-so ;*"\* and she hung with an accent of beautiful languor upon the first syllable.

"Yes," returned the worthy scholar, "doubtless your accent may be better. Then of course you know those classical lines—

*Intanto Erminia infra l' ombroso pianty  
D' antica selva dal cavallo—what is it ?*"

The stranger repeated the words in a tone of fondness, like those of an old friend :—

*Intanto Erminia infra l' ombrose piante  
D' antica selva dal cavallo è scorta ;  
Ne più governo il fren la man tremante,  
E mezza quasi par, tra viva e morta.†*

Our usher's common-place book had supplied him with a fortunate passage, for it was a favourite one of her country-women. It also singularly applied to her situation. There was a sort of exquisite mixture of clearness in her utterance of these verses, which gave some of the children a better idea of French than they had had ; for they could not get it out of their heads that she must be a French girl ;—"Italian-French perhaps," said one of them. But her voice trembled as she went on, like the hand she spoke of.

"I have heard my poor cousin Montague sing those very lines," said the boy who prevented her from playing.

"Montague," repeated the stranger very plainly, but turning paler and fainter. She put one of her hands in turn upon the boy's affectionately, and pointed towards the spot where the church was.

"Yes, yes," cried the boy ;—"why, she knew my cousin :—she must have known him in Florence."

"I told you," said the usher, "she was an Italian."

"Help her to my aunt's," continued the youth, "she'll understand her :—lean upon me, Miss ;" and he repeated the last word without his former hesitation.

Only a few boys followed her to the door, the rest having been awed away by the usher. As soon as the stranger entered the house and saw an elderly lady who received her kindly, she exclaimed "*La Signora Madre,*" and fell in a swoon at her feet.

She was taken to bed, and attended with the utmost care by her hostess, who would not suffer her to talk till she had had a sleep. She merely heard enough to find out, that the stranger had known her son in Italy ; and she was thrown into a painful state of suspicion by the poor girl's eyes, which followed her about the room till the lady fairly came up and closed them.

\* *Oh—I know—Tasso.*

† Meantime in the old wood, the palfrey bore  
Erminia deeper into shade and shade ;  
Her trembling hands could hold him in no more,  
And she appeared betwixt alive and dead.

"Obedient ! obedient !" said the patient : "obedient in everything : only the Signora will let me kiss her hand ;" and taking it with her own trembling one, she laid her cheek upon it, and it staid there till she had dropt asleep for weariness.

— Silken rest  
Tie all thy cares up !

thought her kind watcher, who was doubly thrown upon a recollection of that beautiful passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, by the suspicion she had of the cause of the girl's visit. "And yet," thought she, turning her eyes with a thin tear in them towards the church spire, "he was an excellent boy,—the boy of my heart."

When the stranger woke, the secret was explained : and if the mind of her hostess was relieved, it was only the more touched with pity, and indeed moved with respect and admiration. The dying girl (for she evidently was dying, and happy at the thought of it) was the niece of an humble tradesman in Florence, at whose house young Montague, who was a gentleman of small fortune, had lodged and fallen sick during his travels. She was a lively, good-natured girl, whom he used to hear coquetting and playing the guitar with her neighbours ; and it was greatly on this account, that her considerate and hushing gravity struck him whenever she entered his room. One day he heard no more coquetting, nor even the guitar. He asked the reason, when she came to give him some drink ; and she said she had heard him mention some noise that disturbed him.

"But you do not call your voice and your music a noise," said he, "do you, Rosaura ? I hope not, for I had expected it would give me strength to get rid of this fever and reach home."

Rosaura turned pale, and let the patient into a secret ; but what surprised and delighted him was, that she played her guitar nearly as often as before, and sang too, only less sprightly airs.

"You get better and better, Signor," said she, "every day, and your mother will see you and be happy. I hope you will tell her what a good doctor you had."

"The best in the world," cried he ; and as he sat up in bed, he put his arm round her waist and kissed her.

"Pardon me, Signora," said the poor girl to her hostess ; "but I felt that arm round my waist for a week after : ay, almost as much as if it had been there."

"And Charles felt that you did," thought his mother ; "for he never told me the story."

"He begged my pardon," continued she, "as I was hastening out of the room, and hoped I should not construe his warmth into impertinence. And to hear him talk so to me, who

used to fear what he might think of myself ; it made me stand in the passage, and lean my head against the wall, and weep such bitter, and yet such sweet tears !—But he did not hear them. No, Madam, he did not know, indeed, how much I—how much I—”

“Loved him, child,” interrupted Mrs. Montague ; “you have a right to say so, and I wish he had been alive to say as much to you himself.”

“Oh, good God !” said the dying girl, her tears flowing away, “this is too great a happiness for me, to hear his own mother talking so.” And again she lays her weak head upon the lady’s hand.

The latter would have persuaded her to sleep again ; but she said she could not for joy : “for I’ll tell you, Madam,” continued she, “I do not believe you will think it foolish, for something very grave at my heart tells me it is not so ; but I have had a long thought,” (and her voice and look grew more exalted as she spoke,) “which has supported me through much toil and many disagreeable things to this country and this place ; and I will tell you what it is, and how it came into my mind. I received this letter from your son.”

Here she drew out a paper which, though carefully wrapped up in several others, was much worn at the sides. It was dated from the village, and ran thus :—

“This comes from the Englishman whom Rosaura nursed so kindly at Florence. She will be sorry to hear that her kindness was in vain, for he is dying ; and he sometimes fears that her sorrow will be greater than he could wish it to be. But marry one of your kind countrymen, my good girl ; for all must love Rosaura who know her. If it shall be my lot ever to meet her in heaven, I will thank her as a blessed tongue only can.”

“As soon as I read this letter, Madam,” continues Rosaura, “and what he said about heaven, it flashed into my head, that though I did not deserve him on earth, I might, perhaps, by trying and patience, deserve to be joined with him in heaven, where there is no distinction of persons. My uncle was pleased to see me become a religious pilgrim ; but he knew as little of the world as I, and I found that I could earn my way to England better, and quite as religiously, by playing my guitar, which was also more independent ; and I had often heard your son talk of independence and freedom, and commend me for doing what he was pleased to call so much kindness to others. So I played my guitar from Florence all the way to England, and all that I earned by it I gave away to the poor, keeping enough to procure me lodging. I lived on bread and water, and used to weep happy tears over it, because I looked up to heaven and thought he might see me. I have sometimes, though not often,

met with small insults ; but if ever they threatened to grow greater, I begged the people to desist in the kindest way I could, even smiling, and saying I would please them if I had the heart ; which might be wrong, but it seemed as if deep thoughts told me to say so ; and they used to look astonished, and left off ; which made me the more hope that St. Philip and the Holy Virgin did not think ill of my endeavours. So playing, and giving alms in this manner, I arrived in the neighbourhood of your beloved village, where I fell sick for a while, and was very kindly treated in an out-house ; though the people, I thought, seemed to look strange and afraid on this crucifix—(though your son never did),—though he taught me to think kindly of everybody, and hope the best, and leave everything, except our own endeavours, to Heaven. I fell sick, Madam, because I found for certain that the Signor Montague was dead, albeit I had no hope that he was alive.”

She stopped awhile for breath, for she was growing weaker and weaker, and her hostess would fain have had her keep silence ; but she pressed her hand as well as she might, and prayed with such a patient panting of voice to be allowed to go on, that she was. She smiled thankfully and resumed :—

“So when—so when I got my strength a little again, I walked on and came to the beloved village, and I saw the beautiful white church spire in the trees ; and then I knew where his body slept, and I thought some kind person would help me to die, with my face looking towards the church as it now does ; and death is upon me, even now : but lift me a little higher on the pillows, dear lady, that I may see the green ground of the hill.”

She was raised up as she wished, and after looking awhile with a placid feebleness at the hill, said in a very low voice, “Say one prayer for me, dear lady ; and if it be not too proud in me, call me in it your daughter.”

The mother of her beloved summoned up a grave and earnest voice, as well as she might, and knelt and said, “O Heavenly Father of us all, who in the midst of thy manifold and merciful bounties bringest us into strong passes of anguish, which nevertheless thou enablest us to go through, look down, we beseech thee, upon this thy young and innocent servant, the daughter—that might have been—of my heart, and enable her spirit to pass through the struggling bonds of mortality, and be gathered into thy rest with those we love. Do, dear and great God, of thy infinite mercy, for we are poor weak creatures, both young and old—” here her voice melted away into a breathing tearfulness ; and after remaining on her knees a moment longer, she rose and looked upon the bed, and saw that the weary smiling one was no more.



## XLIII.—A "NOW."

DESCRIPTIVE OF A HOT DAY.

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can; till Phæbus, coming forth in his power, looks everything out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural ale-houses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful two-pence. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots, and shoes, and trees by the road-side, are thick with dust; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloe, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to exultate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and make mighty fishings for "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought

of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in door-ways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water door-ways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounge recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounge, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buck-skins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockeys, walking in great-coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage-coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in office do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old-clothesman drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern-kitchen catches hold of us like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the draughts wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

We cannot conclude this article, however, without returning thanks, both on our own account and on that of our numerous predecessors, who have left so large a debt of gratitude unpaid, to this very useful and ready monosyllable—"Now." We are sure that there is not a didactic poet, ancient or modern, who, if he possessed a decent share of candour, would not be happy to own his obligations to that masterly conjunction, which possesses the very essence of wit, for it has the art of bringing the most remote things toge-

ther. And its generosity is in proportion to its wit, for it always is most profuse of its aid where it is most wanted.

We must enjoy a pleasant passage with the reader on the subject of this "eternal Now" in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the *Woman-Hater*.—Upon turning to it, we perceive that our illustrious particle does not make quite so great a figure as we imagined; but the whole passage is in so analogous a taste, and affords such an agreeable specimen of the wit and humour with which fine poets could rally the common-places of their art, that we cannot help proceeding with it. Lazarello, a foolish table-hunter, has requested an introduction to the Duke of Milan, who has had a fine lamprey presented him. Before the introduction takes place, he finds that the Duke has given the fish away; so that his wish to be known to him goes with it; and part of the drollery of the passage arises from his uneasiness at being detained by the consequences of his own request, and his fear lest he should be too late for the lamprey elsewhere.

*Count (aside to the Duke).* Let me entreat your Grace to stay a little,  
To know a gentleman, to whom yourself  
Is much beholding. He hath made the sport  
For your whole court these eight years, on my knowledge.

*Duke.* His name?

*Count.* Lazarello.

*Duke.* I heard of him this morning:—which is he?

*Count (aside to Laz.).* Lazarello, pluck up thy spirits. Thy fortune is now raising. The Duke calls for thee, and thou shalt be acquainted with him.

*Laz.* He's going away, and I must of necessity stay here upon business.

*Count.* 'Tis all one: thou shalt know him first.

*Laz.* Stay a little. If he should offer to take me with him, and by that means I should lose that I seek for! But if he should, I will not go with him.

*Count.* Lazarello, the Duke stays. Wilt thou lose this opportunity?

*Laz.* How must I speak to him?

*Count.* 'Twas well thought of. You must not talk to him as you do to an ordinary man, honest plain sense; but you must wind about him. For example, if he should ask you what o'clock it is, you must not say, "If it please your Grace, 'tis nine;"—but thus;—"Thrice three o'clock, so please my Sovereign;"—or thus:—

"Look how many Muses there do dwell  
Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,  
And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"  
and so forth. And you must now and then enter into a description.

*Laz.* I hope I shall do it.

*Count.* Come.—May it please your Grace to take note of a gentleman, well seen, deeply

read, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sallets and pot-herbs whatsoever.

*Duke.* I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

*Laz.* I kiss the ox-hide of your Grace's foot.

*Count (aside to Laz.).* Very well.—Will your Grace question him a little.

*Duke.* How old are you?

*Laz.* Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks  
Have been compiled, all for several years,  
Since first I drew this breath. Four 'prentice-ships

Have I most truly served in this world:  
And eight-and-twenty times hath Phœbus' car  
Run out his yearly course, since——

*Duke.* I understand you, Sir.

*Lucio.* How like an ignorant poet he talks!

*Duke.* You are eight-and-twenty years old?  
What time of the day do you hold it to be?

*Laz.* About the time that mortals whet their knives

On thresholds, on their shoe-soles, and on stairs.  
Now bread is grating, and the testy cook  
Hath much to do now; now the tables all——

*Duke.* 'Tis almost dinner-time?

*Laz.* Your Grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

#### XLIV.—THE HONOURABLE MR. ROBERT BOYLE.

THE celebrated Robert Boyle, the chemist, was accounted in his days a sort of perfection of a man, especially in all respects intellectual, moral, and religious. This excellent person was in the habit of moralising upon everything that he did or suffered; such as, "Upon his manner of giving meat to his dog;"—"Upon his horse stumbling in a very fair way;"—"Upon his sitting at ease in a coach that went very fast," &c. Among other Reflections, is one "Upon a fish's struggling after having swallowed the hook." It amounts to this: that at the moment when the fish thinks himself about to be most happy, the hook "does so wound and tear his tender gills, and thereby puts him into such restless pain, that no doubt he wishes the hook, bait and all, were out of his torn jaws again. Thus," says he, "men who do what they should not, to obtain any sensual desires," &c. &c. Not a thought comes over him as to his own part in the business, and what he ought to say of himself for tearing the jaws and gills to indulge his own appetite for excitement. Take also the following:—"Fifth Section—Reflection I. Killing a crow (out of window) in a hog's trough, and immediately tracing the ensuing reflection with a pen made of one of his quills.—Long and patiently did I wait for this unlucky crow, wallowing in the sluttish trough (whose sides kept him a great while out of the reach of my gun),



and gorging himself with no less greediness than the very swinish proprietaries of the feast, till at length my no less unexpected than fatal shot in a moment struck him down, and turning the scene of his delight into that of his pangs, made him abruptly alter his note, and change his triumphant chaunt into a dismal and tragic noise. This method is not unusual to divine justice towards brawny and incorrigible sinners," &c. &c. Thus the crow, for eating his dinner, is a rascal worthy to be shot by the Honourable Mr. Robert Boyle, before the latter sits down to his own; while the said Mr. Boyle, instead of contenting himself with being a gentleman in search of amusement at the expense of birds and fish, is a representative of Divine Justice.

We laugh at this wretched moral pedantry now, and deplore the involuntary hard-heartedness which such mistakes in religion tended to produce; but in how many respects should it not make us look about ourselves, and see where we fall short of an enlargement of thinking?

#### XLV.—SUPERFINE BREEDING.

THERE is an anecdote in Aulus Gellius (*Noces Atticæ*, lib. 10, cap. vi.) which exhibits, we think, one of the highest instances of what may be called polite blackguardism, that we remember to have read. The fastidiousness, self-will, and infinite resentment against a multitude of one's fellow-creatures for presuming to come in contact with our importance, are truly edifying; and to complete the lesson, this extraordinary specimen of the effect of superfine breeding and blood is handed down to us in the person of a lady. Her words might be thought to have been a bad joke; and bad enough it would have been; but the sense that was shown of them proves them to have been very gravely regarded.

Claudia, the daughter of Appius Cæcus, in coming away from a public spectacle, was much pressed and pushed about by the crowd; upon which she thus vented her impatience:—"What should I have suffered now, and how much more should I have been squeezed and knocked about, if my brother Publius Claudius had not had his ships destroyed in battle, with all that heap of men? I should have been absolutely jammed to death! Would to heaven my brother were alive again, and could go with another fleet to Sicily, and be the death of this host of people, who plague and pester one in this horrid manner!"

\* "Quid me nunc factum esset, quantoque arctius presensque conflictata essem, si P. Claudius frater meus navali prælio classem navium cum ingenti civium numero non perdidisset? certè quidem majore nunc copiâ populi oppressa intercidissem. Sed utinam, inquit, reviviscat

For these words, "so wicked and so uncivic," says good old Gellius (*tam improba ac tam incivilia*) the Ædiles, Caius Fundanus and Tiberius Sempronius, got the lady fined in the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds brass. There is a long account, in Livy, of the speech which they made to the people in reply to the noble families that interceded for her. It is very indignant. Claudia herself confessed her words, and does not appear to have joined in the intercession. They are not related at such length by Livy, as by Aulus Gellius. He merely makes her wish that her brother were alive to take out another fleet. But he shows his sense of the ebullition by calling it a dreadful imprecation; and her rage was even more gratuitous, according to his account; for he describes her as coming from the shows in a chariot.

Insolence and want of feeling appear to have been hereditary in this Appian family: which gives us also a strong sense of their want of capacity; otherwise a disgust at such manners must have been generated in some of the children. They were famous for opposing every popular law, and for having kept the commons as long as possible out of any share in public honours and government. The villain Appius Claudius, whose story has been made still more familiar to the public by the tragedy of Mr. Knowles, was among its ancestors. Appius Cæcus, or the Blind, the father of Claudia, though he constructed the celebrated Appian Way and otherwise benefited the city, was a very unpopular man, wilful, haughty, and lawless. He retained possession of the Censorship beyond the limited period. It is an instance perhaps of his unpopularity, as well as of the superstition of the times, that having made a change in one of the priestly offices, and become blind some years afterwards, the Romans attributed it to the vengeance of heaven; an opinion which Livy repeats with great devotion, calling it a warning against innovations in religion. It had no effect, however, upon Claudius the brother, whose rashness furnished the pious Romans with a similar example to point at. Before an engagement with the Carthaginians, the Sacred Chickens were consulted, and because they would not peck and furnish him with a good omen, he ordered them to be thrown into the sea. "If they won't eat," says he, "let 'em drink." The engagement was one of the worst planned and the worst fought in the world; but the men were dispirited by the Consul's irreverent behaviour to the chickens; and his impiety shared the disgrace with his folly. Livy represents him as an epitome of all that was bad in his family; proud, stubborn, unmerciful, though full of faults himself, and wilful and precipitate to a degree of madness. This was

frater, aliamque classem in Siciliam ducat, atque istam multitudinem perditum eat, quæ me malè nunc miseram convexavit."

the battle, of which his sister wished to see a repetition. It cost the Romans many ships sunk, ninety-three taken, and according to the historian, the miraculous loss of eight thousand men killed and twenty thousand taken prisoners, while the Carthaginians lost not a ship or a man.

#### XLVI.—SHAKING HANDS.

Among the first things which we remember noticing in the manners of people, were two errors in the custom of shaking hands. Some we observed, grasped everybody's hand alike, —with an equal fervour of grip. You would have thought that Jenkins was the best friend they had in the world; but on succeeding to the squeeze, though a slight acquaintance, you found it equally flattering to yourself; and on the appearance of somebody else (whose name, it turned out, the operator had forgotten,) the crush was no less complimentary:—the face was as earnest, and beaming the “glad to see you” as syllabical and sincere, and the shake as close, as long, and as rejoicing, as if the semi-unknown was a friend come home from the Deserts.

On the other hand, there would be a gentleman, now and then, as coy of his hand, as if he were a prude, or had a whitlow. It was in vain that your pretensions did not go beyond the “civil salute” of the ordinary shake; or that being introduced to him in a friendly manner, and expected to shake hands with the rest of the company, you could not in decency omit his. His fingers, half coming out and half retreating, seemed to think that you were going to do them a mischief; and when you got hold of them, the whole shake was on your side; the other hand did but proudly or pensively acquiesce—there was no knowing which; you had to sustain it, as you might a lady's, in handing her to a seat; and it was an equal perplexity to know whether to shake or to let it go. The one seemed a violence done to the patient, the other an awkward responsibility brought upon yourself. You did not know, all the evening, whether you were not an object of dislike to the person; till, on the party's breaking up, you saw him behave like an equally ill-used gentleman to all who practised the same unthinking civility.

Both these errors, we think, might as well be avoided; but, of the two, we must say we prefer the former. If it does not look so much like particular sincerity, it looks more like general kindness; and if those two virtues are to be separated (which they assuredly need not be, if considered without spleen), the world can better afford to dispense with an unpleasant truth than a gratuitous humanity. Besides, it is more difficult to make sure of the one than to practise the other, and kindness

itself is the best of all truths. As long as we are sure of that, we are sure of something, and of something pleasant. It is always the best end, if not in every instance the most logical means.

This manual shyness is sometimes attributed to modesty, but never, we suspect, with justice, unless it be that sort of modesty whose fear of committing itself is grounded in pride. Want of address is a better reason; but this particular instance of it would be grounded in the same feeling. It always implies a habit either of pride or mistrust. We have met with two really kind men who evinced this soreness of hand. Neither of them, perhaps, thought himself inferior to anybody about him, and both had good reason to think highly of themselves, but both had been sanguine men contradicted in their early hopes. There was a plot to meet the hand of one of them with a fish-slice, in order to show him the disadvantage to which he put his friends by that flat mode of salutation; but the conspirator had not the courage to do it. Whether he heard of the intention we know not, but shortly afterwards he took very kindly to a shake. The other\* was the only man of a warm set of politicians, who remained true to his first hopes of mankind. He was impatient at the change in his companions, and at the folly and inattention of the rest; but though his manner became cold, his consistency remained warm, and this gave him a right to be as strange as he pleased.

#### XLVII.—ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF LAUREL FROM VAUCLUSE.

AND this piece of laurel is from Vaucluse! Perhaps Petrarch, perhaps Laura sat under it! This is a true present. What an exquisite, dry, old, vital, young-looking, everlasting twig it is! It has been plucked nine months, and yet looks as hale and as crisp as if it would last ninety years. It shall last, at any rate, as long as its owner, and longer, if care and love can preserve it. How beautifully it is turned! It was a happy pull from the tree. Its shape is the very line of beauty; it has berries upon it, as if resolved to show us in what fine condition the trees are; while the leaves issue from it, and swerve upwards with their elegant points, as though they had come from adorning the poet's head. Be thou among the best of one's keepsakes, thou gentle stem, *in deliciis nostris*; and may the very maid-servant, who wonders to see thy withered beauty in its frame, miss her lover the next five weeks, for not having the instinct to know that thou must have something to do with love!

Perhaps Petrarch has felt the old ancestral boughs of this branch stretching over his head,

\* The late Mr. Hazlitt.



and whispering to him of the name of Laura, of his love, and of their future glory; for all these ideas used to be entwined in one. (Sestina 2, canzone 17, sonetti 162, 163, 164, 207, 224, &c.) Perhaps it is of the very stock of that bough, which he describes as supplying his mistress with a leaning-stock, when she sat in her favourite bower.

Giovane donna sotto un verde lauro  
Vidi più bianca e più fredda che neve  
Non percossa dal sol molti e molt' anni;  
E 'l suo parlar, e 'l bel viso, e le chiome,  
Mi piacquer sì, ch' i' l'ho a gli occhi miei,  
Ed avro sempre, ov' io sia in poggio o'n riva.

Part 1. sestina 2.

A youthful lady under a green laurel  
I saw, more fair and colder than white snows  
Veil'd from the sun for many and many a year:  
And her sweet face, and hair, and way of speaking,  
So pleased me, that I have her now before me,  
And shall have ever, whether on hill or lea.

The laurel seems more appropriate to Petrarch than to any other poet. He delighted to sit under its leaves; he loved it both for itself and for the resemblance of its name to that of his mistress; he wrote of it continually, and he was called from out of its shade to be crowned with it in the capitol. It is a remarkable instance of the fondness with which he cherished the united idea of Laura and the laurel, that he confesses this fancy to have been one of the greatest delights he experienced in receiving the crown upon his head.

It was out of Vaucluse that he was called. Vaucluse, Valchiusa, the Shut Valley (from which the French, in the modern enthusiasm for intellect, gave the name to the department in which it lies), is a remarkable spot in the old poetical region of Provence, consisting of a little deep glen of green meadows, surrounded with rocks, and containing the fountain of the river Sorgue. Petrarch, when a boy of eight or nine years of age, had been struck with its beauty, and exclaimed that it was the place of all others he should like to live in, better than the most splendid cities. He resided there afterwards for several years, and composed in it the greater part of his poems. Indeed, he says in his account of himself, that he either wrote or conceived, in that valley, almost every work he produced. He lived in a little cottage, with a small homestead, on the banks of the river. Here he thought to forget his passion for Laura, and here he found it stronger than ever. We do not well see how it could have been otherwise; for Laura lived no great way off, at Chabrières, and he appears to have seen her often in the very place. He paced along the river; he sat under the trees; he climbed the mountains; but Love, he says, was ever by his side,

Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui.

He holding talk with me, and I with him.

We are supposing that all our readers are acquainted with Petrarch. Many of them

doubtless know him intimately. Should any of them want an introduction to him, how should we speak of him in the gross? We should say, that he was one of the finest gentlemen and greatest scholars that ever lived; that he was a writer who flourished in Italy in the 14th century, at the time when Chaucer was young, during the reigns of our Edwards; that he was the greatest light of his age; that although so fine a writer himself, and the author of a multitude of works, or rather because he was both, he took the greatest pains to revive the knowledge of the ancient learning, recommending it everywhere, and copying out large manuscripts with his own hand; that two great cities, Paris and Rome, contended which should have the honour of crowning him; that he was crowned publicly, in the Metropolis of the World, with laurel and with myrtle; that he was the friend of Boccaccio, the Father of Italian Prose; and lastly, that his greatest renown nevertheless, as well as the predominant feelings of his existence, arose from the long love he bore for a lady of Avignon, the far-famed Laura, whom he fell in love with on the 6th of April, 1327, on a Good Friday; whom he rendered illustrious in a multitude of sonnets, which have left a sweet sound and sentiment in the ear of all after lovers; and who died, still passionately beloved, in the year 1348, on the same day and hour on which he first beheld her. Who she was, or why their connexion was not closer, remains a mystery. But that she was a real person, and that in spite of her staid manners she did not show an altogether insensible countenance to his passion, is clear from his long-haunted imagination, from his own repeated accounts—from all that he wrote, uttered, and thought. One love, and one poet, sufficed to give the whole civilised world a sense of delicacy in desire, of the abundant riches to be found in one single idea, and of the going out of a man's self to dwell in the soul and happiness of another, which has served to refine the passion for all modern times; and perhaps will do so, as long as love renews the world.

#### XLVIII.—COACHES.

ACCORDING to the opinion commonly entertained respecting an author's want of riches, it may be allowed us to say, that we retain from childhood a considerable notion of "a ride in a coach." Nor do we hesitate to confess, that by coach, we especially mean a hired one; from the equivocal dignity of the post-chaise, down to that despised old cast-away, the hackney.

It is true, that the carriage, as it is indifferently called (as if nothing less genteel could carry any one) is a more decided thing than

the chaise ; it may be swifter even than the mail, leaves the stage at a still greater distance in every respect, and (forgetting what it may come to itself) darts by the poor old lumbering hackney with immeasurable contempt. It rolls with a prouder ease than any other vehicle. It is full of cushions and comfort ; elegantly coloured inside and out ; rich, yet neat ; light and rapid, yet substantial. The horses seem proud to draw it. The fat and fair-wigged coachman "lends his sounding lash," his arm only in action and that but little, his body well set with its own weight. The footman, in the pride of his nonchalance, holding by the straps behind, and glancing down sideways betwixt his cocked-hat and neckcloth, stands swinging from east to west upon his springy toes. The horses rush along amidst their glancing harness. Spotted dogs leap about them, barking with a princely superfluity of noise. The hammer-cloth trembles through all its fringe. The paint flashes in the sun. We, contemptuous of everything less convenient, bow backwards and forwards with a certain indifferent air of gentility, infinitely predominant. Suddenly, with a happy mixture of turbulence and truth, the carriage dashes up by the curb-stone to the very point desired, and stops with a lordly wilfulness of decision. The coachman looks as if nothing had happened. The footman is down in an instant ; the knocker reverberates into the farthest corner of the house ; doors, both carriage and house, are open ;—we descend, casting a matter-of-course eye at the by-standers ; and the moment we touch the pavement, the vehicle, as if conscious of what it has carried, and relieved from the weight of our importance, recovers from its sidelong inclination with a jerk, tossing and panting, as it were, for very breath, like the proud heads of the horses.

All this, it must be owned, is very pretty ; but it is also gouty and superfluous. It is too convenient,—too exacting,—too exclusive. We must get too much for it, and lose too much by it. Its plenty, as Ovid says, makes us poor. We neither have it in the republic of letters, nor would desire it in any less jacobinical state. Horses, as many as you please, provided men have enough to eat ;—hired coaches, a reasonable number :—but health and good-humour at all events.

Gigs and curricles are things less objectionable, because they cannot be so relied upon as substitutes for exercise. Our taste in them, we must confess, is not genuine. How shall we own it ? We like to be driven, instead of drive ;—to read or look about us, instead of keeping watch on a horse's head. We have no relish even for vehicles of this description that are not safe. Danger is a good thing for giving a fillip to a man's ideas ; but even danger, to us, must come recommended by something

useful. We have no ambition to have TANDEM written on our tombstone.

The prettiest of these vehicles is the curricule, which is also the safest. There is something worth looking at in the pair of horses, with that sparkling pole of steel laid across them. It is like a bar of music, comprising their harmonious course. But to us, even gigs are but a sort of unsuccessful run at gentility. The driver, to all intents and purposes, had better be on the horse. Horseback is the noblest way of being carried in the world. It is cheaper than any other mode of riding ; it is common to all ranks ; and it is manly, graceful, and healthy. The handsomest mixture of danger with dignity, in the shape of a carriage, was the tall phaeton with its yellow wings. We remember looking up to it with respect in our childhood, partly for its loftiness, partly for its name, and partly for the show it makes in the prints to novels of that period. The most gallant figure which modern driving ever cut, was in the person of a late Duke of Hamilton ; of whom we have read or heard somewhere, that he used to dash round the streets of Rome, with his horses panting, and his hounds barking about his phaeton, to the equal fright and admiration of the Masters of the World, who were accustomed to witness nothing higher than a lumbering old coach, or a cardinal on a mule.

A post-chaise involves the idea of travelling, which in the company of those we love is home in motion. The smooth running along the road, the fresh air, the variety of scene, the leafy roads, the bursting prospects, the clatter through a town, the gaping gaze of a village, the hearty appetite, the leisure (your chaise waiting only upon your own movements), even the little contradictions to home-comfort, and the expedients upon which they set us, all put the animal spirits at work, and throw a novelty over the road of life. If anything could grind us young again, it would be the wheels of a post-chaise. The only monotonous sight is the perpetual up-and-down movement of the postilion, who, we wish exceedingly, could take a chair. His occasional retreat to the bar which occupies the place of a box, and his affecting to sit upon it, only remind us of its exquisite want of accommodation. But some have given the bar, lately, a surreptitious squeeze in the middle, and flattened it a little into something obliquely resembling an inconvenient seat.

If we are to believe the merry Columbus of Down-Hall, calashes, now almost obsolete for any purpose, used to be hired for travelling occasions a hundred years back ; but he preferred a chariot ; and neither was good. Yet see how pleasantly good-humour rides over its inconveniences.

Then answer'd 'Squire Morley, "Pray get a calash,  
That in summer may burn, and in winter may splash ;  
I love dirt and dust ; and 'tis always my pleasure  
To take with me much of the soil that I measure."



But Matthew thought better ; for Matthew thought right,  
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,  
That extremes both of winter and summer might pass ;  
For one window was canvas, the other was glass.

" Draw up," quoth friend Matthew ; " Pull down," quoth friend John ;

" We shall be both hotter and colder anon."

Thus, talking and scolding, they forward did speed ;  
And Ralpho paced by under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,  
At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the Bull ;  
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the highway,  
And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

" Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'ye do ?  
Where is Cicely so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue ?  
And where is the widow that dwelt here below ?  
And the hostler that sung about eight years ago ?

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear,  
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear ?"  
" By my troth," she replies, " you grow younger, I think :  
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink ?

" Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,  
If I know to which question to answer you first :  
Why, things, since I saw you, most strangely have varied ;  
The hostler is hang'd, and the widow is married.

" And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse,  
And Cicely went off with a gentleman's purse ;  
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,  
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year."

" Well ; peace to her ashes ! What signifies grief ?  
She roasted red veal, and she powder'd lean beef :  
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish ;  
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fish."—*Prior*.

This quotation reminds us of a little poem by the same author, entitled the *Secretary*, which, as it is short, and runs upon chaise-wheels, and seems to have slipped the notice it deserves, we will do ourselves the pleasure of adding. It was written when he was Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, where he seems to have edified the Dutch with his insisting upon enjoying himself. The astonishment with which the good Hollander and his wife look up to him as he rides, and the touch of yawning dialect at the end, are extremely pleasant.

While with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,  
And in one day atone for the business of six,  
In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,  
On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right :  
No Memoirs to compose, and no Post-boy to move,  
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love ;  
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,  
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull Refugee :  
This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,—  
To good or ill-fortune the third we resign :  
Thus scorning the world and superior to fate,  
I drive on my car in processional state.  
So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode ;  
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.  
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,  
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse ?  
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,  
In Holland half drowned in interest and prose ?  
By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,  
When the Hague and the present are both on my side ?  
And is it enough for the joys of the day,  
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say ?  
When good Vandergoes, and his provident *pro*w,  
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,  
That, search all the province, you'll find no man *dår* is  
So blest as the *Englischen Heer Secretar*' is.

If Prior had been living now, he would have found the greatest want of travelling accommodation in a country for whose more serious wants we have to answer, without having her wit to help us to an excuse. There is a story told of an Irish post-chaise, the occupier of which, without quitting it, had to take to his heels. It was going down hill as fast as wind and the impossibility of stopping could make it, when the foot passengers observed a couple of legs underneath, emulating, with all their might, the rapidity of the wheels. The bottom had come out ; and the gentleman was obliged to run for his life.

We must relate another anecdote of an Irish post-chaise, merely to show the natural tendencies of the people to be lawless in self-defence. A friend of ours\*, who was travelling among them, used to have this proposition put to him by the postilion whenever he approached a turnpike. " Plase your honour, will I drive at the pike ?" The pike hung loosely across the road. Luckily, the rider happened to be of as lawless a turn for justice as the driver, so the answer was always a cordial one :—" Oh yes—drive at the pike." The pike made way accordingly ; and in a minute or two, the gate people were heard and seen, screaming in vain after the illegal charioteers.

*Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus.—Virgil.*

The driver's borne beyond their swearing,  
And the post-chaise is hard of hearing.

As to following them, nobody in Ireland thinks of moving too much, legal or illegal.

The pleasure to be had in a mail-coach is not so much at one's command, as that in a post-chaise. There is generally too little room in it, and too much hurry out of it. The company must not lounge over their breakfast, even if they are all agreed. It is an understood thing, that they are to be uncomfortably punctual. They must get in at seven o'clock, though they are all going upon business they do not like or care about, or will have to wait till nine before they can do any thing. Some persons know how to manage this haste, and breakfast and dine in the cracking of a whip. They stick with their fork, they joint, they sliver, they bolt. Legs and wings vanish before them like a dragon's before a knight-errant. But if one is not a clergyman or a regular jolly fellow, one has no chance this way. To be diffident or polite, is fatal. It is a merit eagerly acknowledged, and as quickly set aside. At last you begin upon a leg, and are called off.

A very troublesome degree of science is necessary for being well settled in the coach. We remember travelling in our youth, upon the north road, with an orthodox elderly gentleman of venerable peruke, who talked much with a grave-looking young man about univer-

\* Mr. Shelley.

sities, and won our inexperienced heart with a notion that he was deep in Horace and Virgil. He was deeper in his wig. Towards evening, as he seemed restless, we asked with much diffidence whether a change, even for the worse, might not relieve him; for we were riding backwards, and thought that all elderly people disliked that way. He insinuated the very objection; so we recoiled from asking him again. In a minute or two, however, he insisted that we were uneasy ourselves, and that he must relieve us for our own sake. We protested as filially as possible against this; but at last, out of mere shame of disputing the point with so benevolent an elder, we changed seats with him. After an interval of bland meditation, we found the evening sun full in our face.—His new comfort set him dozing; and every now and then he jerked his wig in our eyes, till we had the pleasure of seeing him take out a nightcap and look very ghastly.—The same person, and his serious young companion, tricked us out of a good bed we happened to get at the inn.

The greatest peculiarity attending a mail-coach arises from its travelling at night. The gradual decline of talk, the incipient snore, the rustling and shifting of legs and nightcaps, the cessation of other noises on the road—the sound of the wind or rain, of the moist circuit of the wheels, and of the time-beating tread of the horses—all dispose the traveller, who cannot sleep, to a double sense of the little that is left him to observe. The coach stops, the door opens, a rush of cold air announces the demands and merits of the guard, who is taking his leave, and is anxious to remember us. The door is clapped to again; the sound of everything outside becomes dim; and voices are heard knocking up the people of the inn, and answered by issuing yawns and excuses. Wooden shoes clog heavily about. The horses' mouths are heard, swilling up the water out of tubs. All is still again, and some one in the coach takes a long breath. The driver mounts, and we resume our way. It happens that we can sleep anywhere except in a mail-coach; so that we hate to see a prudent, warm, old fellow, who has been eating our fowls and intercepting our toast, put on his night-cap in order to settle himself till morning. We rejoice in the digs that his neighbour's elbow gives him, and hail the long-legged traveller that sits opposite. A passenger of our wakeful description must try to content himself with listening to the sounds above mentioned; or thinking of his friends; or turning verses, as Sir Richard Blackmore did, "to the rumbling of his coach's wheels."

The stage-coach is a great and unpretending accommodation. It is a cheap substitute, notwithstanding all its eighteen-penny and two-and-sixpenny temptations, for keeping a carriage or a horse; and we really think, in spite of its gossiping, is no mean help to village

liberality; for its passengers are so mixed, so often varied, so little yet so much together, so compelled to accommodate, so willing to pass a short time pleasantly, and so liable to the criticism of strangers, that it is hard if they do not get a habit of speaking, or even thinking more kindly of one another than if they mingled less often, or under other circumstances. The old and infirm are treated with reverence; the ailing sympathised with; the healthy congratulated; the rich not distinguished; the poor well met: the young, with their faces conscious of ride, patronised, and allowed to be extra. Even the fiery, nay the fat, learn to bear with each other; and if some highly thought persons will talk now and then of their great acquaintances, or their preference of a carriage, there is an instinct which tells the rest, that they would not make such appeals to their good opinion, if they valued it so little as might be supposed. Stoppings and dust are not pleasant, but the latter may be had on grander occasions; and if any one is so unlucky as never to keep another stopping himself, he must be content with the superiority of his virtue.

The mail or stage-coachman, upon the whole, is no inhuman mass of great-coat, gruffness, civility, and old boots. The latter is the politer, from the smaller range of acquaintance, and his necessity for preserving them. His face is red, and his voice rough, by the same process of drink and catarrh. He has a silver watch with a steel-chain, and plenty of loose silver in his pocket, mixed with halfpence. He serves the houses he goes by for a clock. He takes a glass at every alehouse; for thirst, when it is dry, and for warmth when it is wet. He likes to show the judicious reach of his whip, by twiggling a dog or a goose on the road, or children that get in the way. His tenderness to descending old ladies is particular. He touches his hat to Mr. Smith. He gives "the young woman" a ride, and lends her his box-coat in the rain. His liberality in imparting his knowledge to any one that has the good fortune to ride on the box with him, is a happy mixture of deference, conscious possession, and familiarity. His information chiefly lies in the occupancy of houses on the road, prize-fighters, Bow-street runners, and accidents. He concludes that you know Dick Sams, or Old Joey, and proceeds to relate some of the stories that relish his pot and tobacco in the evening. If any of the four-in-hand gentry go by, he shakes his head, and thinks they might find something better to do. His contempt for them is founded on modesty. He tells you that his off-hand horse is as pretty a goer as ever was, but that Kitty—"Yeah, now there, Kitty, can't you be still? Kitty's a devil, Sir, for all you wouldn't think it." He knows that the boys on the road admire him, and gives the horses an indifferent lash with his



whip as they go by. If you wish to know what rain and dust can do, you should look at his old hat. There is an indescribably placid and paternal look in the position of his corduroy knees and old top-boots on the foot-board, with their pointed toes and never-cleaned soles. His *beau-ideal* of appearance is a frock-coat, with mother-o'-pearl buttons, a striped yellow waistcoat, and a flower in his mouth.

But all our praises why for Charles and Robert?  
Rise, honest Mews, and sing the classic Bobart.

Is the quadrijugal virtue of that learned person still extant? That Olympic and Baccalaureated charioteer?—That best educated and most erudite of coachmen, of whom Dominie Sampson is alone worthy to speak? That singular punning and driving commentary on the *Sunt quos curriculo collegisse*? In short, the worthy and agreeable Mr. Bobart, Bachelor of Arts, who drove the Oxford stage some years ago, capped verses and the front of his hat with equal dexterity, and read Horace over his brandy-and-water of an evening? We had once the pleasure of being beaten by him in that capital art, he having brought up against us an unusual number of those cross-armed letters, as puzzling to verse-cappers as iron-cats unto cavalry, cyceleped X's; which said warfare he was pleased to call to mind in after-times, unto divers of our comrades. The modest and natural greatness with which he used to say "Yait" to his horses, and then turn round with his rosy gills, and an eye like a fish, and give out the required verse, can never pass away from us, as long as verses or horses run.

Of the hackney-coach we cannot make as short work, as many persons like to make of it in reality. Perhaps it is partly a sense of the contempt it undergoes, which induces us to endeavour to make the best of it. But it has its merits, as we shall show presently. In the account of its demerits, we have been anticipated by a new, and we are sorry to say a very good, poetess, of the name of Lucy V——L——, who has favoured us with a sight of a manuscript poem,\* in which they are related with great nicety and sensitiveness.

*Reader.* What Sir, sorry to say that a lady is a good poetess?

*Indicator.* Only inasmuch, Madam, as the lady gives such authority to the antisocial view of this subject, and will not agree with us as to the beatitude of the hackney-coach.—But hold:—upon turning to the manuscript again, we find that the objections are put into the mouth of a dandy courtier. This makes a great difference. The hackney resumes all which it had lost in the good graces of the fair authoress. The only wonder is, how the courtier could talk so well. Here is the passage.

\* By Mr. Keats. The manuscript purports to have been written by a Miss Lucy Vaughan Lloyd.

Eban, untempted by the Pastry-cooks,  
(Of Pastry he got store within the Palace,) With hasty steps, wrapp'd cloak, and solemn looks, Incognito upon his errand sallies,  
His smelling-bottle ready for the alleys;  
He pass'd the Hurdy-gurdies with disdain,  
Vowing he'd have them sent on board the galleys:  
Just as he made his vow, it 'gan to rain,  
Therefore he call'd a coach, and bade it drive amain.

"I'll pull the string," said he, and further said,  
"Polluted Jarvey! Ah, thou filthy hack!  
Whose strings of life are all dried up and dead,  
Whose linsey-wolsey lining hangs all slack,  
Whose rug is straw, whose wholeness is a crack;  
And evermore thy steps go clatter-clitter;  
Whose glass once up can never be got back,  
Who prov'st, with jolting arguments and bitter,  
That 'tis of vile no-use to travel in a litter.

"Thou inconvenience! thou hungry crop  
For all corn! thou snail creeper to and fro,  
Who while thou goest ever seem'st to stop,  
And fiddle-faddle standest while you go;  
I' the morning, freighted with a weight of woe,  
Unto some Lazar-house thou journiest,  
And in the evening tak'st a double row  
Of dowdies, for some dance or party drest,  
Besides the goods meanwhile thou movest east and west.

"By thy ungallant bearing and sad mien,  
An inch appears the utmost thou couldst budge;  
Yet at the slightest nod, or hint, or sign,  
Round to the curb-stone patient dost thou trudge,  
School'd in a beckon, learned in a nudge;  
A dull-eyed Argus watching for a fare;  
Quiet and plodding, thou dost bear no grudge  
To whisking Tilburies or Phaetons rare,  
Curricles, or Mail-coaches, swift beyond compare."

Philosophising thus, he pull'd the check,  
And bade the coachman wheel to such a street;  
Who turning much his body, more his neck,  
Louted full low, and hoarsely did him greet.

The tact here is so nice, of the infirmities which are but too likely to beset our poor old friend, that we should only spoil it to say more. To pass then to the merits.

One of the greatest helps to a sense of merit in other things, is a consciousness of one's own wants. Do you despise a hackney-coach? Get tired; get old; get young again. Lay down your carriage, or make it less uneasily too easy. Have to stand up half an hour, out of a storm, under a gateway. Be ill, and wish to visit a friend who is worse. Fall in love, and want to sit next your mistress. Or if all this will not do, fall in a cellar.

Ben Jonson, in a fit of indignation at the niggardliness of James the First, exclaimed, "He despises me, I suppose, because I live in an alley:—tell him his soul lives in an alley." We think we see a hackney-coach moved out of its ordinary patience, and hear it say, "You there, who sit looking so scornfully at me out of your carriage, are yourself the thing you take me for. Your understanding is a hackney-coach. It is lumbering, rickety, and at a stand. When it moves, it is drawn by things like itself. It is at once the most stationary and the most servile of common-places. And when a good thing is put into it, it does not know it."

But it is difficult to imagine a hackney-coach under so irritable an aspect. Hogarth has drawn a set of hats or wigs with countenances of their own. We have noticed the same thing in the faces of houses; and it sometimes gets in one's way in a landscape-painting, with the outlines of the rocks and trees. A friend tells us, that the hackney-coach has its countenance, with gesticulation besides: and now he has pointed it out, we can easily fancy it. Some of them look chucked under the chin, some nodding, some coming at you sideways. We shall never find it easy, however, to fancy the irritable aspect above mentioned. A hackney-coach always appeared to us the most quiescent of moveables. Its horses and it, slumbering on a stand, are an emblem of all the patience in creation, animate and inanimate. The submission with which the coach takes every variety of the weather, dust, rain, and wind, never moving but when some eddying blast makes its old body shiver, is only surpassed by the vital patience of the horses. Can anything better illustrate the poet's line about

—Years that bring the philosophic mind,

than the still-hung head, the dim indifferent eye, the dragged and blunt-cornered mouth, and the gaunt imbecility of body dropping its weight on three tired legs in order to give repose to the lame one? When it has blinkers on, they seem to be shutting up its eyes for death, like the windows of a house. Fatigue and the habit of suffering have become as natural to the creature as the bit to its mouth. Once in half an hour it moves the position of its leg, or shakes its drooping ears. The whip makes it go, more from habit than from pain. Its coat has become almost callous to minor stings. The blind and staggering fly in autumn might come to die against its cheek.

Of a pair of hackney-coach horses, one so much resembles the other that it seems unnecessary for them to compare notes. They have that within them, which is beyond the comparative. They no longer bend their heads towards each other, as they go. They stand together as if unconscious of one another's company. But they are not. An old horse misses his companion, like an old man. The presence of an associate, who has gone through pain and suffering with us, need not say anything. It is talk, and memory, and everything. Something of this it may be to our old friends in harness. What are they thinking of, while they stand motionless in the rain? Do they remember? Do they dream? Do they still, unperplexed as their old blood is by too many foods, receive a pleasure from the elements; a dull refreshment from the air and sun? Have they yet a palate for the hay which they pull so feebly? or for the rarer grain, which induces them to perform their only voluntary gesture of any vivacity, and toss up the bags

that are fastened on their mouths, to get at its shallow feast?

If the old horse were gifted with memory, (and who shall say he is not, in one thing as well as another?) it might be at once the most melancholy and pleasantest faculty he has; for the commonest hack has probably been a hunter or racer; has had his days of lustre and enjoyment; has darted along the course, and scoured the pasture; has carried his master proudly, or his lady gently; has pranced, has galloped, has neighed aloud, has dared, has forded, has spurned at mastery, has graced it and made it proud, has rejoiced the eye, has been crowded to as an actor, has been all instinct with life and quickness, has had his very fear admired as courage, and been sat upon by valour as its chosen seat.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane  
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;  
His nostrils drink the air; and forth again,  
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;

His eye, which scornfully glistens like fire,  
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots as if he told the steps,  
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;  
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,  
As who would say, lo! thus my strength is tried,  
And thus I do to captivate the eye  
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,  
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say*?  
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?  
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?  
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
As if the dead the living should exceed;  
So did this horse excel a common one,  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlock shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide;  
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong;  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;  
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Alas! his only riders now are the rain and a sordid harness! The least utterance of the wretchedest voice makes him stop and become a fixture. His loves were in existence at the time the old sign, fifty miles hence, was painted. His nostrils drink nothing but what they cannot help,—the water out of an old tub. Not all the hounds in the world could make his ears attain any eminence. His mane is scratchy and lax. The same great poet who wrote the triumphal verses for him and his loves, has written their living epitaph:—

The poor jades  
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips,  
The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes;  
And in their pale dull mouths the gimball bit  
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless.

K. Henry 5th, Act 4.



There is a song called the *High-mettled Racer*, describing the progress of a favourite horse's life, from its time of vigour and glory, down to its furnishing food for the dogs. It is not as good as Shakspeare; but it will do, to those who are half as kind as he. We defy anybody to read that song or be in the habit of singing it or hearing it sung, and treat horses as they are sometimes treated. So much good may an author do, who is in earnest, and does not go in a pedantic way to work. We will not say that Plutarch's good-natured observation about taking care of one's old horse did more for that class of retired servants than all the graver lessons of philosophy. For it is philosophy which first sets people thinking; and then some of them put it in a more popular shape. But we will venture to say, that Plutarch's observation saved many a steed of antiquity a superfluous thump; and in this respect, the author of the *High-mettled Racer* (Mr. Dibdin we believe, no mean man in his way) may stand by the side of the old illustrious biographer. Next to ancient causes, to the inevitable progress of events, and to the practical part of Christianity (which persons, the most accused of irreligion, have preserved like a glorious infant, through ages of blood and fire) the kindness of modern philosophy is more immediately owing to the great national writers of Europe, in whose schools we have all been children:—to Voltaire in France, and Shakspeare in England. Shakspeare, in his time, obliquely pleaded the cause of the Jew, and got him set on a common level with humanity. The Jew has since been not only allowed to be human, but some have undertaken to show him as the "best good Christian though he knows it not." We shall not dispute the title with him, nor with the other worshippers of Mammon, who force him to the same shrine. We allow, as things go in that quarter, that the Jew is as great a Christian as his neighbour, and his neighbour as great a Jew as he. There is neither love nor money lost between them. But at all events, the Jew is a man; and with Shakspeare's assistance, the time has arrived, when we can afford to acknowledge the horse for a fellow-creature, and treat him as one. We may say for him, upon the same grounds and to the same purpose, as Shakspeare said for the Israelite, "Hath not a horse organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?" Oh—but some are always at hand to cry out,—it would be effeminate to think too much of these things!—Alas! we have no notion of asking the gentlemen to think too much of anything. If they will think at all, it will be a great gain. As to effeminacy (if we must use that ungallant and partial word, for want of a better) it is cruelty

[PART II.]

that is effeminate. It is selfishness that is effeminate. Anything is effeminate, which would get an excitement, or save a proper and manly trouble, at the undue expense of another.—How does the case stand then between those who ill-treat their horses, and those who spare them?

To return to the coach. Imagine a fine coach and pair, which are standing at the door of a house, in all the pride of their strength and beauty, converted into what they may both become, a hackney, and its old shamblers. Such is one of the meditations of the philosophic eighteenpenny rider. A hackney-coach has often the arms of nobility on it. As we are going to get into it, we catch a glimpse of the faded lustre of an earl's or marquis's coronet, and think how many light or proud hearts have ascended those now rickety steps. In this coach perhaps an elderly lady once rode to her wedding, a blooming and blushing girl. Her mother and sister were on each side of her; the bridegroom opposite in a blossom-coloured coat. They talk of everything in the world of which they are not thinking. The sister was never prouder of her. The mother with difficulty represses her own pride and tears. The bride, thinking he is looking at her, casts down her eyes, pensive in her joy. The bridegroom is at once the proudest, and the humblest, and the happiest man in the world.—For our parts, we sit in a corner, and are in love with the sister. We dream she is going to speak to us in answer to some indifferent question, when a hoarse voice comes in at the front window, and says "Whereabouts Sir?"

And grief has consecrated thee, thou reverend dilapidation, as well as joy! Thou hast carried unwilling, as well as willing hearts; hearts, that have thought the slowest of thy paces too fast; faces that have sat back in a corner of thee, to hide their tears from the very thought of being seen. In thee the destitute have been taken to the poor-house, and the wounded and sick to the hospital; and many an arm has been round many an insensible waist. Into thee the friend or the lover has hurried, in a passion of tears, to lament his loss. In thee he has hastened to condole the dying or the wretched. In thee the father, or mother, or the older kinswoman, more patient in her years, has taken the little child to the grave, the human jewel that must be parted with.

But joy appears in thee again, like the look-in of the sun-shine. If the lover has gone in thee unwillingly, he has also gone willingly. How many friends hast thou not carried to merry-meetings! How many young parties to the play! How many children, whose faces thou hast turned in an instant from the extremity of lachrymose weariness to that of staring delight. Thou hast contained as many different passions in thee as a human heart; and for the

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sake of the human heart, old body, thou art venerable. Thou shalt be as respectable as a reduced old gentleman, whose very slovenliness is pathetic. Thou shalt be made gay, as he is over a younger and richer table, and thou shalt be still more touching for the gaiety.

We wish the hackney-coachman were as interesting a machine as either his coach or horses; but it must be owned, that of all the driving species he is the least agreeable specimen. This is partly to be attributed to the life which has most probably put him into his situation; partly to his want of outside passengers to cultivate his gentility; and partly to the disputable nature of his fare, which always leads him to be lying and cheating. The waterman of the stand, who beats him in sordidness of appearance, is more respectable. He is less of a vagabond, and cannot cheat you. Nor is the hackney-coachman only disagreeable in himself, but, like Falstaff reversed, the cause of disagreeableness in others; for he sets people upon disputing with him in pettiness and ill-temper. He induces the mercenary to be violent, and the violent to seem mercenary. A man whom you took for a pleasant laughing fellow, shall all of a sudden put on an irritable look of calculation, and vow that he will be charged with a constable, rather than pay the sixpence. Even fair woman shall waive her all-conquering softness, and sound a shrill trumpet in reprobation of the extortionate charioteer, whom, if she were a man, she says, she would expose. Being a woman, then, let her not expose herself. Oh, but it is intolerable to be so imposed upon! Let the lady, then, get a pocket book, if she must, with the hackney-coach fares in it; or a pain in the legs, rather than the temper; or, above all, let her get wiser, and have an understanding that can dispense with the good opinion of the hackney-coachman. Does she think that her rosy lips were made to grow pale about two-and-sixpence; or that the expression of them will ever be like her cousin Fanny's, if she goes on?

The stage-coachman likes the boys on the road, because he knows they admire him. The hackney-coachman knows that they cannot admire him, and that they can get up behind his coach, which makes him very savage. The cry of "Cut behind!" from the malicious urchins on the pavement, wounds at once his self-love and his interest. He would not mind overloading his master's horses for another sixpence, but to do it for nothing is what shocks his humanity. He hates the boy for imposing upon him, and the boys for reminding him that he has been imposed upon; and he would willingly twinge the cheeks of all nine. The cut of his whip over the coach is malignant. He has a constant eye to the road behind him. He has also an eye to what may be left in the coach. He will undertake to search the straw

for you, and miss the half-crown on purpose. He speculates on what he may get above his fare, according to your manners or company; and knows how much to ask for driving faster or slower than usual. He does not like wet weather so much as people suppose; for he says it rots both his horses and harness, and he takes parties out of town when the weather is fine, which produces good payments in a lump. Lovers, late supper-eaters, and girls going home from boarding-school, are his best pay. He has a rascally air of remonstrance when you dispute half the over-charge, and according to the temper he is in, begs you to consider his bread, hopes you will not make such a fuss about a trifle; or tells you, you may take his number or sit in the coach all night.

A great number of ridiculous adventures must have taken place, in which hackney-coaches were concerned. The story of the celebrated harlequin Lunn, who secretly pitched himself out of one into a tavern window, and when the coachman was about to submit to the loss of his fare, astonished him by calling out again from the inside, is too well known for repetition. There is one of Swift, not perhaps so common. He was going, one dark evening, to dine with some great man, and was accompanied by some other clergymen, to whom he gave their cue. They were all in their canonicals. When they arrive at the house, the coachman opens the door, and lets down the steps. Down steps the Dean, very reverend in his black robes; after him comes another personage, equally black and dignified; then another; then a fourth. The coachman, who recollects taking up no greater number, is about to put up the steps, when another clergyman descends. After giving way to this other, he proceeds with great confidence to toss them up, when lo! another comes. Well, there cannot, he thinks, be more than six. He is mistaken. Down comes a seventh, then an eighth; then a ninth; all with decent intervals; the coach, in the mean time, rocking as if it were giving birth to so many dæmons. The coachman can conclude no less. He cries out, "The devil! the devil!" and is preparing to run away, when they all burst into laughter. They had gone round as they descended, and got in at the other door.

We remember in our boyhood an edifying comment on the proverb of "all is not gold that glistens." The spectacle made such an impression upon us, that we recollect the very spot, which was at the corner of a road in the way from Westminster to Kennington, near a stone-mason's. It was a severe winter, and we were out on a holiday, thinking, perhaps, of the gallant hardships to which the ancient soldiers accustomed themselves, when we suddenly beheld a group of hackney-coachmen, not, as Spenser says of his witch,

Busy, as seemed, about some wicked gin,



but pledging each other in what appeared to us to be little glasses of cold water. What temperance, thought we ! What extraordinary and noble content ! What more than Roman simplicity ! Here are a set of poor Englishmen, of the homeliest order, in the very depth of winter, quenching their patient and honourable thirst with modicums of cold water ! O true virtue and courage ! O sight worthy of the Timoleons and Epaminondases ! We know not how long we remained in this error ; but the first time we recognised the white devil for what it was—the first time we saw through the crystal purity of its appearance—was a great blow to us. We did not then know what the drinkers went through ; and this reminds us that we have omitted one great redemption of the hackney-coachman's character—his being at the mercy of all chances and weathers. Other drivers have their settled hours and pay. He only is at the mercy of every call and every casualty ; he only is dragged, without notice, like the damned in Milton, into the extremities of wet and cold, from his alehouse fire to the freezing rain ; he only must go any where, at what hour and to whatever place you choose, his old rheumatic limbs shaking under his weight of rags, and the snow and sleet beating into his puckered face, through streets which the wind scours like a channel.

#### XLIX.—REMARKS UPON ANDREA DE BASSO'S ODE TO A DEAD BODY\*.

WE are given to understand by the Italian critics, that this poem made a great sensation, and was alone thought sufficient to render its author of celebrity. Its loathly heroine had been a beauty of Ferrara, proud and luxurious. It is written in a fierce Catholic spirit, and is incontestably very striking and even appalling. Images, which would only be disgusting on other occasions, affect us beyond disgust, by the strength of such earnestness and sincerity. Andrea de Basso lays bare the mortifying conclusions of the grave, and makes the pride of beauty bow down to them. The picture of the once beautiful, proud, and unthinking creature, caught and fixed down in a wasting trap,—the calling upon her to come forth, and see if any will now be won into her arms,—the taunts about the immortal balm which she thought she had in her veins,—the whole, in short, of the terrible disadvantage under which she is made to listen with unearthly ears to the poet's lecture, affects the imagination to shuddering.

No wonder that such an address made a sensation, even upon the gaiety of a southern city.

\* The reader will gather the substance of it from what follows. The ode is to be found in the sixth volume of the *Parnaso Italiano*. A translation has appeared in the volume of the author's Poetical Works, just published.

One may conceive how it fixed the superstitious more closely over their meditations and skulls ; how it sent the young, and pious, and humble, upon their knees ; how it baulked the vivacity of the serenaders ; brought tears into the eyes of affectionate lovers ; and shot doubt and confusion even into the cheeks of the merely wanton. Andrea de Basso, armed with the lightnings of his church, tore the covering from the grave, and smote up the heart of Ferrara as with an earthquake.

For a lasting impression, however, or for such a one as he would have desired, the author, with all his powers, overshot his mark. Men build again over earthquakes, as nature resumes her serenity. The Ferrarese returned to their loves and guitars, when absolution had set them to rights. It was impossible that Andrea de Basso should have succeeded in fixing such impressions upon the mind ; and it would have been an error in logic, as well as everything else, if he had. He committed himself, both as a theologian and a philosopher. There is an allusion, towards the end of his ode, to the Catholic notion, that the death of a saintly person is accompanied by what they call "the odour of sanctity ;"—a literalised metaphor, which they must often have been perplexed to maintain. But the assents of superstition, and the instinct of common sense, keep a certain separation at bottom ; and the poet drew such a picture of mortality, as would unavoidably be applied to every one, vicious or virtuous. It was too close and mortifying, even for the egotism of religious fancy to overcome. All would have an interest in contradicting it somehow or other.

On the other hand, if they could not well contradict or bear to think of it, his mark was overshot there. It has been observed, in times of shipwrecks, plagues, and other circumstances of a common despair, that upon the usual principle of extremes meeting, mankind turn upon Death their pursuer, and defy him to the teeth. The superstitious in vain exhort them to think, and threaten them with the consequences of refusal. They have threats enough. If they could think to any purpose of refreshment, they would. But time presses ; the exhortation is too like the evil it would remedy ; and they endeavour to crowd into a few moments all the enjoyments to which nature has given them a tendency, and to which, with a natural piety beyond that of their threateners, they feel that they have both a tendency and a right. If many such odes as Basso's could have been written,—if the court of Ferrara had turned superstitious and patronised such productions, the next age would not merely have been lively ; it would have been debauched.

Again, the reasoning of such appeals to the general sense is absurd in itself. They call upon us to join life and death together ;—to think of what we are not, with the feelings of

what we are ; to be different, and yet the same. Hypochondria may do this ; a melancholy imagination, or a strong imagination of any sort, may do it for a time ; but it will never be done generally, and nature never intended it should. A decaying dead body is no more the real human being, than a watch, stopped and mutilated, is a time-piece, or cold water warm, or a numb finger in the same state of sensation as the one next it, or any one modification of being the same as another. We may pitch ourselves by imagination into this state of being ; but it is ourselves, modified by our present totalities and sensation, that we do pitch there. What we may be otherwise, is another thing. The melancholy imagination may give it melancholy fancies ; the livelier one, if it pleases, may suppose it a state of exquisite dissolution. The philosopher sees in it nothing but a contradiction to the life by which we judge of it, and a dissolution of the compounds which held us together. There is one thing alone in such gloomy beggings of a question, which throws them back upon the prescriptions of wisdom, and prevents them from becoming general. They are always accompanied by ill-health. We do not mean a breaking up of the frame, or that very road to death, which may be a kindly and cheerful one, illumined by the sunset, as youth was by the dawn : but a polluted and artificial state of blood, or an insufficient vigour of existence,—that state, in short, which is an exception to the general condition of humanity, and acts like the proof of a rule to the intentions of Nature. For these are so kind, that no mistake in the world, not even vice itself, is so sure to confuse a man's sensations and render them melancholy, as ill-health. Nature seems to say to us, "Be, above all things, as natural as you can be,—as much as possible in the best fashion of the mould in which I cast you,—and you shall be happy." Nor is this unlucky for virtue, but most lucky : for it takes away its pride, and leaves it its cheerfulness. Real vice will soon be found to be real unhealthiness : nor could society have a better guide to the reformation of its moral systems, than by making them as compatible as possible with every healthy impulse. But why, it may be asked, are we not all healthy ? It is impossible to say : but this is certain, that the oftener a man asks himself that question, the more intimations he has that he is to try and get out of the tendency to ask them. We may live elsewhere : we may be compounded over again, and receive a new consciousness here ;—a guess which, if it seems dreary at first, might lead us to make a heaven of the earth we live in, even for our own sakes hereafter. But at all events, put, as Jupiter says in the fable, your shoulder to the wheel ; and put it as cheerfully as you can. The way that Andrea de Basso should have set about reforming the Ferrarese beauties, would have been to show them, that their enjoyments

were hurtful in proportion as they were extravagant, and less than they might be, in proportion as they were in bad taste. But to ask the healthy to be hypochondriacal : the beautiful to think gratuitously of ugliness ; and the giddy, much less the wise, to desire to be angels in heaven, by representing God as a cruel and eternal punisher,—is what never could, and never ought to have, a lasting effect on humanity.

It has been well observed, that life is a series of present sensations. It might be added, that the consciousness of the present moment is one of the strongest of those sensations. Still this consciousness is a series, not a line ; a variety with intervals, not a continuity and a haunting. If it were, it would be unhealthy : if it were unhealthy, it would be melancholy ; if it were melancholy, the evident system upon which nature acts would be different. Thus it is impossible that men should be finally led by gloomy, and not by pleasant doctrines.

When the Ferrarese ladies read the poem of Andrea de Basso, it occupied the series of their sensations for a little while, more or less according to their thoughtfulness, and more or less, even then, according to their unhealthiness. The power of voluntary thought is proportioned to the state of the health. In a little time, the Ferrarese, being like other multitudes, and even gayer, would turn to their usual reflections and enjoyments, as they accordingly did. About that period Ariosto was born. He rose to vindicate the charity and good-will of nature ; and put forth more real wisdom, truth, and even piety, in his willing enjoyment of the creation, than all the monks in Ferrara could have mustered together for centuries.

To conclude, Andrea de Basso mistook his own self, as well as the means of instructing his callous beauty. We can imagine her disagreeable enough. There are few things more oppressive to the heart, than the want of feeling in those whose appearance leads others to feel intensely—the sight of beauty sacrificing its own real comfort as well as ours, by a heartless and indiscriminate love of admiration from young and old, from the gross and the refined, the wise and the foolish, the good-natured and the ill-natured, the happy-making and the vicious. If Andrea de Basso's heroine was one of this stamp, we can imagine her to have irritated his best feelings, as well as his more equivocal. We hope she was not merely a giddy creature, who had not quite patience enough with her confessor. Alfred the Great, when a youth, was accustomed to turn a deaf ear to the didactics of his holy kinsman St. Neot ; for which, says the worthy Bishop Asser, who was nevertheless a great admirer of the king, and wrote his life, all those troubles were afterwards brought upon him and his kingdom. Be this as it may, and supposing



the Ferrarese beauty to have been an unfeeling one, the poet was not aware, while triumphing over her folly, and endeavouring to enjoy the thought of her torments, that he was confounding the sentiment of the thing with its reverse, and doing his best to make himself a worse and more hard-hearted person than she. His efforts to induce us to think lightly of the most beautiful things in the external world, by showing us that they will not always be what they are—that a smooth and graceful limb will not for ever be the same smooth and graceful limb, nor an eye an eye, nor an apple an apple, are not as wise as they are poetical. To have said that the limb, unless admired with sentiment as well as with ordinary admiration, is a common-place thing to what it might be, and that there is more beauty in it than the lady supposed, would have been good. To make nothing of it, because she did not make as much as she could, is unwise. But above all, to consign her to eternal punishment in the next world, because she gave rise to a series of fugitive evils in this—granting even that she, and not her wrong education, was the cause of them—is one of those idle worryings of himself and others, which only perplex further what they cannot explain, and have at last fairly sickened the world into a sense of their unhealthiness.

What then remains of the poetical denouncements of Andrea de Basso? Why the only thing which ought to remain, and which when left to itself retains nothing but its pleasure—their poetry. When Dante and Milton shall cease to have any effect as religious dogmatists, they will still be the mythological poets of one system of belief, as Homer is of another. So immortal is pleasure, and so surely does it escape out of the throng of its contradictions.

## L.—THOUGHTS AND GUESSES ON HUMAN NATURE.

### CONFUSION OF MODES OF BEING.

PEOPLE undertake to settle what ideas they shall have under such and such circumstances of being, when it is nothing but their present state of being that enables them to have those ideas.

### VARIETY OF THE COLOURS OF PERCEPTION.

There is reason to suppose, that our perceptions and sensations are more different than we imagine, even upon the most ordinary things, such as visible objects in general, and the sense of existence. We have enough in common, for common intercourse; but the details are dissimilar, as we may perceive in the variety of palates. All people are agreed upon sweet and sour; but one man prefers sour to sweet, and another this and that variety of sour and

sweet. "What then is the use of attempting to make them agree?" Why, we may try to make them agree upon certain general modes of thinking and means of pleasure:—we may colour their existence in the gross, though we must leave the particular shades to come out by themselves. We may enrich their stock of ideas, though we cannot control the items of the expenditure.

### CANNOT.

"But what if we cannot do even this?" The question is answered by experience. Whole nations and ages have already been altered in their modes of thinking. Even if it were otherwise, the endeavour is itself one of the varieties; one of the modes of opinion and means of pleasure. Besides CANNOT is the motto neither of knowledge nor humility. There is more of pride, and ignorance, and despair, in it, than of the modesty of wisdom. It would settle not only the past but the future; and it would settle the future, merely because the past has not been influenced by those that use it.

Who are these men that measure futurity by the shadow of their own littleness? It is as if the loose stones lying about a foundation were to say, "You can build no higher than our heads."

### SUPERSTITION AND DOCTRINE.

Superstition attempts to settle everything by assertion; which never did do, and never will. And like all assertors, even well-inclined ones, it shows its feebleness in anger and threatening. It commands us to take its problems for granted, on pain of being tied up to a triangle. Then come its advocates, and assert that this mode of treatment is proper and logical: which is making bad worse. The worst of all is, that this is the way in which the finest doctrines in the world are obstructed. They are like an excellent child, making the Grand Tour with a foolish overbearing tutor. The tutor runs a chance of spoiling the child, and makes their presence disagreeable wherever they go, except to their tradesmen. Let us hope the child has done with his tutor.

### SECOND THOUGHT ON THE VARIETY OF THE COLOURS OF PERCEPTION.

We may gather from what we read of diseased imaginations, how much our perceptions depend upon the modification of our being. We see how personal and inexperienced we are when we determine that such and such ideas must take place under other circumstances, and such and such truths be always indisputable. Pleasure must always be pleasure, and pain be pain, because these are only names for certain results. But the results themselves will be pleasureable or painful, according to what they act upon. A man in health becomes

sickly; he has a fever, is light-headed, is hypochondriacal. His ideas are deranged, or re-arrange themselves; and a set of new perceptions, and colourings of his existence, take place, as in a kaleidoscope when we shake it. The conclusion is, that every alteration of our physical particles, or of whatever else we are compounded with, produces a different set of perceptions and sensations. What we call health of body and mind is the fittest state of our composition upon earth: but the state of perception which is sickly to our state of existence may be healthy to another.

#### DEATH.

Of all impositions on the public, the greatest seems to be death. It resembles the threatening faces on each side the Treasury. Or rather, it is a necessary bar to our tendency to move forward. Nature sends us out of her hand with such an impetus towards increase of enjoyment, that something is obliged to be set at the end of the avenue we are in, to moderate our bias, and make us enjoy the present being. Death serves to make us think, not of itself, but of what is about us.

#### CHILDHOOD AND KNOWLEDGE.

When children are in good health and temper, they have a sense of existence which seems too exquisite to last. It is made up of clearness of blood, freshness of perception, and trustfulness of heart. We remember the time, when the green rails along a set of suburb gardens used to fill us with a series of holiday and rural sensations perfectly intoxicating. According to the state of our health, we have sunny glimpses of this feeling still; to say nothing of many other pleasures, which have paid us for many pains. The best time to catch them is early in the morning, at sunrise, out in the country. And we will here add, that life never perhaps feels such a return of fresh and young feeling upon it, as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the consciousness of having done a sort of young action (not to add a wise one), and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of buoyancy and self-possession, in which a sick man must not despair of, because he does not feel it the first morning. But even this reform should be adopted by degrees. The best way to recommend it is to begin with allowing fair play to the other side of the question. (See the article upon Getting up on Cold Mornings.) To return to our main point. After childhood comes a knowledge of evil, or a sophisticate and unhealthy mode of life; or one produces the other, and both are embittered. Everything tells us to get back to a state of childhood—pain, pleasure, imagination, reason, passion, natural affection, or piety, the better part of religion. If know-

ledge is supposed to be incompatible with it, knowledge would sacrifice herself, if necessary, to the same cause, for she also tells us to do so. But as a little knowledge first leads us away from happiness, so a greater knowledge may be destined to bring us back into a finer region of it.

#### KNOWLEDGE AND UNHAPPINESS.

It is not knowledge that makes us unhappy as we grow up, but the knowledge of unhappiness. Yet as unhappiness existed when we knew it not, it becomes us all to be acquainted with it, that we may all have the chance of bettering the condition of our species. Who would say to himself, "I would be happy, though all my fellow-creatures were miserable!" Knowledge must heal what it wounds, and extend the happiness which it has suspended. It must do by our comfort as a friend may do by one's books; enrich it with its comments. One man grows up and gets unhealthy without knowledge; another, with it. The former suffers and does not know why. He is unhappy, and he sees unhappiness, but he can do nothing for himself or others. The latter suffers and discovers why. He suffers even more because he knows more; but he learns also how to diminish suffering in others. He learns too to apply his knowledge to his own case; and he sees, that as he himself suffers from the world's want of knowledge, so the progress of knowledge would take away the world's sufferings and his own. The efforts to this end worry him perhaps, and make him sickly; upon which, thinking is pronounced to be injurious to health. And it may be so under these circumstances. What then, if it betters the health of the many? But thinking may also teach him how to be healthier. A game of cricket on a green may do for him what no want of thought would have done: while on the other hand, if he shows a want of thought upon these points, the inference is easy: he is not so thinking a man as you took him for. Addison should have got on horseback, instead of walking up and down a room in his house, with a bottle of wine at each end of it. Shakespeare divided his time between town and country, and in the latter part of his life, built, and planted, and petted his daughter Susanna. Solomon in his old age played the Anacreon; and with Milton's leave, "his wisest heart" was not so much out in this matter, as when his royal impatience induced him to say that everything was vanity.

#### CHILDHOOD—OLD AGE—OUR DESTINY.

There appears to be something in the composition of humanity like what we have observed in that of music. The musician's first thought is apt to be his finest: he must carry it on, and make a second part to his air; and he becomes inferior. Nature in like manner



(if we may speak it without profaneness) appears to succeed best in making childhood and youth. The symphony is a little perturbed ; but in what a sprightly manner the air sets off ! What purity ! What grace ! What touching simplicity ! Then comes sin, or the notion of it, and "breaks the fair music." Well did a wiser than the "wisest heart" bid us try and continue children. But there are foolish as well as wise children, and it is a special mark of the former, whether little or grown, to affect manhood, and to confound it with cunning and violence.—Do men die, in order that life and its freshness may be as often and as multitudinously renewed as possible ? Or do children grow old, that our consciousness may attain to some better mode of being through a rough path ? Superstition answers only to perplex us, and make us partial. Nature answers nothing. But nature's calm and resolute silence tells us at once to hope for the future, and to do our best to enjoy the present. What if it is the aim of her workmanship to produce self-moving instruments, that may carry forward their own good ? "A modest thought," you will say. Yet it is more allied to some doctrines celebrated for their humility, than you may suppose. Vanity, in speculation earnest and affectionate, is a charge to be made only by vanity. What has it to do with them ?

#### ENDEAVOUR.

Either this world (to use the style of Marcus Antoninus) is meant to be what it is, or it is not. If it is not, then our endeavours to render it otherwise are right :—if it is, then we must be as we are, and seek excitement through the same means, and our endeavours are still right. In either case, endeavour is good and useful ; but in one of them, the want of it must be a mistake.

#### GOOD AND EVIL.

Nature is justified (to speak humanly) in the ordinary state of the world, granting it is never to be made better, because the sum of good, upon the whole, is greater than that of evil. For in the list of goods we are not only to rank all the more obvious pleasures which we agree to call such, but much that is ranked under the head of mere excitement, taking hope for the ground of it, and action for the means. But we have no right on that account, to abstain from endeavouring to better the condition of our species, were it only for the sake of individual suffering. Nature, who is infinite, has a right to act in the gross. Nothing but an infinite suffering should make her stop ; and that should make her stop, were the individual who infinitely suffered the only inhabitant of his hell. Heaven and earth should petition to be abolished, rather than that one such monstrosity should exist : it is the absurdest as well as most impious of all the dreams of fear. To suppose

that a Divine Being can sympathise with our happiness, is to suppose that he can sympathise with our misery ; but to suppose that he can sympathise with misery, and yet suffer infinite misery to exist, rather than put an end to misery and happiness together, is to contradict his sympathy with happiness, and to make him prefer a positive evil to a negative one, the existence of torment to the cessation of feeling. As nature therefore, if considered at all, must be considered as regulated in her operations, though infinite, we must look to fugitive suffering, as nature must guard against permanent ; she carves out our work for us in the gross : we must attend to it in the detail. To leave every thing to her, would be to settle into another mode of existence, or stagnate into death. If it be said that she will take care of us at all events, we answer, first, that she does not do so in the ordinary details of life, neither earns our food for us, nor washes our bodies, nor writes our books ; secondly, that of things useful-looking and uncertain, she incites us to know the profit and probability ; and thirdly (as we have hinted in a previous observation), that not knowing how far we may carry on the impulse of improvement, towards which she has given us a bias, it becomes us on every ground, both of ignorance and wisdom, to try.

#### DEGRADING IDEAS OF DEITY.

The superstitious, in their contradictory representations of God, call him virtuous and benevolent out of the same passion of fear as induces them to make him such a tyrant. They think they shall be damned if they do not believe him the tyrant he is described :—they think they shall be damned also, if they do not gratuitously ascribe to him the virtues incompatible with damnation. Being so unworthy of praise, they think he will be particularly angry at not being praised. They shudder to think themselves better ; and hasten to make amends for it, by declaring themselves as worthless as he is worthy.

#### GREAT DISTINCTION TO BE MADE IN BIGOTS.

There are two sorts of religious bigots, the unhealthy and the unfeeling. The fear of the former is mixed with humanity, and they never succeed in thinking themselves favourites of God, but their sense of security is embittered, by aversions which they dare not own to themselves, and terror for the fate of those who are not so lucky. The unfeeling bigot is a mere unimaginative animal, whose thoughts are confined to the snugness of his kennel, and who would have a good one in the next world as well as in this. He secures a place in heaven as he does in the Manchester coach. Never mind who suffers outside, woman or child. We once found ourselves by accident on board a Margate hoy, which professed to "sail by Divine Providence." Walking about the deck

at night to get rid of the chillness which would occasionally visit our devotions to the starry heavens and the sparkling sea, our foot came in contact with something white, which was lying gathered up in a heap. Upon stooping down, we found it to be a woman. The methodists had secured all the beds below, and were not to be disturbed.

#### SUPERSTITION THE FLATTERER OF REASON.

We are far from thinking that reason can settle everything. We no more think so, than that our eyesight can see into all existence. But it does not follow, that we are to take for granted the extremest contradictions of reason. Why should we? We do not even think well enough of reason to do so. For here is one of the secrets of superstition. It is so angry at reason for not being able to settle everything, that it runs in despair into the arms of irrationality.

#### GOOD IN THINGS EVIL.

“God Almighty!

There is a soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out!”

So, with equal wisdom and good-nature, does Shakespeare make one of his characters exclaim. Suffering gives strength to sympathy. Hate of the particular may have a foundation in love for the general. The lowest and most wilful vice may plunge deeper, out of a regret of virtue. Even in envy may be discerned something of an instinct of justice, something of a wish to see fair play, and things on a level.—“But there is still a residuum of evil, of which we should all wish to get rid.”—Well then, let us try.

#### ARTIFICE OF EXAGGERATED COMPLAINT.

Disappointment likes to make out bad to be worse, in order to relieve the gnawing of its actual wound. It would confuse the limits of its pain; and by extending it too far, try to make itself uncertain how far it reached.

#### CUSTOM, ITS SELF-RECONCILEMENTS AND CONTRADICTIONS.

Custom is seen more in what we bear than what we enjoy. And yet a pain long borne so fits itself to our shoulders, that we do not miss even that without disquietude. The novelty of the sensation startles us. Montaigne, like our modern beaux, was uneasy when he did not feel himself braced up in his clothing. Prisoners have been known to wish to go back to their prisons: invalids have missed the accompaniment of a gun-shot wound; and the world is angry with reformers and innovators, not because it is in the right, but because it is accustomed to be in the wrong. This is a good thing, and shows the indestructible tendency of nature to forego its troubles. But then reformers and innovators must arise upon that very ground. To quarrel with them upon a principle of avowed spleen, is candid, and has

a self-knowledge in it. But to resent them as impertinent or effeminate, is at bottom to quarrel with the principle of one's own patience, and to set the fear of moving above the courage of it.

#### ADVICE.

It has been well observed, that advice is not disliked because it is advice; but because so few people know how to give it. Yet there are people vain enough to hate it in proportion to its very agreeableness.

#### HAPPINESS, HOW WE FOREGO IT.

By the same reason for which we call this earth a vale of tears, we might call heaven, when we got there, a hill of sighs; for upon the principle of an endless progression of beatitude, we might find a still better heaven promised us, and this would be enough to make us dissatisfied with the one in possession. Suppose that we have previously existed in the planet Mars; that there are no fields or trees there, and that we nevertheless could imagine them, and were in the habit of anticipating their delight in the next world. Suppose that there was no such thing as a stream of air,—as a wind fanning one's face for a summer's day. What a romantic thing to fancy! What a beatitude to anticipate! Suppose, above all, that there was no such thing as love. Words would be lost in anticipating that. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,” &c. Yet when we got to this heaven of green fields and fresh airs, we might take little notice of either for want of something more; and even love we might contrive to spoil pretty odiously.

#### LI.—THE HAMADRYAD\*.

AN Assyrian, of the name of Rhæcus, observing a fine old oak-tree ready to fall with age, ordered it to be propped up. He was continuing his way through the solitary skirts of the place, when a female of more than human beauty appeared before him, with gladness in her eyes. “Rhæcus,” said she, “I am the Nymph of the tree which you have saved from perishing. My life is, of course, implicated in its own. But for you, my existence must have terminated; but for you, the sap would have ceased to flow through its boughs, and the godlike essence I received from it to animate these veins. No more should I have felt the wind in my hair, the sun upon my cheeks, or the balmy rain upon my body. Now I shall feel them many years to come. Many years also will your fellow-creatures sit under my shade, and hear the benignity of my whispers, and repay me with their honey and their thanks. Ask what I can give you, Rhæcus, and you shall have it.”

\* See the Scholiast upon Apollonius Rhodius, or the Mythology of Natalis Comes.



The young man, who had done a graceful action but had not thought of its containing so many kindly things, received the praises of the Nymph with a due mixture of surprise and homage. He did not want courage, however; and emboldened by her tone and manner, and still more by a beauty which had all the buxom bloom of humanity in it, with a preternatural gracefulness besides, he requested that she would receive him as a lover. There was a look in her face at this request answering to modesty, but something still finer; having no guilt, she seemed to have none of the common infirmities either of shame or impudence. In fine, she consented to reward Rhæcus as he wished; and said she would send a bee to inform him of the hour of their meeting.

Who now was so delighted as Rhæcus! for he was a great admirer of the fair sex, and not a little proud of their admiring him in return; and no human beauty, whom he had known, could compare with the Hamadryad. It must be owned, at the same time, that his taste for love and beauty was not of quite so exalted a description as he took it for. If he was fond of the fair sex, he was pretty nearly as fond of dice, and feasting and any other excitement which came in his way; and, unluckily, he was throwing the dice that very noon when the bee came to summon him.

Rhæcus was at an interesting part of the game—so much so, that he did not at first recognise the object of the bee's humming. "Confound this bee!" said he, "it seems plaguily fond of me." He brushed it away two or three times, but the busy messenger returned, and only hummed the louder. At last he bethought him of the Nymph; but his impatience seemed to increase with his pride, and he gave the poor insect such a brush, as sent him away crippled in both his thighs.

The bee returned to his mistress as well as he could, and shortly after was followed by his joyous assailant, who came triumphing in the success of his dice and his gallantry. "I am here," said the Hamadryad. Rhæcus looked among the trees, but could see nobody. "I am here," said a grave sweet voice, "right before you." Rhæcus saw nothing. "Alas!" said she, "Rhæcus, you cannot see me, nor will you see me more. I had thought better of your discernment and your kindness; but you were but gifted with a momentary sight of me. You will see nothing in future but common things, and those sadly. You are struck blind to everything else. The hand that could strike my bee with a lingering death, and prefer the embracing of the dice-box to that of affectionate beauty, is not worthy of love and the green trees."

The wind sighed off to a distance, and Rhæcus felt that he was alone

### LII.—THE NURTURE OF TRIPTOLEMUS.

TRIPTOLEMUS was the son of Celeus, king of Attica, by his wife Polymnia. During his youth he felt such an ardour for knowledge, and such a desire to impart it to his fellow-creatures, that, having but a slight frame for so vigorous a soul, and meeting with a great deal of jealousy and envy from those who were interested in being thought wiser, he fell into a wasting illness. His flesh left his bones; his thin hands trembled when he touched the harp; his fine warm eyes looked staringly out of their sockets, like stars that had slipped out of their places in heaven.

At this period, an extraordinary and awful sensation struck, one night, through the streets of Eleusis. It was felt both by those who slept and those who were awake. The former dreamed great dreams; the latter, especially the revellers and hypocrites who were pursuing their profane orgies, looked at one another, and thought of Triptolemus. As to Triptolemus himself, he shook in his bed with exceeding agitation; but it was with a pleasure that overcame him like pain. He knew not how to account for it; but he begged his father to go out and meet whatever was coming. He felt that some extraordinary good was approaching, both for himself and his fellow-creatures; but revenge was never farther from his thoughts. What was he to revenge? Mistake and unhappiness? He was too wise, too kind, and too suffering. "Alas!" thought he, "an unknown joy shakes me like a palpable sorrow; and their minds are but as weak as my body. They cannot bear a touch they are not accustomed to."

The king, his wife, and his daughters went out, trembling, though not so much as Triptolemus, nor with the same feeling. There was a great light in the air, which moved gradually towards them, and seemed to be struck upwards from something in the street. Presently, two gigantic torches appeared round the corner; and underneath them, sitting in a car, and looking earnestly about, was a mighty female, of more than ordinary size and beauty. Her large black eyes, with her gigantic brows bent over them, and surmounted with a white forehead and a profusion of hair, looked here and there with an intentness and a depth of yearning indescribable. "*Chaire, Demeter!*" exclaimed the king in a loud voice:—"Hail, creative mother!" He raised the cry common at festivals, when they imagined a deity manifesting itself; and the priests poured out of their dwellings, with vestment and with incense, which they held tremblingly aloft, turning down their pale faces from the gaze of the passing goddess.

It was Ceres, looking for her lost daughter Proserpina. The eye of the deity seemed to have a greater severity in its earnestness, as

she passed by the priests ; but at sight of a chorus of youths and damsels, who dared to lift up their eyes as well as voices, she gave such a beautiful smile as none but gods in sorrow can give ; and emboldened with this, the king and his family prayed her to accept their hospitality.

She did so. A temple in the king's palace was her chamber, where she lay on the golden bed usually assigned to her image. The most precious fruits and perfumes burned constantly at the door ; and at first, no hymns were sung, but those of homage and condolence. But these the goddess commanded to be changed for happier songs. Word was also given to the city, that it should remit its fears and its cares, and show all the happiness of which it was capable before she arrived. "For," said she, "the voice of happiness arising from earth is a god's best incense. A deity lives better on the pleasure of what it has created, than in a return of a part of its gifts."

Such were the maxims which Ceres delighted to utter during her abode at Eleusis, and which afterwards formed the essence of her renowned mysteries at that place. But the bigots, who adopted and injured them, heard them with dismay ; for they were similar to what young Triptolemus had uttered in the aspirations of his virtue. The rest of the inhabitants gave themselves up to the joy, from which the divinity would only extract consolation. They danced, they wedded, they loved ; they praised her in hymns as cheerful as her natural temper ; they did great and glorious things for one another : never was Attica so full of delight and heroism : the young men sought every den and fearful place in the territory, to see if Proserpina was there ; and the damsels vied who should give them most kisses for their reward. "Oh Dearest and Divinest Mother !" sang the Eleusinians, as they surrounded the king's palace at night with their evening hymn,—"Oh greatest and best goddess ! who, not above sorrow thyself, art yet above all wish to inflict it, we know by this thou art indeed divine. Would that we might restore thee thy beloved daughter, thy daughter Proserpina, the dark, the beautiful, the mother-loving ; whom some god less generous than thyself would keep for his own jealous doating. Would we might see her in thine arms ! We would willingly die for the sight ; would willingly die with the only pleasure which thou hast left wanting to us."

The goddess would weep at these twilight hymns, consoling herself for the absence of Proserpina by thinking how many daughters she had made happy. Triptolemus shed weaker tears at them in his secret bed, but they were happier ones than before. "I shall die," thought he, "merely from the bitter-sweet joy of seeing the growth of a happiness which I must never taste ; but the days I longed for have arrived. Would that my father would

only speak to the goddess, that my passage to the grave might be a little easier !"

The father doubted whether he should speak to the goddess. He loved his son warmly, though he did not well understand him ; and the mother, in spite of the deity's kindness, was afraid, lest in telling her of a child whom they were about to lose, they should remind her too forcibly of her own. Yet the mother, in an agony of alarm one day, at a fainting-fit of her son's, was the first to resolve to speak to her, and the king and she went and prostrated themselves at her feet. "What is this, kind hosts !" said Ceres, "have ye, too, lost a daughter ?" "No ; but we shall lose a son," answered the parents, "but for the help of heaven." "A son !" replied Ceres, "why did you not tell me your son was living ? I had heard of him, and wished to see him ; but finding him not among ye, I fancied that he was no more, and I would not trouble you with such a memory. But why did you fear mine, when I could do good ? Did your son fear it ?"—"No, indeed," said the parents ; "he urged us to tell thee."—"He is the being I took him for," returned the goddess : "lead me to where he lies."

They came to his chamber, and found him kneeling upon the bed, his face and joined hands bending towards the door. He had felt the approach of the deity ; and though he shook in every limb, it was a transport beyond fear that made him rise—it was love and gratitude. The goddess saw it, and bent on him a look that put composure into his feelings. "What wantest thou," said she, "struggler with great thoughts ?" "Nothing," answered Triptolemus, "if thou thinkest good, but a shorter and easier death."

"What ! before thy task is done ?" "Fate," he replied, "seems to tell me that I was not fitted for my task, and it is more than done, since thou art here. I pray thee, let me die ; that I may not see every one around me weeping in the midst of joy, and yet not have strength enough left in my hands to wipe away their tears." "Not so, my child," said the goddess, and her grand harmonious voice had tears in it as she spoke ; "not so, Triptolemus ; for my task is thy task ; and gods work with instruments. Thou hast not gone through all thy trials yet ; but thou shalt have a better covering to bear them, yet still by degrees. Gradual sorrow, gradual joy."

So saying, she put her hand to his heart and pressed it, and the agitation of his spirit was further allayed, though he returned to his reclining posture for weakness. From that time the bed of Triptolemus was removed into the temple, and Ceres became his second mother ; but nobody knew how she nourished him. It was said that she summoned milk into her bosom, and nourished him at her immortal heart ; but he did not grow taller in stature,



as men expected. His health was restored, his joints were knit again, and stronger than ever; but he continued the same small, though graceful youth, only the sicklier particles which he had received from his parents withdrew their influence.

At last, however, his very figure began to grow and expand. Up to this moment he had only been an interesting mortal, in whom the stoutest and best-made of his father's subjects recognised something mentally superior. Now, he began to look in person, as well as in mind, a demigod. The curiosity of the parents was roused at this appearance; and it was heightened by the report of a domestic, who said, that in passing the door of the temple one night, she heard a sound as of a mighty fire. But their parental feelings were also excited by the behaviour of Triptolemus, who while he seemed to rise with double cheerfulness in the morning, always began to look melancholy towards night. For some hours before he retired to rest he grew silent, and looked more and more thoughtful, though nothing could be kinder in his manners to everybody, and the hour no sooner approached for his retiring, than he went instantly and even cheerfully.

His parents resolved to watch; they knew not what they were about, or they would have abstained, for Ceres was every night at her enchantments, to render their son immortal in essence as well as in fame, and interruption would be fatal. At midnight they listened at the temple door.

The first thing they heard was the roaring noise of fire, as had been reported. It was deep and fierce. They were about to retire for fear; but curiosity and parental feeling prevailed. They listened again; but for some time heard nothing but the fire. At last a voice resembling their child's, gave a deep groan. "It was a strong trial, my son," said another voice, in which they recognised the melancholy sweetness of the goddess. "The grandeur and exceeding novelty of these visions," said the fainter voice, "press upon me, as though they would bear down my brain." "But they do not," returned the deity, "and they have not. I will summon the next." "Nay, not yet," rejoined the mortal; "yet be it as thou wilt. I know what thou tellest me, great and kind mother."—"Thou dost know," said the goddess, "and thou knowest in the very heart of thy knowledge, which is in the sympathy of it and the love. Thou seest that difference is not difference, and yet it is so; that the same is not the same, and yet must be; that what is, is but what we see, and as we see it; and yet that all which we see, is. Thou shalt prove it finally; and this is the last trial but one. Vision, come forth." A noise here took place, as of the entrance of something exceedingly hurried and agonised, but which remained fixed with equal stillness.

A brief pause took place, at the end of which the listeners heard their son speak, but in a voice of exceeding toil and loathing, and as if he had turned away his head:—"It is," said he, gasping for breath, "utmost deformity."—"Only to thine habitual eyes, and when alone," said the goddess in a soothing manner; "look again." "O my heart!" said the same voice, gasping, as if with transport, "they are perfect beauty and humanity." "They are only two of the same," said the goddess, "each going out of itself. Deformity to the eyes of habit is nothing but analysis; in essence it is nothing but one-ness, if such a thing there be. The touch and the result is everything. See what a goddess knows, and see nevertheless what she feels: in this only greater than mortals, that she lives for ever to do good. Now comes the last and greatest trial; now shalt thou see the real worlds as they are; now shalt thou behold them lapsing in reflected splendour about the blackness of space; now shalt thou dip thine ears into the mighty ocean of their harmonies, and be able to be touched with the concentrated love of the universe. Roar heavier, fire; endure, endure, thou immortalising frame." "Yes, now, now," said the other voice, in a superhuman tone, which the listeners knew not whether to think joy or anguish; but they were seized with such alarm and curiosity, that they opened a place from which the priestess used to speak at the lintel, and looked in. The mother beheld her son, stretched, with a face of bright agony, upon burning coals. She shrieked, and pitch darkness fell upon the temple. "A little while," said the mournful voice of the goddess, "and heaven had had another life. O Fear! what dost thou not do! O! my all but divine boy!" continued she, "now plunged again into physical darkness, thou canst not do good so long as thou wouldst have done; but thou shalt have a life almost as long as the commonest sons of men, and a thousand times more useful and glorious. Thou must change away the rest of thy particles, as others do; and in the process of time they may meet again under some nature worthy of thee, and give thee another chance for yearning into immortality; but at present the pain is done, the pleasure must not arrive."

The fright they had undergone slew the weak parents. Triptolemus, strong in body, cheerful to all in show, cheerful to himself in many things, retained, nevertheless, a certain melancholy from his recollections, but it did not hinder him from sowing joy wherever he went. It incited him but the more to do so. The success of others stood him instead of his own. Ceres gave him the first seeds of the corn that makes bread, and sent him in her chariot round the world, to teach men how to use it. "I am not immortal myself," said he, "but let the good I do be so, and I shall yet die happy."

## LIII.—ON COMMENDATORY VERSES.

If the faculties of the writer of these papers are any thing at all, they are social ; and we have always been most pleased when we have received the approbation of those friends, whom we are most in the habit of thinking of when we write. There are multitudes of readers whose society we can fancy ourselves enjoying, though we have never seen them ; but we are more particularly apt to imagine ourselves in such and such company, according to the nature of our articles. We are accustomed to say to ourselves, if we happen to strike off any thing that pleases us,—K. will like that :—There's something for M. or R. :—C. will snap his finger and slap his knee at this :—Here's a crow to pick for H.—Here N. will shake his shoulders :—There B., his head :—Here S. will shriek with satisfaction :—L. will see the philosophy of this joke, if nobody else does.—As to our fair friends, we find it difficult to think of them and our subject together. We fancy their countenances looking so frank and kind over our disquisitions, that we long to have them turned towards ourselves instead of the paper.

Every pleasure we could experience in a friend's approbation, we have felt in receiving the following verses. They are from a writer, who of all other men, knows how to extricate a common thing from commonness, and to give it an underlook of pleasant consciousness and wisdom. We knew him directly, in spite of his stars. His hand as well as heart betrayed him.

## TO MY FRIEND THE INDICATOR.

Your easy Essays indicate a flow,  
Dear Friend, of brain, which we may elsewhere seek ;  
And to their pages I, and hundreds, owe,  
That Wednesday is the sweetest of the week.  
Such observation, wit, and sense, are shown,  
We think the days of Bickerstaff return'd ;  
And that a portion of that oil you own,  
In his undying midnight lamp which burn'd.  
I would not lightly bruise old Priscian's head,  
Or wrong the rules of grammar understood ;  
But, with the leave of Priscian be it said,  
The *Indicative* is your *Potential Mood*.  
Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator—  
H——, your best title yet is INDICATOR.

\* \* \* \*

The receipt of these verses has set us upon thinking of the good-natured countenance which men of genius, in all ages, have for the most part shown to contemporary writers ; and thence by a natural transition, of the generous friendship they have manifested for each other. Authors, like other men, may praise as well as blame for various reasons ; for interest, for vanity, for fear : and for the same reasons they may be silent. But generosity is natural to the humanity and the strength of genius. Where it is obscured, it is usually from something that has rendered it misanthropical. Where it is glaringly deficient, the genius is deficient in proportion. And the defaulter feels as much,

though he does not know it. He feels, that the least addition to another's fame threatens to block up the view of his own.

At the same time, praise by no means implies a sense of superiority. It may imply that we think it worth having ; but this may arise from a consciousness of our sincerity, and from a certain instinct we have, that to relish anything exceedingly gives us a certain ability to judge, as well as a right to express our admiration, of it.

On all these accounts, we were startled to hear the other day that Shakspeare had never praised a contemporary author. We had mechanically given him credit for the manifestation of every generosity under the sun ; and we found the surprise affect us, not as authors (which would have been a vanity not even warranted by our having the title in common with him), but as men. What baulked us in Shakspeare seemed to baulk our faith in humanity. But we recovered as speedily. Shakspeare had none of the ordinary inducements, which make men niggardly of their commendation. He had no reason either to be jealous or afraid. He was the reverse of unpopular. His own claims were allowed. He was neither one who need be silent about a friend, lest he should be hurt by his enemy ; nor one who nursed a style or a theory by himself, and so was obliged to take upon him a monopoly of admiration in self-defence ; nor was he one who should gaze himself blind to every thing else, in the complacency of his shallowness. If it should be argued, that he who saw through human nature was not likely to praise it, we answer, that he who saw through it as Shakspeare did was the likeliest man in the world to be kind to it. Even Swift refreshed the bitterness of his misanthropy in his love for Tom, Dick, and Harry ; and what Swift did from impatience at not finding men better, Shakspeare would do out of patience in finding them so good. We instanced the sonnet in the collection called the *Passionate Pilgrim*, beginning

If music and sweet poetry agree,

in which Spenser is praised so highly. It was replied, that minute inquirers considered that collection as apocryphal. This set us upon looking again at the biographers who have criticised it ; and we see no reason, for the present, to doubt its authenticity. For some parts of it we would answer upon internal evidence, especially, for instance, the *Lover's Complaint*. There are two lines in this poem which would alone announce him. They have the very trick of his eye :

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear !

But inquirers would have to do much more than disprove the authenticity of these poems, before they made out Shakspeare to be a grudge-



ing author. They would have to undo the modesty and kindness of his other writings. They would have to undo his universal character for "gentleness," at a time when gentle meant all that was noble as well as mild. They would have to deform and to untune all that round, harmonious mind, which a great contemporary described as the very "sphere of humanity;" to deprive him of the epithet given him in the school of Milton, "unvulgar;"\* to render the universality of wisdom liable to the same drawbacks as the mere universality of science; to take the child's heart out of the true man's body; to un-Shakspeare Shakspeare. If Shakspeare had never mentioned a contemporary in his life, nor given so many evidences of a cordial and admiring sense of those about him, we would sooner believe that sheer modesty had restrained his tongue, than the least approach to a petty feeling. We can believe it possible that he may have thought his panegyrics not wanted; but unless he degraded himself wilfully, in order to be no better than any of his fellow-creatures, we cannot believe it possible, that he would have thought his panegyrics desired, and yet withheld them.

It is remarkable that one of the most regular contributors of Commendatory Verses in the time of Shakspeare, was a man whose bluntness of criticism and feverish surliness of manners have rendered the most suspected of a jealous grudgingness;—Ben Jonson. We mean not to detract from the good-heartedness which we believe this eminent person to have possessed at bottom, when we say, that as an excess of modest confidence in his own generous instincts might possibly have accounted for the sparingness of panegyric in our great dramatist, so a noble distrust of himself, and a fear lest jealousy should get the better of his instincts, might possibly account for Ben Jonson's tendency to distribute his praises around him. If so, it shows how useful such a distrust is to one's ordinary share of humanity; and how much safer it will be for us, on these as well as all other occasions, to venture upon likening ourselves to Ben Jonson than to Shakspeare. It is to be recollected at the same time, that Ben Jonson, in his old age, was the more prominent person of the two, as a critical bestower of applause; that he occupied the town-chair of wit and scholarship; and was in the habit of sanctioning the pretensions of new authors by a sort of literary adoption, calling them his "sons," and "sealing them of the tribe of Ben." There was more in him of the aristocracy and heraldry of letters, than in Shakspeare, who, after all, seems to have been careless of fame himself, and to have written nothing during the chief part of his life but plays which he did not print. Ben Jonson, among other panegy-

rics, wrote high and affectionate ones upon Drayton, William Browne, Fletcher and Beaumont. His verses to the memory of Shakspeare are a noble monument to both of them. The lines to Beaumont in answer for some of which we have formerly quoted, we must repeat. They are delightful for a certain involuntary but manly fondness, and for the candour with which he confesses the joy he received from such commendation.

How do I love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse  
That unto me dost such religion use!  
How do I fear myself, that am not worth  
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!  
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st:  
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st!  
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?  
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?  
When even there, where most thou praisest me,  
For writing better, I must envy thee.

Observe the good effect which the use of the word "religion" has here, though somewhat ultra-classical and pedantic. A certain pedantry, in the best sense of the term, was natural to the author, and throws a grace on his most natural moments.

There is great zeal and sincerity in Ben Jonson's lines to Fletcher, on the ill-success of his *Faithful Shepherdess*; but we have not room for them.

Beaumont's are still finer; and indeed furnish a complete specimen of his wit and sense, as well as his sympathy with his friend. His indignation against the critics is more composed and contemptuous. His uppermost feeling is confidence in his friend's greatness. The reader may here see what has always been thought by men of genius, of people who take the *ipse dixit* of the critics. After giving a fine sense of the irrepressible thirst of writing in a poet, he says.

Yet wish I those whom I for friends have known,  
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.  
Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,  
Upon the public stage present his vein,  
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,  
To call in question his undoubted wit,  
Scarce two of which can understand the laws  
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause?  
Among the rout there is not one that hath  
In his own censure an explicit faith.  
One company, knowing they judgment lack,  
Ground their belief on the next man in black;  
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute;  
Some like as he does in the fairest suit;  
He as his mistress doth, and she by chance:  
Nor want there those, who as the boy doth dance  
Between the acts, will censure the whole play;  
Some if the wax-lights be not new that day;  
But multitudes there are whose judgment goes  
Headlong according to the actor's clothes.  
For this, these public things and I, agree  
So ill, that but to do a right for thee,  
I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd  
These few, ill-spoken lines, into the world,  
Both to be read, and censured of, by those,  
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose.

One of the finest pieces of commendatory verse is Sir Walter Raleigh's upon the great

\* By Milton's nephew Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*. It is an epithet given in all the spirit which it attributes.

poem of Spenser. He calls it "A Vision upon the Faery Queen."

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,  
Within that temple where the vestal flame  
Was wont to burn : and passing by that way  
To see that buried dust of living fame,  
Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept,  
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen :  
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,  
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen  
(For they this Queen attended) ; in whose stead  
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.  
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,  
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse,  
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,  
And curst the access of that celestial thief.

This is highly imaginative and picturesque. We fancy ourselves in one of the most beautiful places of Italian sepulture—quiet and hushing—looking upon a tomb of animated sculpture. It is the tomb of the renowned Laura. We feel the spirit of Petrarch present, without being visible. The fair forms of Love and Virtue keep watch over the marble. All on a sudden, from out the dusk of the chapel door, the Faery Queen is beheld approaching the tomb. The soul of Petrarch is heard weeping ;—an intense piece of fancy, which affects one like the collected tears and disappointment of living humanity. Oblivion lays him down on the tomb ;

And from thenceforth those graces were not seen.

The other marbles bleed at this : the ghosts of the dead groan : and the very spirit of Homer is felt to tremble. It is a very grand and high sonnet, worthy of the dominant spirit of the writer. One of its beauties however is its defect ; it defect it be, and not rather a fine instance of the wilful. Comparisons between great reputations are dangerous, and are apt to be made too much at the expense of one of them, precisely because the author knows he is begging the question. Oblivion has laid him down neither on Laura's hearse nor the Faery Queen's ; and Raleigh knew he never would. But he wished to make out a case for his friend, in the same spirit in which he pushed his sword into a Spanish settlement and carried all before him.

The verses of Andrew Marvell prefixed to *Paradise Lost*, beginning,

When I beheld the poet, blind yet bold,

are well known to every reader of Milton, and justly admired by all who know what they read. We remember how delighted we were to find who Andrew Marvell was, and that he could be pleasant and lively as well as grave. Spirited and worthy as this panegyric is, the reader who is not thoroughly acquainted with Marvell's history, does not know all its spirit and worth. That true friend and excellent patriot stuck to his old acquaintance, at a period when canters and time-servers had

turned their backs upon him, and when they would have made the very knowledge of him, which they had had the honour of sharing, the ruin of those that put their desertion to the blush. There is a noble burst of indignation on this subject, in Marvell's prose works, against a fellow of the name of Parker, who succeeded in obtaining a bishopric. Parker seems to have thought, that Marvell would have been afraid of acknowledging his old acquaintance ; but so far from resembling the bishop in that or any other particular, he not only publicly proclaimed and gloried in the friendship of the poet, but reminded Master Parker that he had once done the same.

We must be cautious how we go on quoting verses upon this agreeable subject ; for they elbow one's prose out at a great rate. They sit in state, with a great vacancy on each side of them, like Henry the Eighth in a picture of Holbein's. The wits who flourished in the time of the Stuarts and Queen Anne were not behind the great poets of the age of Elizabeth, in doing justice to their contemporaries. Dryden hailed the appearance of Congreve and Oldham. Congreve's merits were universally acknowledged except by the critics. We need not refer to the works of Pope, Gay, Steele, Prior, &c. If Swift abused Dryden (who is said to have told him he would never be a poet), he also abused in a most unwarrantable and outrageous manner Sir Richard Steele, for whose *Tatler* he had written. His abuse was not a thing of literary jealousy, but of some personal or party spite. The union of all three was a perfection of consciousness, reserved for the present times. But Swift's very fondness vented itself, like Buonaparte's, in slaps of the cheek. He was morbid, and liked to create himself cause for pity or regret. "The Dean was a strange man." According to Mrs. Pilkington, he would give her a pretty hard thump now and then, of course to see how amiably she took it. Upon the same principle, he tells us in the verses on his death, that

Friend Pope will grieve a month, and Gay  
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

This was to vex them, and make them prove his words false by complaining of their injustice. He himself once kept a letter unopened for some days, because he was afraid it contained news of a friend's death. See how he makes his very coarseness and irritability contribute to a panegyric :—

When Pope shall in one couplet fix  
More sense than I can do in six,  
It gives me such a jealous fit,  
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"

We must finish our quotations with a part of some sprightly verses addressed to Garth on his *Dispensary*, by a friend of the name of Codrington. Codrington was one of those happily-tempered spirits, who united the cha-



acters of the gentleman, the wit, and the man of business. He was, in the best sense of the words, "a person of wit and honour about town."

The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword.

He was born in Barbadoes, and after residing some time in England, and serving with great gallantry as an officer in various parts of the world, became Governor-General of the Leeward Islands. He resigned his government in the course of a few years, and died in Barbadoes in the midst of his favourite studies. Among the variety of his accomplishments he did not omit divinity; and he was accounted a master of metaphysics. His public life he had devoted to his country; his private he divided among his books and friends. If the verses before us are not so good as those of the old poets, they are as good in their way, are as sincere and cordial, and smack of the champagne on his table. We like them on many accounts, for we like the panegyrist, and have an old liking for his friend—we like the taste they express in friendship and in beauty; and we like to fancy that our good-humoured ancestors in Barbadoes enjoyed the Governor's society, and relished their wine with these identical triplets.

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR, DESIRING MY OPINION  
OF HIS POEM.

Ask me not, friend, what I approve or blame;  
Perhaps I know not what I like or damn;  
I can be pleased, and I dare own I am.

I read thee over with a lover's eye;  
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;  
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaste,  
Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past,  
Must judge by rules what they want force to taste.

I would a poet, like a mistress, try,  
Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye;  
But by some nameless power to give me joy.

The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,  
If with resistless fires my soul she warms,  
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.

Literary loves and jealousies were much the same in other ages as the present; but we hear a great deal more of the loves than the reverse; because genius survives, and ignorance does not. The ancient philosophers had a delicate way of honouring their favourites, by inscribing treatises with their names. It is thought a strange thing in Xenophon that he never mentions Plato. The greater part of the miscellaneous poetry of the Greeks is lost; or we should doubtless see numerous evidences of the intercourse of their authors. The Greek poets of Sicily, Theocritus and Moschus, are affectionate in recording the merits of their contemporaries. Varius and Gallus, two eminent Roman poets, scarcely survive but in the panegyrics of their contemporaries. Dante notices his, and his predecessors. Petrarch and Boccaccio publicly honoured, as they privately

loved one another. Tasso, the greatest poet of his time, was also the greatest panegyrist; and so, as might be expected, was Ariosto. The latter has introduced a host of his friends by name, male and female, at the end of his great work, coming down to the shores of poetry to welcome him home after his voyage. There is a pleasant imitation of it by Gay, applied to Pope's conclusion of Homer. Montaigne, who had the most exalted notions of friendship, which he thought should have every thing in common, took as much zeal in the literary reputation of his friends, as in every thing else that concerned them. The wits of the time of Henry the Fourth, of Louis the Fourteenth, and of Louis the Fifteenth,—Malherbe, Racan, Corneille, Molière, Racine, Chaulieu, La Fare, D'Alembert, Voltaire, &c., not excepting Boileau, where he was personally intimate with a brother author—all do honour in this respect to the sociality of their nation. It is the same, we believe, with the German writers; and if the Spanish winced a little under the domination of Lope de Vega, they were chivalrous in giving him perhaps more than his due. Camoëns had the admiration of literary friends as poor as himself, if he had nothing else; but this was something.

#### LIV.—A WORD UPON INDEXES.

INDEX-MAKING has been held to be the driest as well as lowest species of writing. We shall not dispute the humbleness of it; but since we have had to make an index ourselves,\* we have discovered that the task need not be so very dry. Calling to mind indexes in general, we found them presenting us a variety of pleasant memories and contrasts. We thought of those to the Spectator, which we used to look at so often at school, for the sake of choosing a paper to abridge. We thought of the index to the Pantheon of Fabulous Histories of the Heathen Gods, which we used to look at oftener. We remember how we imagined we should feel some day, if ever our name should appear in the list of Hs; as thus, Home, Howard, Hume, Huniades, —. The poets would have been better, but then the names, though perhaps less unfitting, were not so flattering; as for instance, Halifax, Hammond, Harte, Hughes, —. We did not like to come after Hughes.

We have just been looking at the indexes to the Tatler and Spectator, and never were more forcibly struck with the feeling we formerly expressed about a man's being better pleased with other writers than with himself. Our index seemed the poorest and most second-hand thing in the world after theirs; but let any one read theirs, and then call an index a dry thing if he can. As there "is a soul of

\* To the original edition of the Indicator.

goodness in things evil," so there is a soul of humour in things dry, and in things dry by profession. Lawyers know this, as well as index-makers, or they would die of sheer thirst and aridity. But as grapes, ready to burst with wine, issue out of the most stony places, like jolly fellows bringing Burgundy out of a cellar; so an index, like the Tatler's, often gives us a taste of the quintessence of his humour. For instance,—

"Bickerstaff, Mr. account of his ancestors, 141. How his race was improved, 142. Not in partnership with Lillie, 250. Caught writing nonsense, 47.

"Dead men, who are to be so accounted, 247."

Sometimes he has a stroke of pathos, as touching in its brevity as the account it refers to; as,

"Love-letters between Mr. Bickerstaff and Maria, 184—186. Found in a grave, 289."

Sometimes he is simply moral and graceful; as,

"Tenderness and humanity inspired by the Muses, 258. No true greatness of mind without it, *ibid.*"

At another he says perhaps more than he intended; as,

"Laura, her perfections and excellent character, 19. Despised by her husband, *ibid.*"

The index to Cotton's Montaigne, probably written by the translator himself, is often pithy and amusing. Thus in Volume 2d,

"Anger is pleased with, and flatters itself, 618.

"Beasts inclined to avarice, 225.

"Children abandoned to the care and government of their fathers, 613.

"Drunkenness, to a high and dead degree, 16.

"Joy, profound, has more severity than gaiety in it.

"Monsters, are not so to God, 612.

"Voluptuousness of the Cynics, 418."

Sometimes we meet with graver quaintnesses and curious relations, as in the index to Sandys's Ovid

"Diana, no virgin, scofft at by Lucian, p. 55.

"Dwarves, an Italian Dwarf carried about in a parrot's cage, p. 113.

"Echo, at Twilleries in Paris, heard to repeat a verse without failing in one syllable, p. 58.

"Ship of the Tyrrhenians miraculously stuck fast in the sea, p. 63.

"A Historie of a Bristol ship stuck fast in the deepe Sea by Witchcraft; for which twentiefive Witches were executed, *ibid.*"

#### LV.—AN OLD SCHOOL-BOOK.

THERE is a school-book by the egregious John Amos Comenius, (who fixed the millenium for the year 1672) in which the learned author has lumped together, in a very singular way, all sorts of trades, pursuits, productions, merriments, and disasters. As every thing which is saleable is on a level with booksellers,

so every thing which has a Latin word for it, was alike important to the creator of the *Orbis Pictus*: for so the book is called.

He sees with equal eye, as construing all,  
A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

The Tormenting of malefactors, *Supplicia Malefactorum*, is no more in his eyes than the making of honey, or *Mellificium*. Shipwreck, being *Naufragium*, he holds in no graver light than a feast, which is *Convivium*; and the feast is no merrier than the shipwreck. He has wood-cuts, with numerals against the figures; to which the letter-press refers. In one of these, his "Deformed and Monstrous People," cut as jauntily a figure as his Adam and Eve, and seem to pique themselves on their titles of *Deformes et Monstrosi*. In another the soul of man is described by a bodily outline, standing against a sheet. He is never moved but by some point of faith. Thus, "Godliness," he says, "treads reason under foot, that barking dog, No. 6."—*Oblatrantem Canem*, 6. The translation, observe, is worthy of the original. Again :—

Woe to the mad  
Wizards and Witches,  
who give themselves to the  
Devil

(being inclosed in a Circle, 7,  
calling upon him  
with Charms)  
they dally with him  
and fall from God!  
for they shall receive their  
reward with him.

Væ dementibus  
Magis et Lamiis,  
qui Cacodæmoni se dedunt

(inclusi Circulo, 7,  
eum advocantes  
incantamentis)  
cum eo colludunt  
et a Deo deficiunt!  
nam cum illo  
mercedem accipient.

But of the fall of Adam and Eve, he contents himself with this pithy account :—

These being tempted  
by the Devil under the shape  
of a serpent, 3,  
when they had eaten of the  
fruit of the forbidden Tree, 4,  
were condemned, (*Five*),  
to misery and death,  
with all their posterity,  
and cast out of Paradise, 6.

Hi, seducti  
a Diabolo sub specie  
Serpentis, 3,  
cum comederunt  
de fructu vetitæ Arboris, 4,  
damnati sunt 5,  
ad miseriam et mortem,  
cum omni posteritate sua,  
et ejecti e Paradiso, 6.

Opposite to this is the account of fish :—

Add Herrings, 7,  
which are brought pickled,  
and Plaice, 8, and Cod, 9,  
which are brought dry;  
and the sea-monsters, &c.

Add Haleces, 7,  
qui salsi,  
et Passeres, 8, cum Asellis, 9,  
qui adferuntur arefacti;  
et monstra marina, &c.

Of a similar aspect of complacency is his account of the Last Judgment :—

When the Godly and Elect,  
4,  
shall enter into life eternal,  
into the place of Bliss,  
and the new Jerusalem, 5.  
But the wicked  
and the damned, 6,  
with the Devils, 7  
shall be thrust into Hell.  
(No. 8.)  
to be there tormented for  
ever.

Ubi pii (justi) et Electi, 4,  
introibunt in vitam eternam.  
in locum Beatitudinis.  
et novam Hierosolimam, 5.  
Impii vero  
et damnati, 6,  
cum Cacodæmonibus, 7,  
in Gehennam, 8, detrudentur,  
ibi cruciandi æternum.



## The Shipwreck ends genteelly:—

Some escape,  
either on a plank, 7.  
and by swimming,  
or in a Boat; 8.  
Part of the Wares,  
with the *dead folks*,  
is carried out of the sea, 9.  
upon the shores.

Quidam evadunt,  
vel tabula, 7.  
ac enatando,  
vel Scapha; 8.  
Pars Mercium  
cum mortuis  
à Mari, 9. in littora defertur.

So in the Tormenting of Malefactors, he speaks of torture in a parenthesis, and talks of pulling traitors in pieces in the style of a notabene. "They that have their life given them" appear to be still worse off.

Malefactors, 1.  
are brought  
from the Prison, 3.  
(where they are wont to be  
tortured) by Serjeants, 2.  
Some before they are exe-  
cuted have their Tongues cut  
out, 11.  
or have their Hand, 12.  
cut off upon a Block, 13.  
or are burnt with Pincers, 14.  
They that have their Life  
given them,  
are set on the pillory, 16.  
are strapado'd, 17.  
areset upon a Wooden Horse,  
18.  
have their ears cut off, 19.  
are whipped with Rods, 20.  
are branded,  
are banished,  
are condemned  
to the Gallies,  
or to perpetual Imprison-  
ment.

Malefici, 1.  
producuntur  
e Carcere, 3.  
(ubi torqueri solent)  
per Lictores, 2.  
Quidam antequam supplicio  
afficiantur eliguntur, 11.

aut plectuntur Manu, 12.  
super cippum, 13.  
aut Forcipibus, 14. uruntur.  
Vita donati

constringuntur Numellis, 16  
luxantur, 17.  
imponuntur Equuleo, 18.

truncantur Auribus, 19.  
cæduntur Virgis, 20.  
stigmatæ notantur,  
relegantur,  
damnantur  
ad Triremes,  
vel ad Carcerem perpetuum.

Traitors are pulled in  
pieces with four Horses.

Perduelles discerpuntur  
quadrigis.

## LVI.—OF DREAMS.

THE materialists and psychologists are at issue upon the subject of dreams. The latter hold them to be one among the many proofs of the existence of a soul: the former endeavour to account for them upon principles altogether corporeal. We must own, that the effects of their respective arguments, as is usual with us on these occasions, is not so much to satisfy us with either, as to dissatisfy us with both. The psychologist, with all his struggles, never appears to be able to get rid of his body; and the materialist leaves something extremely deficient in the vivacity of his proofs, by his ignorance of that *primum mobile*, which is the soul of everything. In the mean time, while they go on with their laudable inquiries (for which we have a very sincere respect), it is our business to go on recommending a taste for results as well as causes, and turning everything to account in this beautiful star of ours, the earth. There is no reason why the acutest investigator of mysteries should not enjoy his

[PART II.]

existence, and have his earthly dreams made as pleasant as possible; and for our parts, we see nothing at present, either in body or soul, but a medium for a world of perceptions, the very unpleasantest of whose dreams are but warnings to us how we depart from the health and natural piety of the pleasant ones.

What seems incontrovertible in the case of dreams is, that they are most apt to take place when the body is most affected. They seem to turn most upon us when the suspension of the will has been reduced to its most helpless state by indulgence. The door of the fancy is left without its keeper, and forth issue, pell-mell, the whole rout of ideas or images, which had been stored within the brain, and kept to their respective duties. They are like a school let loose, or the winds in Virgil, or Lord Anson's drunken sailors at Panama, who dressed themselves up in all sorts of ridiculous apparel.

We were about to say, that being writers, we are of necessity dreamers; for thinking disposes the bodily faculties to be more than usually affected by the causes that generally produce dreaming. But extremes appear to meet on this, as on other occasions, at least as far as the meditative power is concerned; for there is an excellent reasoner now living, who telling another that he was not fond of the wilder parts of the *Arabian Nights*, was answered with great felicity, "Then you never dream." It turned out that he really dreamt little. Here the link is impaired that connects a tendency to indigestion with thinking on the one hand, and dreaming on the other. If we are to believe Herodotus, the Atlantes, an African people, never dream; which Montaigne is willing to attribute to their never having eaten anything that died of itself. It is to be presumed that he looked upon their temperance as a matter of course. The same philosopher, who was a deep thinker and of a delicate constitution, informs us that he himself dreamt but sparingly; but then when he did, his dreams were fantastic though cheerful. This is the very triumph of the animal spirits, to unite the strangeness of sick dreams with the cheerfulness of healthy ones. To these exceptions against the usual theories we may add, that dreams are by no means modified of necessity by what the mind has been occupied with in the course of the day, or even of months; for during our two years' confinement in prison, we did not dream more than twice of our chief subjects of reflection, the prison itself not excepted.\* The two dreams were both connected with the latter, and both the same. We fancied that we had slipped out of jail, and gone to the theatre, where we were horrified by seeing the faces of the whole audience unexpectedly turned upon us.

\* See a remarkable coincidence in the Essay on Dreams, in Mr. Hazlitt's *Plain Speaker*.

It is certain enough, however, that dreams in general proceed from indigestion ; and it appears nearly as much so, that they are more or less strange according to the waking fancy of the dreamer.

All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,  
Are from repletion and complexion bred,  
From rising fumes of indigested food,  
And noxious humours that infect the blood.  
—When choler overflows, then dreams are bred  
Of flames, and all the family of red.  
—Choler adust congeals the blood with fear,  
Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.  
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,  
With rheums oppress'd, we sink, in rivers drown'd.  
DRYDEN'S *Cock and the Fox*, from CHAUCER.

Again, in another passage, which is worth quoting instead of the original, and affords a good terse specimen of the author's versification :—

Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes ;  
When Monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes ;  
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,  
A mob of cobblers and a court of kings : \*  
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad ;  
Both are the reasonable soul run mad ;  
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,  
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.  
Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,  
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.  
The nurse's legends are for truths received,  
And the man dreams but what the boy believed ;  
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,  
The night restores our actions done by day ;  
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey. }  
In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,  
Chimeras all ; and more absurd or less.

It is probable that a trivial degree of indigestion will give rise to very fantastic dreams in a fanciful mind ; while, on the other hand, a good orthodox repletion is necessary towards a fanciful creation in a dull one. It shall make an epicure, of any vivacity, act as many parts in his sleep as a tragedian, "for that night only." The inspirations of veal, in particular, are accounted extremely Delphic ; Italian pickles partake of the same spirit of Dante ; and a butter-boat shall contain as many ghosts as Charon's.

There is a passage in Lucian, which would have made a good subject for those who painted the temptations of the saints. It is a description of the City of Dreams, very lively and crowded. We quote after Natalis Comes, not having the True History by us. The city, we are told, stands in an immense plain, surrounded by a thick forest of tall poppy-trees, and enormous mandragoras. The plain is also full of all sorts of somnolous plants, and the trees are haunted with multitudes of owls and bats, but no other bird. The city is washed by the river Lethe, called by others the Night-bringer, whose course is inaudible, and like the

flowing of oil. (Spenser's follower, Browne, has been here :

Where consort none other fowl,  
Save the bat and sullen owl ;  
Where flows Lethe without coil,  
Softly, like a stream of oil.

*Inner Temple Mask.*)

There are two gates to the city : one of horn, in which almost everything that can happen in sleep is represented, as in a transparency ; the other of ivory, in which the dreams are but dimly shadowed. The principal temple is that of Night ; and there are others, dedicated to Truth and Falsehood, who have oracles. The population consists of Dreams, who are of an infinite variety of shape. Some are small and slender ; others distorted, humped, and monstrous ; others proper and tall, with blooming good-tempered faces. Others, again, have terrible countenances, are winged, and seem eternally threatening the city with some calamity ; while others walk about in the pomp and garniture of kings. If any mortal comes into the place, there is a multitude of domestic Dreams, who meet him with offers of service ; and they are followed by some of the others that bring him good or bad news, generally false ; for the inhabitants of that city are, for the most part, a lying and crafty generation, speaking one thing and thinking another. This is having a new advantage over us. Only think of the mental reservation of a Dream !

If Lucian had divided his city into ranks and denominations, he might possibly have classed them under the heads of Dreams Lofty, Dreams Ludicrous, Dreams Pathetic, Dreams Horrible, Dreams Bodily Painful or Pleasant, Dreams of Common Life, Dreams of New Aspects of Humanity ; Dreams Mixed, Fantastic, and utterly Confused. He speaks of winged ones, which is judicious, for they are very common ; but unless Natalis Comes, who is not a very bright person, misrepresents him, he makes them of the melancholy class, which, in general, they are not.

In airy sanguine dreams aloft we bound.

Nothing is more common, or usually more pleasant, than to dream of flying. It is one of the best specimens of the race ; for besides being agreeable, it is made up of the dreams of ordinary life and those of surprising combination. Thus the dreamer sometimes thinks he is flying in unknown regions, sometimes skimming only a few inches above the ground, and wondering he never did it before. He will even dream that he is dreaming about it ; and yet is so fully convinced of its feasibility, and so astonished at his never having hit upon so delightful a truism, that he is resolved to practise it the moment he wakes. "One has only," says he, "to give a little spring with one's foot, so, and—oh ! it's the easiest and

\* Perhaps a misprint for

A court of cobblers and a mob of kings.



most obvious thing in the world. I'll always skim hereafter." We dreamt once that a woman set up some Flying Rooms, as a person does a tavern. We went to try them, and nothing could be more satisfactory and common-place on all sides. The landlady welcomed us with a curtsy, hoped for friends and favours, &c., and then showed us into a spacious room, not round, as might be expected, but long, and after the usual dining fashion. "Perhaps, Sir," said she, "you would like to try the room." Upon which we made no more ado, but sprung up and made two or three genteel circuits; now taking the height of it, like a house-lark, and then cutting the angles, like a swallow. "Very pretty flying indeed," said we, "and very moderate."

A house for the purpose of taking flights in, when the open air was to be had for nothing, is fantastic enough; but what shall we say to those confoundings of all time, place, and substance, which are constantly happening to persons of any creativeness of stomach? Thus, you shall meet a friend in a gateway, who besides being your friend shall be your enemy; and besides being Jones or Tomkins, shall be a bull; and besides asking you in, shall oppose your entrance. Nevertheless you are not at all surprised; or if surprised, you are only so at something not surprising. To be Tomkins and a bull at once, is the most ordinary of common-places; but that, being a bull, he should have horns, is what astonishes you; and you are amazed at his not being in Holborn or the Strand, where he never lived. To be in two places at once is not uncommon to a dreamer. He will also be young and old at the same time, a schoolboy and a man; will live many years in a few minutes, like the Sultan who dipped his head in the tub of water; will be full of zeal and dialogue upon some matter of indifference; go to the opera with a dish under his arm, to be in the fashion; talk faster in verse than prose; and ask a set of horses to a musical party, telling them that he knows they will be pleased, because blue is the general wear, and Mozart has gone down to Gloucestershire, to fit up a house for Epaminondas.

It is a curious proof of the concern which body has in these vagaries, that when you dream of any particular limb being in pain, you shall most likely have gone to sleep in a posture that affects it. A weight on the feet will produce dreams in which you are rooted to the ground, or caught by a goblin out of the earth. A cramped hand or leg shall get you tortured in the Inquisition; and a head too much thrown back, give you the sense of an interminable visitation of stifling. The nightmare, the heaviest punisher of repletion, will visit some persons merely for lying on their backs; which shows how much it is concerned in a particular condition of the frame. Sometimes it lies upon the chest like a vital lump. Sometimes it comes in the guise

of a horrid dwarf, or malignant little hag, who grins in your teeth and will not let you rise. Its most common enormity is to pin you to the ground with excess of fear, while something dreadful is coming up, a goblin or a mad bull. Sometimes the horror is of a very elaborate description, such as being spell-bound in an old house, which has a mysterious and shocking possessor. He is a gigantic deformity, and will pass presently through the room in which you are sitting. He comes, not a giant, but a dwarf, of the most strange and odious description, hairy, spider-like, and chuckling. His mere passage is unbearable. The agony arises at every step. You would protest against so malignant a sublimation of the shocking, but are unable to move or speak. At length you give loud and long-drawn groans, and start up with a præternatural effort, awake.

Mr. Coleridge, whose sleeping imagination is proportioned to his waking, has described a fearful dream of mental and bodily torture. As the beautiful poems of *Christabel*, &c. which accompany it, seem to have been too imaginative to be understood by the critics, and consequently have wanted the general attention which the town are pleased to give or otherwise according to the injunctions of those gentlemen, we shall indulge ourselves in extracting the whole of it. It is entitled the *Pains of Sleep*.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,  
It hath not been my use to pray  
With moving lips on bended knees;  
But silently, by slow degrees,  
My spirit I to love compose,  
In humble trust mine eye-lids close,  
With reverential resignation,  
No wish conceived, no thought express'd!  
Only a sense of supplication,  
A sense o'er all my soul imprest,  
That I am weak, yet not unblest,  
Since in me, round me, everywhere  
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud  
In anguish and in agony,  
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd  
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me;  
A lurid light, a trampling throng,  
Sense of intolerable wrong,  
And whom I scorn'd, those only strong!  
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will,  
Still baffled, and yet burning still:  
Desire with loathing strangely mix'd  
On wild or hateful objects fix'd.  
Fantastic passions! madd'ning brawl!  
And shame and terror over all!  
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,  
Which all confused I could not know,  
Whether I suffer'd, or I did:  
For all seem'd guilt, remorse or woe,  
My own or others still the same,  
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame!

So two nights pass'd: the night's dismay  
Sadden'd and stunn'd the coming day.  
Sleep, the wide blessing, seem'd to me  
Distemper's worst calamity.  
The third night, when my own loud scream  
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,

O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,  
 I wept as I had been a child ;  
 And having thus by tears subdued  
 My anguish to a milder mood,  
 Such punishments, I said, were due  
 To natures deepliest stain'd with sin :  
 For aye entempesting anew  
 Th' unfathomable hell within  
 The horror of their deeds to view,  
 To know and loathe, yet wish to do !  
 Such griefs with such men well agree,  
 But wherefore, wherefore fall on me ?  
 To be beloved is all I need,  
 And whom I love, I love indeed.

This is the dream of a poet, and does not end with the question of a philosopher. We do not pretend to determine why we should have any pains at all. It is enough for us, in our attempt to diminish them, that there are more pleasant than painful excitements in the world, and that many pains are the causes of pleasure. But what if these pains are for the same end ? What if all this heaping and war of agonies were owing to the author's having taken too little exercise, or eaten a heavier supper than ordinary ? But then the proportion ! What proportion, it may be asked, is there between the sin of neglected exercise and such infernal visitations as these ? We answer,—the proportion, not of the particular offence, but of the general consequences. We have before observed, but it cannot be repeated too often, that Nature, charitable as any poet or philosopher can be upon the subject of merit and demerit, &c. seems to insist, beyond anything else, upon our taking care of the mould in which she has cast us ; or in other words, of that ground-work of all comfort, that box which contains the jewel of existence, our health. On turning to the preceding poem in the book, entitled *Kubla Khan*, we perceive that in his introduction to that pleasanter vision, the author speaks of the present one as the dream of pain and disease. *Kubla Khan*, which was meditated under the effects of opium, he calls “a psychological curiosity.” It is so ; but it is also, and still more, a somatological or bodily one ; for body will effect these things upon the mind, when the mind can do no such thing upon itself ; and therefore the shortest, most useful, and most philosophical way of proceeding, is to treat the phenomenon in the manner most serviceable to the health and comfort of both. We subjoin the conclusion of *Kubla Khan*, as beginning with an exquisite piece of music, and ending with a most poetical phantasm :—

A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw ;  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she play'd,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
 That with music loud and long

I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !  
 And all who heard should see them there,  
 And all should cry Beware, Beware,  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread ;  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drank of the milk of Paradise.

If horrible and fantastic dreams are the most perplexing, there are pathetic ones more saddening. A friend dreaming of the loss of his friend, or a lover of that of his mistress, or a kinsman of that of a dear relation, is steeped in the bitterness of death. To wake and find it not true,—what a delicious sensation is that ! On the other hand, to dream of a friend or a beloved relative restored to us,—to live over again the hours of childhood at the knee of a beloved mother, to be on the eve of marrying an affectionate mistress, with a thousand other joys snatched back out of the grave, and too painful to dwell upon,—what a dreary rush of sensation comes like a shadow upon us when we wake ! How true, and divested of all that is justly called conceit in poetry, is that termination of Milton's sonnet on dreaming of his deceased wife,—

But oh, as to embrace me she inclined,  
 I waked ; she fled ; and day brought back my night.

It is strange that so good and cordial a critic as Warton should think this a mere conceit on his blindness. An allusion to his blindness may or may not be involved in it ; but the sense of returning shadow on the mind is true to nature, and must have been experienced by every one who has lost a person dear to him. There is a beautiful sonnet by Camoens on a similar occasion ; a small canzone by Sanazaro, which ends with saying, that although he waked and missed his lady's hand in his, he still tried to cheat himself by keeping his eyes shut ; and three divine dreams of Laura by Petrarch, Sonnet xxxiv. Vol. 2. Sonnet lxxix. ib. and the canzone beginning

Quando il soave mio fido conforto.

But we must be cautious how we think of the poets on this most poetical subject, or we shall write three articles instead of one. As it is, we have not left ourselves room for some very agreeable dreams, which we meant to have taken between these our gallant and imaginative sheets. They must be interrupted, as they are apt to be, like the young lady's in the *Adventures of a Lapdog*, who blushing divinely, had just uttered the words, “My Lord, I am wholly yours,” when she was awaked by the jumping up of that officious little puppy.



## LVII.—A HUMAN ANIMAL, AND THE OTHER EXTREME.

WE met the other day with the following description of an animal of quality in a Biographical Dictionary that was published in the year 1767, and which is one of the most amusing and spirited publications of the kind that we remember to have seen. The writer does not give his authority for this particular memoir, so that it was probably furnished from his own knowledge; but that the account is a true one, is evident. Indeed, with the exception of one or two eccentricities of prudence which rather lean to the side of an excess of instinct, it is but an individual description, referring to a numerous class of the same nature, that once flourished with horn and hound in this country, and specimens of which are to be found here and there still.\* The title we have put at the head of it is not quite correct and exclusive enough as a definition; since, properly speaking, we lords of the creation are all human animals; but the mere animal, or bodily and breathing faculty, is combined in us more or less with intellect and sentiment; and of these refinements of the perception, few bipeds that have arrived at the dignity of a coat and boots, have partaken so little as the noble squire before us. How far some of us, who take ourselves for very rational persons, do or do not go beyond him, we shall perhaps see in the course of our remarks.

"The Honourable William Hastings, a gentleman of a very singular character," says our informant, "lived in the year 1638, and by his quality was son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon. He was peradventure an original in our age, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times.

"He was very low, very strong, and very active, of a reddish flaxen hair; his clothes green cloth, and never all worth, when new, five pounds.

"His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer, and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen; many fish-ponds; great store of wood and timber; a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, and full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was plowed: they used round sand bowls; and it had a banqueting house like a stand, a large one, built in a tree.

"He kept all manner of sport hounds, that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and hawks, long and short-wing'd. He had all sorts of nets for fish; he had a walk in the New Forest; and in the manor of Christ Church: this last supplied him with red deer, sea and

river fish. And indeed all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him; who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters; there being not a woman, in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault, if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular; always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, who was to boot very welcome to his house whenever he came.

"There he found beef, pudding, and small beer in great plenty; a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dusty shoes; the great hall strewn with marrow-bones, full of hawks, perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with the fox skins of this and the last year's killing; here and there a pole-cat intermixed; gamekeepers' and hunters' poles in great abundance.

"The parlour was a great room as properly furnished. On a great hearth, paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed; he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen inches long lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them.

"The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, stone-bows, and other such like accoutrements. The corners of the room, full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles. An oyster table at the lower end; which was of constant use, twice a day, all the year round. For he never failed to eat oysters, before dinner and supper, through all seasons: the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him with them.

"The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a Church Bible, and, on the other, the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawks'-hoods, bells, and such like; two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry, which he took much care of, and fed himself. In the whole of the desk were store of tobacco-pipes that had been used.

"On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed. For he never exceeded in drink, or permitted it.

"On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pye, with thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at.

\* Since writing this, we have discovered that the original is in Hutchins's *History of Dorsetshire*. See Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*, or Drake's *Shakspeare and his Times*. It is said to have been written by the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

"His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except Fridays, when he had the best of salt fish (as well as other fish) he could get; and was the day his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with 'My peart lies therein-a.' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; very often syrup of gilliflowers in his sack; and had always a tun glass without feet, stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary.

"He was well-natured, but soon angry; calling his servants bastards and cuckoldy knaves; in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to be an hundred; never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles; and got on horseback without help. Until past four-score, he rode to the death of a stag as well as any."

It is clear, that this worthy personage was nothing more than a kind of beaver or badger in human shape. We imagine him haunting the neighbourhood in which he lived, like a pet creature, who had acquired a certain Ægyptian godship among the natives; now hunting for his fish, now for his flesh, now fawning after his uncouth fashion upon a pretty girl, and now snarling and contesting a bone with his dogs. We imagine him the animal principle personified; a symbol on horseback; a jolly dog sitting upright at dinner, like a hieroglyphic on a pedestal.

Buffon has a subtle answer to those who argue for the rationality of bees. He says that the extreme order of their proceedings, and the undeviating apparent forethought with which they anticipate and provide for a certain geometrical necessity in a part of the structure of their hives, are only additional proofs of the force of instinct. They have an instinct for the order, and an instinct for the anticipation; and they prove that it is not reason, by never striking out anything new. The same thing is observable in our human animal. What would be reason or choice in another man, is to be set down in him to poverty of ideas. If Tasso had been asked the reason of his always wearing black, he would probably have surprised the inquirer by a series of observations on colour, and dignity, and melancholy, and the darkness of his fate; but if Petrarch or Boccaccio had discussed the matter with him, he might have changed it to purple. A lady, in the same manner, wears black, because it suits her complexion, or is elegant at all times, or because it is at once piquant and superior. But in spring, she may choose to put on the colours of the season, and in summer to be gaudier with the butterfly. Our squire had an instinct towards the colour of green, because he saw it about him. He took it from what he lived in, like a camelion, and never changed it, because he could live in no other sphere. We see that

his green suit was never worth five pounds; and nothing, we dare say, could have induced him to let it mount up to that sum. He would have had it grow on him, if he could, like a green monkey. Thus again with his bowling-green. It was not penuriousness that hindered him from altering it, but he had no more idea of changing the place than the place itself. As change of habit is frightful to some men, from vivacity of affection or imagination, and the strangeness which they anticipate in the novelty, so Mr. Hastings was never tempted out of a custom, because he had no idea of anything else. He would no more think of altering the place he burrowed in, than a tortoise or a wild rabbit. He was *ferce naturee*,—a regular beast of prey; though he mingled something of the generosity of the lion with the lurking of the fox and the mischievous sporting of the cat. He would let other animals feed with him, only warning them off occasionally with that switch of his, instead of a claw. He had the same liberality of instinct towards the young of other creatures, as we see in the hen and the goat. He would take care of their eggs, if he had a mind; or furnish them with milk. His very body was badger-like. It was, "very low, very strong, and very active;" and he had a coarse fell of hair. A good housewife might have called his house a kennel, without being abusive. What the ladies of the Huntingdon family thought of it, if ever they came to see him, we do not know; but next to hearing such a fellow as Squire Western talk, must have been the horror of his human kindred in treading those menageries, his hall and parlour. They might turn the lines of Chaucer into an exclamation:—

What hawkis sitten on the perch above!  
What houndis ligen on the floor adown!

Then the marrow-bones, the noise, and, to a delicate ancle, the sense of danger! Conceive a timid stranger, not very welcome, obliged to pass through the great hall. The whole animal world is up. The well-mouthed hounds begin barking, the mastiff bays, the terriers snap, the hawks sidle and stare, the poultry gobble, the cats growl and up with their backs. At last, the Hastings makes his appearance, and laughs like a goblin.

Three things are specially observable in our hero: first, that his religion as well as literature was so entirely confined to faith, that it allowed him to turn his household chapel into a larder, and do anything else he pleased, short of not ranking the *Bible* and *Book of Martyrs* with his other fixtures:—second, that he carried his prudential instincts to a pitch unusual in a country squire, who can rarely refrain from making extremes meet with humanity in this instance:—and third, that his proneness to the animal part of love, never finding him in a condition to be so brutal, as drinking renders a



gallant of this sort, left himself as well as others in sufficient good humour, not only to get him forgiven by the females, but to act kindly and be tolerated by the men. He was as temperate in his liquor as one of his cats, drinking only to quench thirst, and leaving off when he had enough. This perhaps was partly owing to his rank, which did not render it necessary to his importance to be emulous with his bottle among the squires. As to some grave questions connected with the promiscuous nature of his amours, an animal so totally given up to his instincts as he was, can hardly be held responsible upon such points; though they are worth the consideration of those who in their old age undertake to be moral as well as profligate. If Mr. Hastings's notion was good and even useful, so far as it showed the natural good-humour of that passion in human beings, where sickness or jealousy is out of the question, in every other respect it was as poor and paltry as could be. There was not a single idea in it beyond one of his hounds. It was entirely gross and superficial, without sentiment, without choice, without a thousand sensations of pleasure and the return of it, without the least perception of a beauty beyond the mere absence of age. The most idiotical scold in the village, "under forty," was to him a desirable object. The most loveable woman in the world above it, was lost upon him. Such lovers do not even enjoy the charms they suppose. They do not see a twentieth part of the external graces. They criticise beauty in the language of a horse-jockey; and the jockey, or the horse himself, knows just as much about it as they.

In short, to be candid on all sides with the very earthy memory of the Honourable Mr. William Hastings, we take a person of his description to be a good specimen of the animal part of the human nature, and chiefly on this account, that the animal preserves its health. There indeed it has something to say for itself; nor must we conceal our belief, that upon this ground alone, the Hastings must have had sensations in the course of his life, which many an intellectual person might envy. His perceptions must have been of a vague sort, but they were in all probability exquisitely clear and unalloyed. He must have had all the pleasure from the sunshine and the fresh air, that a healthy body without a mind in it can have; and we may guess from the days of childhood, what those feelings may resemble, in their pleasantness, as well as vagueness. At the age of a hundred he was able to read and write without spectacles; nor better perhaps than he did at fifteen, but as well. At a hundred, he was truly an old boy, and no more thought of putting on spectacles than an eagle. Why should he? His blood had run clear for a century with exercise and natural living. He had not baked it black and "heavy thick"

over a fire, nor dimmed the windows of his perception with the smoke.

But he wanted a soul to turn his perceptions to their proper account?—He did so. Let us then, who see more than he did, contrive to see fair play between body and mind. It is by observing the separate extremes of perfection, to which body and mind may arrive, in those who do not now know to unite both, that we may learn how to produce a human being more enviable than either the healthiest of fox-hunters or the most unearthly of saints. It is remarkable, that the same ancient family, which, among the variety and fineness of its productions, put forth this specimen of bodily humanity, edified the world not long after with as complete a specimen of the other half of human nature. Mr. William Hastings' soul seems to have come too late for his body, and to have remained afterwards upon earth in the shape of his fair kinswoman, the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of Theophilus, seventh Earl of Huntingdon. An account of her follows that of her animal kinsman, and is a most extraordinary contrast. This is the lady who is celebrated by Sir Richard Steele in the *Tatler* under the name of *Aspasia*,—a title which must have startled her a little. But with the elegance of the panegyric she would have found it hard not to be pleased, notwithstanding her modesty. "These ancients would be as much astonished to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praiseworthy, as the divine *Aspasia*. Methinks I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial, conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honour, truth, compassion, knowledge, and innocence:—"

'There dwells the scorn of vice and pity too.'

"In the midst of the most ample fortune, and veneration of all that beheld and knew her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that supreme power which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of virtue, and adds to the severity of the last age all the freedom and ease of the present. The language and mien of a court she is possessed of in the highest degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainment. *Aspasia* is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the ancient sages, but also the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady is the most exact economist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it; and shuns applause with as much

industry as others do reproach. This character is so particular, that it will be very easily fixed on her only, by all that know her, but I dare say she will be the last to find it out."—*Tatler*, No. XLII. July 16, 1709.

This character was written when Lady Elizabeth was twenty-eight\*. She passed the rest of her life agreeably to it, relieving families, giving annuities, contributing to the maintenance of schools and university-scholars, and all the while behaving with extraordinary generosity to her kindred, and keeping up a noble establishment. Those whom such a description incites to know more of her, will find a good summary of her way of life in Miss Hays's *Female Biography*,—a work, by the way, which contrives to be at once conventional and liberal, and ought to be in possession of all her countrywomen.

Miss Hays informs us, that the close of this excellent person's life was as suffering as it was patient. An accidental contusion in her bosom, at an early period of life, had left the seeds of a cancer, which for many years she disregarded. About a year and a half before her death she was obliged to undergo an amputation of the part affected, which she did with a noble and sweet fortitude, described in a very touching manner by another of her biographers. "Her ladyship," he tells us, "underwent this painful operation with surprising patience and resolution; she shewed no reluctance, no struggle or contention; only, indeed, towards the end of the operation *she drew such a sigh* as any compassionate reader may when he hears this." This is one of the truest and most pathetic things we remember to have read. Unfortunately, the amputation, though it promised well for a time, did no good at last. The disorder returned with greater malignity, and after submitting to it with her usual patience, and exhorting her household and friends, upon her death-bed, in a high strain of enthusiasm, she expired on the 22d December, 1739, in the fifty-seventh year of her age. "Her character in miniature," says the biographer just quoted, "is this. She was a lady of the exactest breeding, of fine intellectual endowments, filled with divine wisdom, renewed in the spirit of her mind, fired with the love of her Creator, a friend to all the world, mortified in soul and body, and to everything that is earthly, and a little lower than the angels." He has a mysterious anecdote of her in the course of his account. "The following remarkable circumstance happened to her in her youth. A young lady, of less severity of manners than herself, invited her once to an entertainment over a romance, and very dear did she pay for it; what evil tinctures she took

from it I cannot tell, but this I can, that the remembrance of it would now and then annoy her spirit down into declining life." Miss Hays concludes the memoir in the *Female Biography* with informing us, that "she was fond of her pen, and frequently employed herself in writing; but, previous to her death, destroyed the greater part of her papers. Her fortune, beauty, and amiable qualities, procured her many solicitations to change her state; but she preferred, in a single and independent life, to be mistress of her actions and the disposition of her income."

It seems pretty clear from all these accounts, that this noble-hearted woman, notwithstanding her beauty and sweet temper, was as imperfect a specimen of animal humanity as her kinsman was of spiritual. We are far from meaning to prefer his state of existence. We confess that there are many persons we have read of, whom we would rather have been, than the most saintly of solitary spirits; but the mere reflection of the good which Lady Elizabeth did to others, would not allow us a moment's hesitation, if compelled to choose between inhabiting her infirm tenement and the jolly vacuity of Honourable William. At the same time, it is evident that the fair saint neglected the earthly part of herself in a way neither as happy-making nor as pious as she took it for. Perhaps the example of her kinsman tended to assist this false idea of what is pleasing to heaven, and made her a little too peremptory against herself; but what had not her lovers a right to say? For our parts, had we lived then, and been at all fitted to aspire to a return of her regard, we should have thought it a very unfair and intolerable thing of her to go on doing the most exquisite and seducing actions in the world, and tell us that she wished to be mistress of her own time and generousities. So she might, and yet have been generous to us as well as to the charity boys. But setting this aside (and the real secret is to be found, perhaps, in matters into which we cannot inquire), a proper attention to that beauteous form which her spirit inhabited might have done great good to herself. She not only lived nearly half a century less than her kinsman, and thus shortened a useful life, but the less healthy state of her blood rendered even a soul like hers liable to incursions of melancholy to the last moment of her existence. If it be said that this stimulated her the more to extract happiness out of the happiness of others, we do not deny that it may have done so; nor do we pretend to say that this might not have been her best state of existence for herself and all of us, if we could inquire into matters hidden from our sight. But upon that principle, so might her relation's. It is impossible to argue to any purpose upon these assumptions, which are only good for patience, not for action. William Hastings

\* It is attributed by the annotators to Congreve,—I know not on what authority. If I know anything of style, I can swear it was Steele's. The moral elegance and faith of it, and the turn of the words, are all his.



was all bodily comfort; Elizabeth Hastings was all mental grace. How far the liability of the former to gusts of passion, as well as the other conditions of his being, settled the balance with her necessity for being patient, it is impossible to say; but it is easy and right to say, that nobody would like to undergo operations for a cancer, or to die at fifty-seven, when they could live healthily to a hundred.

What, then, is our conclusion? This: that the proper point of humanity lies between the two natures, though not at equal distances; the greatest possible sum of happiness for mankind demanding that great part of our pleasure should be founded in that of others. Those, however, who hold rigid theories of morality and yet practise them not (which is much oftener the case with such theories than the reverse), must take care how they flatter themselves they resemble Lady Elizabeth. Their extreme difference with her kinsman is a mere cant, to which all the privileged selfishness and sensuality in the world give the lie—all the pomps and vanities, all the hatreds, all the malignities, all the eatings and drinkings, such as William Hastings himself would have been ashamed of. In fact, their real instincts are generally as selfish as his, though in other shapes, and much less agreeable for everybody. When cant lives as long and healthy a life as his, or as good a one as hers, it will be worth attending to. Till then, the best thing to advise is, neither to be canting, nor merely animal, nor over-spiritual; but to endeavour to enjoy, with the greatest possible distribution of happiness, all the faculties we receive from nature.

#### LVIII.—RETURN OF AUTUMN.

THE autumn is now confirmed. The harvest is over; the summer birds are gone or going; heavy rains have swept the air of its warmth, and prepared the earth for the impressions of winter.

And the author's season changes likewise. We can no longer persuade ourselves that it is summer, by dint of resolving to think so. We cannot warm ourselves at the look of the sunshine. Instead of sitting at the window, "hindering" ourselves, as people say, with enjoying the sight of Nature, we find our knees turned round to the fire-place, our face opposite a pictured instead of a real landscape, and our feet toasting upon a fender.

When some enjoyments go, others come. The boys will now be gathering their nuts. The trees will put forth, in their bravely dying leaves, all the colours of heaven and earth, which they have received from sun, and rain, and soil. Nature, in her heaps of grain and berries, will set before the animal creation as profuse and luxurious a feast, as any of our

lordly palates have received from dish and dessert.

Nature, with the help of a very little art, can put forth a prettier bill of fare than most persons, if people will but persuade each other that cheapness is as good as dearness;—a discovery, we think, to which the tax-gatherer might help us. Let us see what she says this autumn. Imagine us seated at the bar of some fashionable retreat, or boxed in a sylvan scene of considerable resort. Enter, a waiter, the September of Spenser—that ingenious and (to a punster) oddly-dressed rogue, of whom we are told, that when he appeared before the poet, he was

Heavy laden with the spoil  
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot.

At present, he assumes a more modest aspect, with a bunch of ash-leaves under his arm by way of duster. He bows like a poplar, draws a west wind through his teeth genteelly, and lays before us the following bill of entertainment:—

Fish, infinite and cheap.

Fruit, ditto.

Nuts, ditto.

Bread, ditto—taxed.

Fresh airs, taxed if in doors—not out.

Light, the same.

Wine in its unadulterated shape, as grapes, or sunshine, or well-fermented blood.

Arbours of ivy, wild honeysuckle, arbutus, &c. all in flower.

Other flowers on table.

The ante-room, with a view into it, immense with a sky-blue cupola, and hung round with landscapes confessedly inimitable.

Towards the conclusion, a vocal concert among the trees.

At night, falling stars, and a striking panoramic view of the heavens; on which occasion, for a few nights only, the same moon will be introduced that was admired by the "immortal Shakspeare!!!"

N.B.—It is reported by some malignant persons, that the bird-concert is not artificial: whereas it will be found, upon the smallest inspection, to beat even the most elaborate inventions of the justly, admired Signor Mechanical Fello.

#### LIX.—THE MAID-SERVANT\*

MUST be considered as young, or else she has married the butcher, the butler, or her cousin, or has otherwise settled into a character distinct from her original one, so as to become what is properly called the domestic. The Maid-Servant, in her apparel, is either slovenly

\* In some respects, particularly of costume, this portrait must be understood of originals existing twenty or thirty years ago.

and fine by turns, and dirty always; or she is at all times neat and tight, and dressed according to her station. In the latter case, her ordinary dress is black stockings, a stuff gown, a cap, and a neck-handkerchief pinned cornerwise behind. If you want a pin, she feels about her, and has always one to give you. On Sundays and holidays, and perhaps of afternoons, she changes her black stockings for white, puts on a gown of a better texture and fine pattern, sets her cap and her curls jauntily, and lays aside the neck-handkerchief for a high-body, which, by the way, is not half so pretty.

The general furniture of her ordinary room, the kitchen, is not so much her own as her master's and mistress's, and need not be described; but in a drawer of the dresser or the table, in company with a duster and a pair of snuffers, may be found some of her property, such as a brass tumbler, a pair of scissors, a thread-case, a piece of wax candle much wrinkled with the thread, an odd volume of Pamela, and perhaps a sixpenny play, such as George Barnwell or Southerne's Oroonoko. There is a piece of looking-glass in the window. The rest of her furniture is in the garret, where you may find a good looking-glass on the table; and in the window a Bible, a comb and a piece of soap. Here stands also, under stout lock and key, the mighty mystery,—the box,—containing, among other things, her clothes, two or three song-books, consisting of nineteen for the penny; sundry Tragedies at a halfpenny the sheet; the *Whole Nature of Dreams Laid Open*, together with the *Fortune-teller* and the *Account of the Ghost of Mrs. Veal*; the *Story of the Beautiful Zoa* “who was cast away on a desert island, showing how,” &c.; some half-crowns in a purse, including pieces of country-money; a silver penny wrapped up in cotton by itself; a crooked sixpence, given her before she came to town, and the giver of which has either forgotten or been forgotten by her, she is not sure which;—two little enamel boxes, with looking-glass in the lids, one of them a fairing, the other “a Trifle from Margate;” and lastly, various letters, square and ragged, and directed in all sorts of spellings, chiefly with little letters for capitals. One of them, written by a girl who went to a day-school, is directed “Miss.”

In her manners, the Maid-servant sometimes imitates her young mistress; she puts her hair in papers, cultivates a shape, and occasionally contrives to be out of spirits. But her own character and condition overcome all sophistications of this sort; her shape, fortified by the mop and scrubbing-brush, will make its way; and exercise keeps her healthy and cheerful. From the same cause her temper is good; though she gets into little heats when a stranger is over saucy, or when she is told not to go so heavily down stairs, or when some unthink-

ing person goes up her wet stairs with dirty shoes,—or when she is called away often from dinner; neither does she much like to be seen scrubbing the street-door steps of a morning; and sometimes she catches herself saying, “Drat that butcher;” but immediately adds, “God forgive me.” The tradesmen indeed, with their compliments and arch looks, seldom give her cause to complain. The milkman bespeaks her good-humour for the day with “Come, pretty maids:”—then follow the butcher, the baker, the oilman, &c. all with their several smirks and little loiterings; and when she goes to the shops herself, it is for her the grocer pulls down his string from its roller with more than ordinary whirl, and tosses his parcel into a tie.

Thus pass the mornings between working, and singing, and giggling, and grumbling, and being flattered. If she takes any pleasure unconnected with her office before the afternoon, it is when she runs up the area-steps or to the door to hear and purchase a new song, or to see a troop of soldiers go by; or when she happens to thrust her head out of a chamber window at the same time with a servant at the next house, when a dialogue infallibly ensues, stimulated by the imaginary obstacles between. If the Maid-servant is wise, the best part of her work is done by dinner-time; and nothing else is necessary to give perfect zest to the meal. She tells us what she thinks of it, when she calls it “a bit o’ dinner.” There is the same sort of eloquence in her other phrase, “a cup o’ tea;” but the old ones, and the washerwomen, beat her at that. After tea in great houses, she goes with the other servants to hot cockles, or What-are-my-thoughts-like, and tells Mr. John to “have done then;” or if there is a ball given that night, they throw open the doors, and make use of the music up stairs to dance by. In smaller houses, she receives the visits of her aforesaid cousin; and sits down alone, or with a fellow maid-servant, to work; talks of her young master or mistress and Mr. Ivins (Evans); or else she calls to mind her own friends in the country; where she thinks the cows and “all that” beautiful, now she is away. Meanwhile, if she is lazy, she snuffs the candle with her scissors; or if she has eaten more heartily than usual, she sighs double the usual number of times, and thinks that tender hearts were born to be unhappy.

Such being the Maid-servant's life in-doors, she scorns, when abroad, to be anything but a creature of sheer enjoyment. The Maid-servant, the sailor, and the school-boy, are the three beings that enjoy a holiday beyond all the rest of the world;—and all for the same reason,—because their inexperience, peculiarity of life, and habit of being with persons of circumstances or thoughts above them, give them all, in their way, a cast of the romantic.



The most active of the money-getters is a vegetable compared with them. The Maid-servant when she first goes to Vauxhall, thinks she is in heaven. A theatre is all pleasure to her, whatever is going forward, whether the play or the music, or the waiting which makes others impatient, or the munching of apples and gingerbread, which she and her party commence almost as soon as they have seated themselves. She prefers tragedy to comedy, because it is grander, and less like what she meets with in general; and because she thinks it more in earnest also, especially in the love-scenes. Her favourite play is "*Alexander the Great, or the Rival Queens*." Another great delight is in going a shopping. She loves to look at the patterns in the windows, and the fine things labelled with those corpulent numerals of "only 7s."—"only 6s. 6d." She has also, unless born and bred in London, been to see my Lord Mayor, the fine people coming out of Court, and the "beasties" in the Tower; and at all events she has been to Astley's and the Circus, from which she comes away, equally smitten with the rider, and sore with laughing at the clown. But it is difficult to say what pleasure she enjoys most. One of the completest of all is the fair, where she walks through an endless round of noise, and toys, and gallant apprentices, and wonders. Here she is invited in by courteous and well-dressed people, as if she were the mistress. Here also is the conjuror's booth, where the operator himself, a most stately and genteel person all in white, calls her Ma'am; and says to John by her side, in spite of his laced hat, "Be good enough, sir, to hand the card to the lady."

Ah! may her "cousin" turn out as true as he says he is; or may she get home soon enough and smiling enough to be as happy again next time.

#### LXI.—THE OLD LADY.

If the Old Lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet, for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, as she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief,

and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and, according to the season, an orange or apple, which after many days she draws out, warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well behaved itself. She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round, to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants, and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantle-piece are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in coloured ware: the man, perhaps, in a pink jacket and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand, and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess: the woman holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gipsy-hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist, with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes, in order to show the trimness of her ancles. But these patterns, of course, are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold,—containing ribbons and laces of various kinds; linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners; a heap of pocket-books for a series of years; and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes, with enormous heels. The stock of letters are under especial lock and key. So much for the bed-room. In the sitting-room is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved arm-chairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground; a folding or other screen, with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed, meek faces perking sideways; a stuffed bird, perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her); a portrait of her husband over the mantel-piece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat; and opposite him on the wall, is a piece of embroidered literature, framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim, worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below, in their proper colours; the whole concluding with an ABC and numerals, and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be "her work, Jan. 14, 1762." The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog,

and a small set of shelves, in which are the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the *Turkish Spy*, a *Bible* and *Prayer Book*, *Young's Night Thoughts* with a piece of lace in it to flatten, *Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart*, *Mrs. Glasse's Cookery*, and perhaps *Sir Charles Grandison*, and *Clarissa*. *John Bunce* is in the closet among the pickles and preserves. The clock is on the landing-place between the two room doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place, as well as the stairs, is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards: or you may see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella running up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog, equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grand-children dislike him on holidays, and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night, she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant in pattens, follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

Her opinions are not many nor new. She thinks the clergyman a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes her grandchildren will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, &c., and sometimes goes through the church-yard, where her children and her husband lie buried, serious, but not melancholy. She has had three great epochs in her life:—her marriage—her having been at court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family—and a compliment on her figure she once received, in passing, from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad, loose man, but engaging. His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If anything takes her at a distance from home, it is still the court; but she seldom stirs, even for that. The last time but one that she went, was to see the Duke of Wirtemberg; and most probably for the last time of all, to see the Princess Charlotte and Prince

Leopold. From this beatific vision she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, a fine royal young creature, and "Daughter of England."

#### LXI.—PULCI.

WE present our readers with a prose abridgment of the beginning of the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, the father of Italian romance. We would rather have given it them in verse; but it would have taken more time and attention than we can just now afford. Besides, a prose specimen of this author, is a less unjust one, than it would be of any of his successors; because though a real poet, he is not so eminent as a versifier, and deals less in poetical abstractions. He has less of the oracular or voiceful part of his art, conversing almost exclusively with the social feelings in their most familiar language.

Luigi Pulci, the younger of three literary brothers, was born the 15th of December (3d, O.S.), 1431. His family was noble, and probably gave their name to the district of Monte Pulciano, famous for the supereminence of its wine. It was a fit soil for him to grow in. He had an enviable lot, with nothing to interrupt his vivacity; passing his life in the shades of ease and retirement, and "warbling his native wood-notes wild," without fear of hawks from above, or lurking reptiles from below. Among his principal friends were, Politian, Lorenzo de Medici, and the latter's mother, Lucrezia Tornabuona. He speaks affectionately of her memory at the close of his work. At Lorenzo's table he was a constant guest; and at this table, where it is possible that the future pope, Leo the Tenth, was present as a little boy, he is said to have read, as he produced it, that remarkable poem, which the old Italian critics were not agreed whether to think pious or profane.\*

The reader, at this time of day, will be inclined to think it the latter; nor will the reputation of Leo himself, who is said to have made use of the word "fable" on a very remarkable occasion, be against their verdict. Undoubtedly there was much scepticism in those days, as there always must be where there is great vivacity of mind, with great demands upon its credulity. But we must take care how we pronounce upon the real spirit of

\* Leo was born in 1475, forty-four years after the birth of Pulci; so that, supposing the latter to have arrived at anything like length of days, he may have had the young Father of the Faithful for an auditor.



manners unlike our own, when we consider the extraordinary mixture of reverence and familiarity with which the most bigoted periods of Catholicism have been accustomed to treat the objects of their faith. They elbow them, till they treat them like their earthly kindred, expecting most from them, and behaving worst by them. Popish sailors have scourged the idols, whom they have prayed to the minute before for a fair wind. The most laughable exposure of the tricks of Roman Catholics in our own language is by old Heywood the epigrammatist, who died abroad "in consequence of his devotion to the Roman Catholic cause."—"The bigotry of any age," says Mr. Hazlitt, "is by no means a test of its piety, or even sincerity. Men seemed to make themselves amends for the enormity of their faith by levity of feeling, as well as by laxity of principle; and in the indifference or ridicule with which they treated the wilful absurdities and extravagances to which they hoodwinked their understandings, almost resembled children playing at blind-man's buff, who grope their way in the dark, and make blunders on purpose to laugh at their own idleness and folly."—*Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, p. 192. It may be added, that they are sometimes like children playing and laughing at ghosts in daylight, but afraid of them at night-time. There have not been wanting readers to take all Pulci's levity in good religious part. This does not seem possible; but it is possible that he may have had a certain conventional faith in religion, or even regarded it as a sentiment and a general truth, while the goodness of his disposition led him to be ironical upon particular dogmas. We must judge him in charity, giving him the benefit of our doubts.

The specimen now laid before the reader is perhaps as good a one, for prose, as could have been selected. The characteristics of our poet are, wildness of fancy, pithiness of humour, sprightliness of transition, and tenderness of heart. All these, if the reader has any congeniality of spirit, he may find successively in the outset about the giants, the complaint made of them by the Abbot, the incipient adventures of Morgante in his new character, and the farewell, and family recognition of the Abbot and Orlando. The passages about the falling of manna, and the eternal punishment of those who are dear to us, furnish the earliest instance of that penetration into absurdity, and the unconscious matter-of-course air of speaking of it, which constitute the humorous part of the style of Voltaire. The character of Margutte, who makes his appearance in Canto 18, and carries this style to its height, is no less remarkable as an anticipation of the most impudent portraits of professed worldliness, and seems to warrant the suspicions entertained respecting the grosser sceptics of that age, while it shows the light in which they were

regarded by the more refined. In Margutte's panegyrics upon what he liked, appear to be the seeds of Berni and his followers. One of the best things to be said of the serious characters of Pulci, and where he has the advantage of Ariosto himself, is that you know them with more distinctness, and become more personally interested in them as people like yourself; whereas, in Ariosto, with all his humanity, the *knights* are too much of mere knights,—warlike animals. Their flesh and blood is too much encrusted by their armour. Even Rubbi, the quaint and formal editor of the *Parnaso Italiano*, with all his courtesies towards established things, says, in distinguishing the effect of three great poets of Italy, that "You will adore Ariosto, you will admire Tasso, but you will love Pulci." The alliteration suits our critic's vivacity better:—"In fine, tu adorerai l'Ariosto, tu ammirerai il Tasso, ma tu amerai il Pulci."

PROSE TRANSLATION OF THE BEGINNING OF THE  
MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

—Twelve Paladins (saith the poet) had the emperor Charlemagne in his court; and the most wise and famous of them was Orlando. It is of him I am about to speak, and of his friend Morgante, and of Gan the Traitor, who beguiled him to his death in Roncesvalles, where he sounded his horn so mightily after the Dolorous Rout.

It was Easter, and Charles had all his court with him in Paris, making high feast and triumph. There was Orlando, the first among them, and Ogier the Dane, and Astolfo the Englishman, and Ansuigi: and there came Angiotin of Bayonne, and Oliviero, and the gentle Berlinghieri; and there was also Avolio, and Avino, and Otho of Normandy, and Richard, and the wise Namo, and the aged Salamon, and Walter from Monlione, and Baldwin who was the son of the wretched Gan. The son of Pepin was too happy, and oftentimes fairly groaned for joy at seeing all his Paladins together.

But Fortune stands watching in secret, to baffle our designs. While Charles was thus hugging himself with delight, Orlando governed everything at court, and this made Gan burst with envy; so that he began one day talking with Charles after the following manner:—"Are we always to have Orlando for our master? I have thought of speaking to you about it a thousand times. Orlando has a great deal too much presumption. Here are we, counts, dukes, and kings, at your service, but not at his: and we have resolved not to be governed by a boy. You began in Aspramont to give him to understand how valiant he was, and that he did great things at that fountain; whereas if it had not been for the good Gerard, I know very well where the victory would have been. The truth is, he has an eye upon the crown. This, Charles, is the worthy who has deserved so much! All your generals are

afflicted at it. As for me, I shall repossess those mountains over which I came to you with seventy-two counts. Do you take him for a Mars?"

Orlando happened to hear these words as he sat apart, and it displeased him with Gan that he should speak so, but much more that Charles should believe him. He would have killed Gan, if Oliviero had not prevented him and taken his sword Durlindana out of his hand; nay, he could have almost killed Charlemagne himself; but at last he went away from Paris by himself, raging with scorn and grief. He borrowed as he went, of Ermellina the wife of Ogier, the Dane's sword Cortana and his horse Rondel, and proceeded on his way to Brava. His wife, Alda the Fair, hastened to embrace him; but while she was saying "Welcome my Orlando," he was going to strike her with his sword, for his head was bewildered, and he took her for Ganellone. The fair Alda marvelled greatly, but Orlando recollected himself, and she took hold of the bridle, and he leaped from his horse, and told her all that had passed, and rested himself with her for some days.

He then took his leave, being still carried away by his disdain, and resolved to pass over into Pagan-land; and as he rode, he thought, every step of the way, of the traitor Gan; and so, riding on wherever the road took him, he reached the confines between the Christian countries and the Pagan, and came upon an abbey, situate in a dark place in a desert.

Now above the abbey was a great mountain, inhabited by three fierce giants, one of whom was named Passamonte, another Alabastro, and the third Morgante; and these giants used to disturb the abbey, by throwing things down upon it from the mountain with slings, so that the poor little monks could not go out to fetch wood or water. Orlando knocked, but nobody would open till the abbot was spoken to. At last the abbot came himself, and opening the door, bade him welcome. The good man told him the reason of the delay, and said that since the arrival of the giants, they had been so perplexed that they did not know what to do. "Our ancient fathers in the desert," quoth he, "were rewarded according to their holiness. It is not to be supposed that they lived only upon locusts; doubtless, it also rained manna upon them from heaven; but here one is *regaled with stones*, which the giants rain upon us from the mountain. These are our nice bits and relishes. The fiercest of the giants, Morgante, plucks up pines and other great trees by the roots, and casts them on us." While they were talking thus in the cemetery, there came a stone, which seemed as if it would break Rondel's back. "For God's sake, cavalier," said the abbot, "come in, *for the manna is falling*." "My dear abbot," answered Orlando, "this fellow, methinks, does not wish to let my horse feed; he wants to cure him of being restive; the

stone seems as if it came from a good arm." "Yes," replied the holy father, "I did not deceive you. I think, some day or other, they will cast the mountain upon us." Orlando quieted his horse Rondel, and then sat down to a meal; after which he said, "Abbot, I must go and return the present that has been made to my horse." The abbot with great tenderness endeavoured to dissuade him, but in vain; upon which he crossed him on the forehead, and said, "Go then, and the blessing of God be with you."

Orlando scaled the mountain, and came where Passamonte was, who seeing him alone, measured him with his eyes and asked him if he would stay with him for a page, promising to make him comfortable. "Stupid Saracen," said Orlando, "I come to you, according to the will of God, to be your death, and not your foot-boy. You have displeased his servants here, and are no longer to be endured, dog that you are."

Non puo piu comportarti, can mastino.

The giant, finding himself thus insulted, ran in a fury to arm him, and returning to Orlando, slung at him a large stone, which struck him on the head with such force, as not only made his helmet ring again, but felled him to the earth. Passamonte thought he was dead. "What," said he, retiring to disarm himself, "could have brought that paltry fellow here?"

But Christ never forsakes his followers. While the giant went to disarm himself, Orlando recovered, and cried aloud, "Giant, where are you going? Do you think that you have killed me? Turn back, for unless you have wings, you shall not escape me, dog of a renegade." The giant greatly marvelling, turned back, and stooping to pick up a stone, Orlando, who had Cortana naked in his hand, cleft his skull; and cursing Mahomet, the giant tumbled, dying and blaspheming, to the ground. Blaspheming fell the sour-hearted and cruel wretch; but Orlando, in the meanwhile, thanked the Father and the Word.

The Paladin went on, seeking for Alabastro, the second giant; who, when he saw him, endeavoured to pluck up a great piece of stony earth by the roots. "Ho, ho!" cried Orlando, "what, you think to throw a stone, do you?" Then Alabastro took his sling, and flung at him so large a fragment as obliged Orlando to defend himself, for if it had struck him, he would no more have needed a surgeon; but collecting his strength, he thrust his sword into the giant's breast, and the loggerhead fell dead.

Morgante, the third giant, had a palace made of earth, and boughs, and shingles, in which he shut himself up at night. Orlando knocked, and disturbed the giant from his sleep, who came staring to the door like a madman, for he had had a bewildering dream.



"Who knocks there?" "You will know too soon," answered Orlando: "I am come to make you do penance for your sins, like your brothers. Divine Providence has sent me to avenge the wrongs of the monks upon the whole set of you; and I have to tell you, that Passamonte and Alabastro are already as cold as a couple of pilasters." "Noble knight," said Morgante, "do me no ill; but if you are a Christian, tell me in courtesy who you are." "I will satisfy you of my faith," replied Orlando: "I adore Christ; and, if you please, you may adore him also."

"I have had a strange vision," replied Morgante, with a low voice: "I was assailed by a dreadful serpent, and called upon Mahomet in vain; then I called upon your God, who was crucified, and he succoured me, and I was delivered from the serpent; so I am disposed to become a Christian."

"If you keep in this mind," returned Orlando, "you shall worship the true God, and come with me and be my companion, and I will love you with perfect love. Your idols are false and vain; the true God is the God of the Christians. Deny the unjust and villanous worship of your Mahomet, and be baptised in the name of my God, who alone is worthy." "I am content," said Morgante. Then Orlando embraced him, and said, "I will lead you to the abbey." "Let us go quickly," replied Morgante, for he was impatient to make his peace with the monks. Orlando rejoiced, saying "My good brother, and devout withal, you must ask pardon of the abbot; for God has enlightened you, and accepted you, and he would have you practise humility." "Yes," said Morgante, "thanks to you, your God shall henceforth be my God. Tell me your name, and afterwards dispose of me as you will," and he told him that he was Orlando.

"Blessed Jesus be thanked," said the giant, "for I have always heard you called a perfect knight; and as I said, I will follow you all my life through." And so conversing they went together towards the abbey, and by the way Orlando talked with Morgante of the dead giants, and sought to console him, saying they had done the monks a thousand injuries, and our scripture says the good shall be rewarded and the evil punished, and we must submit to the will of God. "The doctors of our church," continued he, "are all agreed, that if those who are glorified in heaven, were to feel pity for their miserable kindred, who lie in such horrible confusion in hell, their beatitude would come to nothing; and this, you see, would plainly be unjust on the part of God. But such is the firmness of their faith, that what appears good to him, appears good to them. Do what he may, they hold it to be done well, and that it is impossible for him to err; so that if their very fathers and mothers are suffering everlasting punishment, it does

not disturb them an atom. This is the custom, I assure you, in the choirs above."

"A word to the wise," said Morgante; "you shall see if I grieve for my brethren, and whether or no I submit to the will of God, and behave myself like an angel. So dust to dust; and now let us enjoy ourselves. I will cut off their hands, all four of them, and take them to these holy monks, that they may be sure they are dead, and not fear to go out alone into the desert. They will then be sure also that the Lord has purified me, and taken me out of darkness, and assured to me the kingdom of heaven." So saying, the giant cut off the hands of his brethren, and left their bodies to the beasts and birds.

They went to the abbey, where the abbot was expecting Orlando in great anxiety; but the monks not knowing what had happened, ran to the abbot in great haste and alarm, saying, "Will you suffer this giant to come in?" And when the abbot saw the giant, he changed countenance. Orlando perceiving him thus disturbed, made haste and said, "Abbot, peace be with you! The giant is a Christian; he believes in Christ, and has renounced his false prophet, Mahomet." And Morgante showing the hands in proof of his faith, the abbot thanked heaven with great contentment of mind.

The abbot did much honour to Morgante, comparing him with St. Paul; and they rested there many days. One day, wandering over the abbey, they entered a room where the abbot kept a quantity of armour; and Morgante saw a bow which pleased him, and he fastened it on. Now there was in the place a great scarcity of water; and Orlando said, like his good brother, "Morgante, I wish you would fetch us some water." "Command me as you please," said he; and placing a great tub upon his shoulders, he went towards a spring at which he had been accustomed to drink at the foot of the mountain. Having reached the spring, he suddenly heard a great noise in the forest. He took an arrow from the quiver, placed it in the bow, and raising his head, saw a great herd of swine rushing towards the spring where he stood. Morgante shot one of them clean through the head, and laid him sprawling. Another, as if in revenge, ran towards the giant, without giving him time to use another arrow; so he lent him a cuff on the head, which broke the bone, and killed him also; which stroke the rest seeing, fled in haste through the valley. Morgante then placed the tub full of water upon one shoulder and the two porkers on the other, and returned to the abbey, which was at some distance, without spilling a drop.

The monks were delighted to see the fresh water, but still more to see the pork; for there is no animal to whom food comes amiss. They let their breviaries therefore go to sleep awhile, and fell heartily to work, so that the cats and

dogs had reason to lament the polish of the bones.

"Now, why do we stay here, doing nothing?" said Orlando, one day, to Morgante; and he shook hands with the abbot, and told him he must take his leave. "I must go," said he, "and make up for lost time. I ought to have gone long ago, my good father; but I cannot tell you what I feel within me, at the content I have enjoyed here in your company. I shall bear in mind and in heart with me for ever, the abbot, the abbey, and this desert, so great is the love they have raised in me in so short a time. The great God, who reigns above, must thank you for me, in his own abode. Bestow on us your benediction, and do not forget us in your prayers."

When the abbot heard the Count Orlando talk thus, his heart melted within him for tenderness, and he said, "Knight, if we have failed in any courtesy due to your prowess and great gentleness (and, indeed, what we have done has been but little), pray put it to the account of our ignorance, and of the place which we inhabit. We are but poor men of the cloister, better able to regale you with masses, and orisons, and paternosters, than with dinners and suppers. You have so taken this heart of mine by the many noble qualities I have seen in you, that I shall be with you still wherever you go; and, on the other hand, you will always be present here with me. This seems a contradiction; but you are wise, and will take my meaning discreetly. You have saved the very life and spirit within us; for so much perturbation had those giants cast about our place, that the way to the Lord among us was blocked up. May he who sent you into these woods reward your justice and piety, by which we are delivered from our trouble; thanks be to him and to you. We shall all be disconsolate at your departure. We shall grieve that we cannot detain you among us for months and years; but you do not wear these weeds; you bear arms and armour; and you may possibly merit as well, in carrying those, as in wearing this cap. You read your Bible, and your virtue has been the means of showing the giant the way to heaven. Go in peace, and prosper, whoever you may be. I do not ask your name; but if ever I am asked who it was that came among us, I shall say that it was an angel from God. If there is any armour, or other thing that you would have, go into the room where it is, and take it." "If you have any armour that would suit my companion," replied Orlando, "that I will accept with pleasure." "Come and see," said the abbot; and they went into a room that was full of old armour. Morgante examined everything, but could find nothing large enough, except a rusty breast-plate, which fitted him marvellously. It had belonged to an enormous giant, who was killed there of old, by Milo of Angranthe. There was

a painting on the wall, which told the whole story: how the giant had laid cruel and long siege to the abbey; and how he had been overthrown at last by the great Milo. Orlando seeing this, said within himself:—"Oh God! unto whom all things are known, how came Milo here, who destroyed this giant?" And reading certain inscriptions which were there, he could no longer keep a firm countenance, but the tears ran down his cheeks.

When the abbot saw Orlando weep, and his brow redden, and the light of his eyes become childlike, for sweetness, he asked him the reason; but finding him still dumbly affected, he said, "I do not know whether you are overpowered by admiration of what is painted in this chamber. You must know that I am of high descent, though not through lawful wedlock. I believe I may say, I am nephew or sister's son to no less a man than that Rinaldo, who was so great a Paladin in the world, though my own father was not of a lawful mother. Ansuigi was his name; my own, out in the world, was Chiaramonte, and this Milo was my father's brother. Ah, gentle baron, for blessed Jesus' sake, tell me what name is yours!" Orlando, all glowing with affection, and bathed in tears, replied, "My dear abbot and kinsman, he before you is your Orlando." Upon this, they ran for tenderness into each other's arms, weeping on both sides with a sovereign affection, which was too high to be expressed. The abbot was so overjoyed that he seemed as if he would never have done embracing Orlando. "By what fortune," said the knight, "do I find you in this obscure place? Tell me, my dear father, how was it you became a monk, and did not follow arms, like myself and the rest of us?"

"It is the will of God," replied the abbot, hastening to give his feelings utterance. "Many and divers are the paths he points out for us, by which to arrive at his city: some walk it with the sword, some with the pastoral staff. Nature makes the inclination different, and therefore there are different ways for us to take; enough if we all arrive safely at one and the same place, the last as well as the first. We are all pilgrims through many kingdoms. We all wish to go to Rome, Orlando; but we go picking out our journey through different roads. Such is the trouble in body and soul brought upon us by that sin of the old apple. Day and night am I here with my book in hand; day and night do you ride about, holding your sword, and sweating oft both in sun and shadow, and all to get round at last to the home from which we departed—I say all out of anxiety and hope, to get back unto our home of old." And the giant hearing them talk of these things, shed tears also.



## LXII.—MY BOOKS\*.

SITTING, last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fire-side could afford me; to wit, a table of high-piled books at my back, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet; I began to consider how I loved the authors of those books: how I loved them, too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them. I looked sideways at my *Spenser*, my *Theocritus*, and my *Arabian Nights*; then above them at my Italian poets; then behind me at my *Dryden* and *Pope*, my romances, and my *Boccaccio*; then on my left side at my *Chaucer*, who lay on a writing-desk; and thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to *Chapman's Homer*. At the same time I wondered how he could sit in that front room of his with nothing but a few unfeeling tables and chairs, or at best a few engravings in trim frames, instead of putting a couple of arm-chairs into the back-room with the books in it, where there is but one window. Would I were there, with both the chairs properly filled, and one or two more besides! "We had talk, Sir,"—the only talk capable of making one forget the books.

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather. If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my moveables; if a melancholy thought is importunate, I give another glance at my *Spenser*. When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally. I like to lean my head against them. Living in a southern climate, though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged, during that season, to take some of the books out of the study, and hang them up near the fire-place in the sitting-room, which is the only room that has such a convenience. I therefore walled myself in, as well as I could, in the manner above-mentioned. I took a walk every day, to the astonishment of the Genoese, who used to huddle against a bit of sunny wall, like flies on a chimney-piece; but I did this only that I might so much the more enjoy my *English* evening. The fire was a wood fire instead of a coal; but I imagined myself in the country. I remembered at the very worst, that one end of my native land was not nearer the other than England is to Italy.

While writing this article I am in my study again. Like the rooms in all houses in this country which are not hovels, it is handsome

and ornamented. On one side it looks towards a garden and the mountains; on another, to the mountains and the sea. What signifies all this? I turn my back upon the sea; I shut up even one of the side windows looking upon the mountains, and retain no prospect but that of the trees. On the right and left of me are book-shelves; a book-case is affectionately open in front of me; and thus kindly inclosed with my books and the green leaves, I write. If all this is too luxurious and effeminate, of all luxuries it is the one that leaves you the most strength. And this is to be said for scholarship in general. It unfits a man for activity, for his bodily part in the world; but it often doubles both the power and the sense of his mental duties; and with much indignation against his body, and more against those who tyrannise over the intellectual claims of mankind, the man of letters, like the magician of old, is prepared "to play the devil" with the great men of this world, in a style that astonishes both the sword and the toga.

I do not like this fine large study. I like elegance. I like room to breathe in, and even walk about, when I want to breathe and walk about. I like a great library next my study; but for the study itself, give me a small snug place, almost entirely walled with books. There should be only one window in it, looking upon trees. Some prefer a place with few, or no books at all—nothing but a chair or a table, like Epictetus; but I should say that these were philosophers, not lovers of books, if I did not recollect that Montaigne was both. He had a study in a round tower, walled as aforesaid. It is true, one forgets one's books while writing—at least they say so. For my part, I think I have them in a sort of sidelong mind's eye; like a second thought, which is none—like a waterfall, or a whispering wind.

I dislike a grand library to study in. I mean an immense apartment, with books all in Museum order, especially wire-safed. I say nothing against the Museum itself, or public libraries. They are capital places to go to, but not to sit in; and talking of this, I hate to read in public, and in strange company. The jealous silence; the dissatisfied looks of the messengers; the inability to help yourself; the not knowing whether you really ought to trouble the messengers, much less the *gentleman* in black, or brown, who is, perhaps, half a trustee; with a variety of other jarrings between privacy and publicity, prevent one's settling heartily to work. They say "they manage these things better in France;" and I dare say they do; but I think I should feel still more *distrain* in France, in spite of the benevolence of the servants, and the generous profusion of pen, ink, and paper. I should feel as if I were doing nothing but interchanging amenities with polite writers.

A grand private library, which the master of

\* This and the following paper was written during the author's residence in Italy. The use of the first person singular instead of plural, was involuntary.

the house also makes his study, never looks to me like a real place of books, much less of authorship. I cannot take kindly to it. It is certainly not out of envy; for three parts of the books are generally trash, and I can seldom think of the rest and the proprietor together. It reminds me of a fine gentleman, of a collector, of a patron, of Gil Blas and the Marquis of Marialva; of anything but genius and comfort. I have a particular hatred of a round table (not *the* Round Table, for that was a dining one) covered and irradiated with books, and never met with one in the house of a clever man but once. It is the reverse of Montaigne's Round Tower. Instead of bringing the books around you, they all seem turning another way, and eluding your hands.

Conscious of my propriety and comfort in these matters, I take an interest in the book-cases as well as the books of my friends. I long to meddle, and dispose them after my own notions. When they see this confession, they will acknowledge the virtue I have practised. I believe I did mention his book-room to C. L. and I think he told me that he often sat there when alone. It would be hard not to believe him. His library, though not abounding in Greek or Latin (which are the only things to help some persons to an idea of literature), is anything but superficial. The depth of philosophy and poetry are there, the innermost passages of the human heart. It has some Latin too. It has also a handsome contempt for appearance. It looks like what it is, a selection made at precious intervals from the book-stalls;—now a Chaucer at nine and twopence; now a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Browne at two shillings; now a Jeremy Taylor; a Spinoza; an old English Dramatist, Prior, and Sir Philip Sidney; and the books are “neat as imported.” The very perusal of the backs is a “discipline of humanity.” There Mr. Southey takes his place again with an old Radical friend: there Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden: there the lion, Martin Luther, lies down with the Quaker lamb, Sewell: there Guzman d'Alfarache thinks himself fit company for Sir Charles Grandison, and has his claims admitted. Even the “high fantastical” Duchess of Newcastle, with her laurel on her head, is received with grave honours, and not the less for declining to trouble herself with the constitutions of her maids. There is an approach to this in the library of W. C. who also includes Italian among his humanities. W. H., I believe, has no books, except mine; but he has Shakspeare and Rousseau by heart. N., who though not a book-man by profession, is fond of those who are, and who loves his volume enough to read it across the fields, has his library in the common sitting-room, which is hospitable. H. R.'s books are all too modern and finely bound, which however is not his fault, for they were

left him by will,—not the most kindly act of the testator. Suppose a man were to bequeath us a great japan chest three feet by four, with an injunction that it was always to stand on the tea-table. I remember borrowing a book of H. R. which, having lost, I replaced with a copy equally well bound. I am not sure I should have been in such haste, even to return the book, had it been a common-looking volume; but the splendour of the loss dazzled me into this ostentatious piece of propriety. I set about restoring it as if I had diminished his fortunes, and waived the privilege a friend has to use a man's things as his own. I may venture upon this ultra-liberal theory, not only because candour compels me to say that I hold it to a greater extent, with Montaigne, but because I have been a meek son in the family of book-losers. I may affirm, upon a moderate calculation, that I have lent and lost in my time, (and I am eight-and-thirty), half-a-dozen decent-sized libraries,—I mean books enough to fill so many ordinary book-cases. I have never complained; and self-love, as well as gratitude, makes me love those who do not complain of me.

I own I borrow books with as much facility as I lend. I cannot see a work that interests me on another person's shelf, without a wish to carry it off: but, I repeat, that I have been much more sinned against than sinning in the article of non-return; and am scrupulous in the article of intention. I never had a felonious intent upon a book but once; and then I shall only say, it was under circumstances so peculiar, that I cannot but look upon the conscience that induced me to restore it, as having sacrificed the spirit of its very self to the letter; and I have a grudge against it accordingly. Some people are unwilling to lend their books. I have a special grudge against them, particularly those who accompany their unwillingness with uneasy professions to the contrary, and smiles like Sir Fretful Plagiary. The friend who helped to spoil my notions of property, or rather to make them too good for the world “as it goes,” taught me also to undervalue my squeamishness in refusing to avail myself of the books of these gentlemen. He showed me how it was doing good to all parties to put an ordinary face on the matter; though I know his own blushed not a little sometimes in doing it, even when the good to be done was for another. I feel, in truth, that even when anger inclines me to exercise this privilege of philosophy, it is more out of revenge than contempt. I fear that in allowing myself to borrow books, I sometimes make extremes meet in a very sinful manner, and do it out of a refined revenge. It is like eating a miser's beef at him.

I yield to none in my love of bookstall urbanity. I have spent as happy moments over the stalls, as any literary apprentice boy who ought to be moving onwards. But I confess my weakness in liking to see some of my



favourite purchases neatly bound. The books I like to have about me most are, Spenser, Chaucer, the minor poems of Milton, the *Arabian Nights*, Theocritus, Ariosto, and such old good-natured speculations as Plutarch's *Morals*. For most of these I like a plain good old binding, never mind how old, provided it wears well; but my *Arabian Nights* may be bound in as fine and flowery a style as possible, and I should love an engraving to every dozen pages. Book-prints of all sorts, bad and good, take with me as much as when I was a child: and I think some books, such as Prior's *Poems*, ought always to have portraits of the authors. Prior's airy face with his cap on, is like having his company. From early association, no edition of Milton pleases me so much, as that in which there are pictures of the Devil with brute ears, dressed like a Roman General: nor of Bunyan, as the one containing the print of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with the Devil whispering in Christian's ear, or old Pope by the way side, and

"Vanity Fair,  
With the Pilgrims suffering there."

I delight in the recollection of the puzzle I used to have with the frontispiece of the *Tale of a Tub*, of my real horror at the sight of that crawling old man representing Avarice, at the beginning of *Enfield's Speaker*, the *Looking-Glass*, or some such book; and even of the careless school-boy hats, and the prim stomachers and cottage bonnets, of such golden-age antiquities as the *Village School*. The oldest and most worn-out woodcut, representing King Pippin, Goody Two Shoes, or the grim Soldan, sitting with three staring blots for his eyes and mouth, his sceptre in one hand, and his other five fingers raised and spread in admiration at the feats of the Gallant London Prentice, cannot excite in me a feeling of ingratitude. Cooke's edition of the *British Poets and Novelists* came out when I was at school: for which reason I never could put up with Suttaby's or Walker's publications, except in the case of such works as the *Fairy Tales*, which Mr. Cooke did not publish. Besides, they are too cramped, thick, and mercenary; and the pictures are all frontispieces. They do not come in at the proper places. Cooke realised the old woman's beau ideal of a prayer-book,—"A little book, with a great deal of matter, and a large type:"—for the type was really large for so small a volume. Shall I ever forget his Collins and his Gray, books at once so "superbly ornamented" and so inconceivably cheap? Sixpence could procure much before; but never could it procure so much as then, or was at once so much respected, and so little cared for. His artist Kirk was the best artist, except Stothard, that ever designed for periodical works; and I will venture to add (if his name rightly announces his country) the best artist Scotland ever produced, except

Wilkie, but he unfortunately had not enough of his country in him to keep him from dying young. His designs for Milton and the *Arabian Nights*, his female extricated from the water in the *Tales of the Genii*, and his old hag issuing out of the chest of the Merchant Abadah in the same book, are before me now, as vividly as they were then. He possessed elegance and the sense of beauty in no ordinary degree; though they sometimes played a trick or so of foppery. I shall never forget the gratitude with which I received an odd number of Akenside, value sixpence, one of the set of that poet, which a boarder distributed among three or four of us, "with his mother's compliments." The present might have been more lavish, but I hardly thought of that. I remember my number. It was the one in which there is a picture of the poet on a sofa, with Cupid coming to him, and the words underneath, "Tempt me no more, insidious Love!" The picture and the number appeared to me equally divine. I cannot help thinking to this day, that it is right and natural in a gentleman to sit in a stage dress, on that particular kind of sofa, though on no other, with that exclusive hat and feathers on his head, telling Cupid to begone with a tragic air.

I love an author the more for having been himself a lover of books. The idea of an ancient library perplexes our sympathy by its map-like volumes, rolled upon cylinders. Our imagination cannot take kindly to a yard of wit, or to thirty inches of moral observation, rolled out like linen in a draper's shop. But we conceive of Plato as of a lover of books; of Aristotle certainly; of Plutarch, Pliny, Horace, Julian, and Marcus Aurelius. Virgil, too, must have been one; and, after a fashion, Martial. May I confess, that the passage which I recollect with the greatest pleasure in Cicero, is where he says that books delight us at home, and are no impediment abroad; travel with us, ruralise with us. His period is rounded off to some purpose: "*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; peregrinantur, rusticantur.*" I am so much of this opinion, that I do not care to be anywhere without having a book or books at hand, and like Dr. Orkborne, in the novel of *Camilla*, stuff the coach or post-chaise with them whenever I travel. As books, however, become ancient, the love of them becomes more unequivocal and conspicuous. The ancients had little of what we call learning. They made it. They were also no very eminent buyers of books—they made books for posterity. It is true, that it is not at all necessary to love many books, in order to love them much. The scholar, in Chaucer, who would rather have

At his beddes head  
A twenty bokes, clothed, in black and red,  
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,  
Than robes rich, or fiddle, or psaltrie,—

doubtless beat all our modern collectors in his passion for reading ; but books must at least exist, and have acquired an eminence, before their lovers can make themselves known. There must be a possession, also, to perfect the communion ; and the mere contact is much, even when our mistress speaks an unknown language. Dante puts Homer, the great ancient, in his *Elysium*, upon trust ; but a few years afterwards, *Homer*, the book, made its appearance in Italy, and Petrarch, in a transport, put it upon his book-shelves, where he adored it, like "the unknown God." Petrarch ought to be the god of the bibliomaniacs, for he was a collector and a man of genius, which is a union that does not often happen. He copied out, with his own precious hand, the manuscripts he rescued from time, and then produced others for time to reverence. With his head upon a book he died. Boccaccio, his friend, was another ; nor can one look upon the longest and most tiresome works he wrote (for he did write some tiresome ones, in spite of the gaiety of his *Decameron*), without thinking, that in that resuscitation of the world of letters, it must have been natural to a man of genius to add to the existing stock of volumes, at whatsoever price. I always pitch my completest idea of a lover of books, either in these dark ages, as they are called,

(Cui cieco a torto il cieco volgo appella—)

or in the gay town days of Charles II., or a little afterwards. In both times the portrait comes out by the force of contrast. In the first, I imagine an age of iron warfare and energy, with solitary retreats, in which the monk or the hooded scholar walks forth to meditate, his precious volume under his arm. In the other, I have a triumphant example of the power of books and wit to contest the victory with sensual pleasure :—Rochester, staggering home to pen a satire in the style of Monsieur Boileau ; Butler, cramming his jolly duodecimo with all the learning that he laughed at ; and a new race of book poets come up, who, in spite of their periwigs and petit-maitres, talk as romantically of "the bays," as if they were priests of Delphos. It was a victorious thing in books to beguile even the old French of their egotism, or at least to share it with them. Nature never pretended to do as much. And here is the difference between the two ages, or between any two ages in which genius and art predominate. In the one, books are loved because they are the records of nature and her energies ; in the other, because they are the records of those records, or evidences of the importance of the individuals, and proofs of our descent in the new and imperishable aristocracy. This is the reason why rank (with few exceptions) is so jealous of literature, and loves to appropriate or withhold the honours of it, as if they

were so many toys and ribbons, like its own. It has an instinct that the two pretensions are incompatible. When Montaigne (a real lover of books) affected the order of St. Michael, and pleased himself with possessing that fugitive little piece of importance, he did it because he would pretend to be above nothing that he really felt, or that was felt by men in general ; but at the same time he vindicated his natural superiority over this weakness by praising and loving all higher and lasting things, and by placing his best glory in doing homage to the geniuses that had gone before him. He did not endeavour to think that an immortal renown was a fashion, like that of the cut of his scarf ; or that by undervaluing the one, he should go shining down to posterity in the other, perpetual lord of Montaigne and of the ascendant.

There is a period of modern times, at which the love of books appears to have been of a more decided nature than at either of these—I mean the age just before and after the Reformation, or rather all that period when book-writing was confined to the learned languages. Erasmus is the god of it. Bacon, a mighty book-man, saw, among his other sights, the great advantage of loosening the vernacular tongue, and wrote both Latin and English. I allow this is the greatest closeted age of books ; of old scholars sitting in dusty studies ; of heaps of "illustrious obscure," rendering themselves more illustrious and more obscure by retreating from the "thorny queaches" of Dutch and German names into the "vacant interlunar caves" of appellations latinised or translated. I think I see all their volumes now, filling the shelves of a dozen German convents. The authors are bearded men, sitting in old woodcuts, in caps and gowns, and their books are dedicated to princes and statesmen, as illustrious as themselves. My old friend Wierus, who wrote a thick book, *De Præstigiis Dæmonum*, was one of them, and had a fancy worthy of his sedentary stomach. I will confess, once for all, that I have a liking for them all. It is my link with the bibliomaniacs, whom I admit into our relationship, because my love is large, and my family pride nothing. But still I take my idea of books read with a gusto, of companions for bed and board, from the two ages before-mentioned. The other is of too book-worm a description. There must be both a judgment and a fervour ; a discrimination and a boyish eagerness ; and (with all due humility) something of a point of contact between authors worth reading and the reader. How can I take Juvenal into the fields, or Valcarengius *De Aortæ Aneurismate* to bed with me ? How could I expect to walk before the face of nature with the one ; to tire my elbow properly with the other, before I put out my candle, and turn round deliciously on the right side ? Or how could I stick up



Coke upon Littleton against something on the dinner-table, and be divided between a fresh paragraph and a mouthful of salad ?

I take our four great English poets to have all been fond of reading. Milton and Chaucer proclaim themselves for hard sitters at books. Spenser's reading is evident by his learning ; and if there were nothing else to show for it in Shakspeare, his retiring to his native town, long before old age, would be a proof of it. It is impossible for a man to live in solitude without such assistance, unless he is a metaphysician or mathematician, or the dullest of mankind ; and any country town would be solitude to Shakspeare, after the bustle of a metropolis and a theatre. Doubtless he divided his time between his books, and his bowling-green, and his daughter Susanna. It is pretty certain, also, that he planted, and rode on horseback ; and there is evidence of all sorts to make it clear, that he must have occasionally joked with the blacksmith, and stood godfather for his neighbours' children. Chaucer's account of himself must be quoted, for the delight and sympathy of all true readers :—

And as for me, though that I can but lite,  
On bookes for to rede I me delite,  
And to hem yeve I faith and full credence,  
And in mine herte have hem in reverence  
So hertely, that there is gamé none,  
That fro my bookes maketh me to gone,  
But it is seldome on the holy daie;  
Save certainly whan that the month of May  
Is comen, and that I hear the foulés sing,  
And that the flourés ginnen for to spring.  
Farewell my booke and my devoción.

*The Legend of Good Women.*

And again, in the second book of his *House of Fame*, where the eagle addresses him :—

—Thou wilt make  
At night full oft thine head to ake,  
And in thy study as thou writest,  
And evermore of Love enditest,  
In honour of him and his praisings,  
And in his folkés furtherings,  
And in his matter all devisest,  
And not him ne his folke despiest,  
Although thou mayst go in the daunce  
Of hem, that him list not advance ;  
Therefore as I said, ywis,  
Jupiter considreth well this.  
And also, beausire, of other things ;  
That is, thou hast no tidings  
Of Lovés folke, if they be glade,  
Ne of nothing else that God made,  
And not only fro ferre countree,  
But no tidings comen to thee,  
Not of thy very neighbouris,  
That dwellen almost at thy dores ;  
Thou hearest neither that ne this,  
For whan thy labour all done is,  
And hast made all thy rekenings,\*  
Instead of rest and of new things,  
Thou goest home to thine house anone,  
And all so dombe as anie stone,  
Thou sittest at another booke,  
Till fully dazed is thy looke.

\* Chaucer at this time had an office under the government.

After I think of the bookishness of Chaucer and Milton, I always make a great leap to Prior and Fenton. Prior was first noticed, when a boy, by Lord Dorset, sitting in his uncle's tavern, and reading Horace. He describes himself, years after, when Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, as taking the same author with him in the Saturday's chaise, in which he and his mistress used to escape from town cares into the country, to the admiration of Dutch beholders. Fenton was a martyr to contented scholarship (including a sirloin and a bottle of wine), and died among his books, of inactivity. "He rose late," says Johnson, "and when he had risen, sat down to his books and papers." A woman that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would "lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." He must have had an enviable liver, if he was happy. I must own (if my conscience would let me), that I should like to lead, half the year, just such a life (woman included, though not that woman), the other half being passed in the fields and woods, with a cottage just big enough to hold us. Dacier and his wife had a pleasant time of it ; both fond of books, both scholars, both amiable, both wrapt up in the ancient world, and helping one another at their tasks. If they were not happy, matrimony would be a rule even without an exception. Pope does not strike me as being a bookman ; he was curious rather than enthusiastic ; more nice than wise ; he dabbled in modern Latin poetry, which is a bad symptom. Swift was decidedly a reader ; the *Tale of a Tub*, in its fashion as well as substance, is the work of a scholarly wit ; the *Battle of the Books* is the fancy of a lover of libraries. Addison and Steele were too much given up to Button's and the town. Periodical writing, though its demands seem otherwise, is not favourable to reading ; it becomes too much a matter of business, and will either be attended to at the expense of the writer's books, or books, the very admonishers of his industry, will make him idle. Besides, a periodical work, to be suitable to its character, and warrant its regular recurrence, must involve something of a gossiping nature, and proceed upon experiences familiar to the existing community, or at least likely to be received by them in consequence of some previous tinge of inclination. You do not pay weekly visits to your friends to lecture them, whatever good you may do their minds. There will be something compulsory in reading the *Ramblers*, as there is in going to church. Addison and Steele undertook to regulate the minor morals of society, and effected a world of good, with which scholarship had little to do. Gray was a bookman ; he wished to be always lying on sofas, reading "eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux." This is a true hand. The elaborate and scientific look of the rest of his

reading was owing to the necessity of employing himself: he had not health and spirits for the literary voluptuousness he desired. Collins, for the same reason, could not employ himself; he was obliged to dream over Arabian tales, to let the light of the supernatural world half in upon his eyes. "He loved," as Johnson says, (in that strain of music, inspired by tenderness,) "fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." If Collins had had a better constitution, I do not believe that he would have written his projected work upon the *Restoration of Literature*, fit as he was by scholarship for the task, but he would have been the greatest poet since the days of Milton. If his friend Thomas Warton had had a little more of his delicacy of organisation, the love of books would almost have made him a poet. His edition of the minor poems of Milton is a wilderness of sweets. It is the only one in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation; though I confess I am inclined enough to pardon any notes that resemble it, however numerous. The "built edifice" stands at the top of the page, like a fair edifice with all sorts of flowers and fresh waters at its foot. The young poet lives there, served by the nymphs and fauns.

Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades.  
Huc ades, o formose puer: tibi lilia plenis  
Ecce ferunt nymphae calathis: tibi candida Nais  
Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,  
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.

Among the old writers I must not forget Ben Jonson and Donne. Cowley has been already mentioned. His boyish love of books, like all the other inclinations of his early life, stuck to him to the last; which is the greatest reward of virtue. I would mention Izaak Walton, if I had not a grudge against him. His brother fishermen, the divines, were also great fishers of books. I have a grudge against them and their divinity. They talked much of the devil and divine right, and yet forgot what Shakspeare says of the devil's friend Nero, that he is "an angler in the lake of darkness." Selden was called "the walking library of our nation." It is not the pleasantest idea of him; but the library included poetry, and wit, as well as heraldry and the Jewish doctors. His *Table Talk* is equally pithy and pleasant, and truly worthy of the name, for it implies other speakers. Indeed it was actually what it is called, and treasured up by his friends. Selden wrote complimentary verses to his friends the poets, and a commentary on Drayton's *Polyolbion*. Drayton was himself a reader, addicted to all the luxuries of scholarship. Chapman sat among his books, like an astrologer among his spheres and altitudes.

How pleasant it is to reflect, that all these

lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired! How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no farther; which generates and yet is not destroyed. Consider: mines themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal.

Muiono le città, muiono i regni,  
E l' uom d' esser mortal par che si sdegni.

Yet this little body of thought, that lies before me in the shape of a book, has existed thousands of years, nor since the invention of the press can anything short of an universal convulsion of nature abolish it. To a shape like this, so small yet so comprehensive, so slight yet so lasting, so insignificant yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us for ever. To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus: to a shape like this the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and the volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton, can be gathered together

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every author who is a lover of books, asks himself some time in his life; and which must be pardoned, because it cannot be helped. I know not. I cannot exclaim with the poet,

Oh that my name were number'd among theirs,  
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

For my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind, when he is no more. At all events, nothing while I live and think, can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die; and perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my overbeating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.



LXIII.—BEES, BUTTERFLIES, &c.

WITH THE CONSIDERATION OF A CURIOUS ARGUMENT,  
DRAWN FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF THE HIVE.

ALEXANDER said, that if he were not Alexander, he should wish to be Diogenes. Reader, what sort of animal would you be, if you were obliged to be one, and were not a man?

*Irish Reader* :—A woman.

Oh, ho! The choice is judicious, but not to the purpose, "you devil!"—we mean, out of the pale of the species. Consider the question, dear readers, and answer it to your friends and consciences. The pastime is pretty, and fetches out the character. Nor is there anything in it unworthy the dignity of your humanity, as that liberal term may show us, without farther reasons. Animals partake with us the gifts of song, and beauty, and the affections. They beat us in some things, as in the power of flight. The dove has the wings of the angel. The meanest reptile has eyes and limbs, as well as Nicholas, emperor of all the Russias. Sir Philip Sydney tells us of a riding-master at Vienna, who expatiated so eloquently on the qualities of the noble animal he had to deal with, that he almost persuaded our illustrious countryman to wish himself a horse. A year or two back, everybody in London that had a voice, was resolved upon being "a butterfly, born in a bower:" and Goldsmith had such a tendency to sympathise with the least sympathetic part of the creation, that he took a pleasure in fancying himself writing an autobiography of fish. It was the inconsiderate laugh of Johnson, upon his mention of it, that produced that excellent retort on the Doctor's grandiosity of style: "If you were to describe little fish conversing, you would make them talk like great whales."

How different from the sensations of mankind, with its delicate skin and apprehensive fingers, must be those of feathered and scaled animals, of animals with hoofs and claws, and of such creatures as beetles and other insects, who live in coats of mail, have twenty feet a piece, and hundreds of eyes! A writer who should make these creatures talk, would be forced, in spite of his imagination, to write parts of his account in a jargon, in order to typify what he could not express. What must be their sensations when they awake; when they spin webs; when they wrap themselves up in the chrysalis; when they stick for hours together on a wall or a pane of glass, apparently stupid and insensible? What may not the eagle see in the sky, beyond the capabilities of our vision? And on the other hand, what possibilities of visible existence round about them may they not realise; what creatures not cognisable by our senses? There is reason to

believe in the existence of myriads of earthly creatures, who are not conscious of the presence of man. Why may not man be unconscious of others, even at his side? There are minute insects that evidently know nothing of the human hand that is close to them; and millions in water and in air that apparently can have no conception of us. As little may our five senses be capable of knowing others. But what, it may be asked, is the good of these speculations! To enlarge knowledge, and vivify the imagination. The universe is not made up of hosiery and the three per cents.; no, nor even of the *Court Guide*.

Sir Thomas Browne would not have thought it beneath him to ask what all those innumerable little gentry (we mean the insects) are about, between our breakfast and dinner; how the time passes in the solitudes of America, or the depths of the Persian gulf; or what they are doing even, towards three in the afternoon, in the planet Mercury. Without going so far as that for an enlargement of our being, it will do us no harm to sympathise with as many creatures as we can. It gives us the privilege of the dervise, who could pitch himself into the animals he killed, and become a stag or a bird. We know not what sort of a fish Goldsmith could have made of himself. La Fontaine's animals are all La Fontaine, at least in their way of talking. As far as luxury goes, and a total absence from human cares, nobody has painted animal enjoyment better than the most luxurious of poets, Spenser, in the description of his Butterfly. La Fontaine called himself the Butterfly of Parnassus; but we defy him to have produced anything like the abundance and continuity of the following picture, which is exuberant to a degree that makes our astonishment run over in laughter. It seems as if it would never leave off. We quote the whole of it, both on this account, and because we believe it to be unique of the kind. Ovid himself is not so long nor so fine in any one of his descriptions, which are also not seldom misplaced—a charge that does not attach here: and Marino, another exuberant genius of the south of Italy, is too apt to run the faults of Ovid to seed, without having some of his good qualities. Spenser is describing a butterfly, bound upon his day's pleasure. A common observer sees one of these beautiful little creatures flutter across a garden, thinks how pretty and sprightly it is, and there his observation comes to an end. Now mark what sort of report a poet can give in, even of the luxuries of a fly:—

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,  
Unto his journey did himselfe address,  
And with good speed began to take his flight  
Over the fields, in his franke lustinesse;  
And all the champagne o'er he soared light,  
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,  
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,  
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes greene,  
 With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,  
 Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unscene,  
 Nor the *ranke grassie fenues delights* untride.  
 But none of these, however sweet they beene,  
 Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide:  
 His choicfull sense with every change doth flit:  
 No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardins his unstaid desire  
 Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights:  
 There lavish Nature, in her best attire,  
 Powres forth sweet odors and alluring sights;  
 And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire  
 T'excell the naturall with made delights:  
 And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,  
 In *riotous excesse* doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth flie,  
 From bed to bed, from one to t'other border;  
 And takes survey, with curious busie eye,  
 Of every flowre and herbe there set in order;  
 Now this, now that, *he tasteth tenderly*,  
 Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,  
 Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface,  
 But *pastures on the pleasures of each place*.

And evermore, with most varietie,  
 And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet)  
 He casts his *glutton sense* to satisfie,  
 Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meet,  
 Or of the dew, which yet on them does lie;  
 Now in the same *bathing his tender feet*:  
 And then he percheth on some branch thereby,  
 To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

And then again *he turneth to his play*,  
 To *spoil the pleasures of that paradise*;  
 The wholesome sage, the lavender still gray,  
 Rank-smelling rue, and cummin good for eyes,  
 The *roses raigning in the pride of May*,  
 Sharp hyssop good for green wounds remedies,  
 Faire marigolds, and *bees-alluring* thyme,  
 Sweet marjoram, and daisies decking prime.

Cool violets, and orpine growing still,  
 Embathed balm, and chearful galingale,  
 Fresh costmarie, and breathfull camomill,  
 Dull poppy, and drink-quickenning setuale,  
 Veyne-healing verven, and head-purging dill,  
 Sound savorie, and basil hartie-hale,  
 Fat coleworts, and comforting perseline,  
 Cool lettuce, and refreshing rosmarine;

And whatso else of vertue good or ill  
 Grew in this gardin, *fetch'd from far away*,  
 Of every one he takes, and tastes at will,  
 And on their pleasures *greedily doth prey*.  
 Then when he hath both plaid, and fed at fill,  
 In the *warme sunne* he doth himselfe embay,  
 And there him rests in *riotous suffaunce*  
 Of all his gladfulness, and *kingly joyaunce*.

Nothing, it might be supposed, could be said  
 after this: and yet the poet strikes up a ques-  
 tion, in a tone like a flourish of trumpets, after  
 this royal dinner:—

*What more felicitie can fall to creature,  
 Than to enjoy delight with libertie  
 And to be lord of all the workes of Nature?  
 To reigne in the aire from th' earth to highest skie,  
 To feed on flowers, and weedes of glorious feature?  
 To take whatever thing doth please the eye?  
 Who rests not pleased with such happiness,  
 Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness.*

Amen, thou most satisfying of poets! But  
 when are human beings to be as well off in

that matter as the butterflies? or how are you  
 to make them content, should the time come  
 when they have nothing to earn? However,  
 there is a vast deal to be learned from the poet's  
 recommendation, before we need ask either of  
 those questions. We may enjoy a great deal  
 more innocent "delight with liberty" than we  
 are in the habit of doing; and may be lords, if  
 not of "all the works of nature," of a great  
 many green fields and reasonable holidays. It  
 seems a mighty thing to call a butterfly "lord  
 of all the works of nature." Many lords, who  
 have pretensions to be butterflies, have no pre-  
 tensions as wide as those. And, doubtless,  
 there is a pleasant little lurking of human pride  
 and satire in 'the poet's eye, notwithstanding  
 his epical impartiality, when he talks thus of  
 the universal empire of his hero. And yet  
 how inferior are the grandest inanimate works  
 of nature, to the least thing that has life  
 in it! The oaks are mighty, and the hills  
 mightier; yet that little participation of the  
 higher spirit of vitality, which gifts the butter-  
 fly with locomotion, renders him unquestionable  
 lord of the oaks and the hills. He does what  
 he pleases with them, and leaves them with a  
 spurn of his foot.

Another beauty to be noted in the above  
 luxurious lines, is the fine sense with which  
 the poet makes his butterfly fond of things not  
 very pleasant to our human apprehension—  
 such as bitter herbs, and "rank, grassy fens."  
 And like a right great poet, he makes no apology  
 for saying so much about so little a creature.  
 Man may be made a very little creature to a  
 very great apprehension, yet we know what a  
 world of things he contains; and all who par-  
 take of his senses are sharers of his importance.  
 The passions and faculties which render us of  
 consequence to one another, render the least  
 thing that breathes of consequence in the eyes  
 of the poet, who is the man that sees fair play  
 among all the objects of the creation. A  
 poetaster might be afraid to lower his little  
 muse, by making her notice creatures hardly  
 less than herself: the greater the poet, the  
 more godlike his impartiality. Homer draws  
 his similes, as Jupiter might have done, from  
 some of the homeliest animals. The god made  
 them, and therefore would have held them in  
 due estimation: the poet (Ποιητής, the Maker)  
 remakes them, and therefore contemplates them  
 in a like spirit. Old Kit Marlowe, who, as  
 Drayton says—

"Had in him those brave sublunary things  
 That the first poets had,"

ventures, in some play of his, upon as true and  
 epic a simile as ever was written, taken from  
 no mightier a sphere than one of his parlour  
 windows:—

—"Untameable as flies."

Imagine the endeavour to *tame a fly*! It is  
 obvious that there is no getting at him: he



does not comprehend you : he knows nothing about you : it is doubtful, in spite of his large eyes, whether he even sees you ; at least to any purpose of recognition. How capriciously and provokingly he glides hither and thither ! What angles and diagrams he describes in his locomotion, seemingly without any purpose ! He will peg away at your sugar, but stop him who can when he has done with it. Thumping (if you could get some fairy-stick that should do it without killing) would have no effect on a creature, who shall bump his head half the morning against a pane of glass, and never learn that there is no getting through it. Solitary imprisonment would be lost on the incomprehensible little wretch, who can stand still with as much pertinacity as he can bustle about, and will stick a whole day in one posture. The best thing to be said of him is, that he is as fond of cleaning himself as a cat, doing it much in the same manner ; and that he often rubs his hands together with an appearance of great energy and satisfaction.

After all, Spenser's picture of the butterfly's enjoyments is not complete, entomologically. The luxury is perfect ; but the reader is not sure that it is all proper butterfly luxury, and that the man does not mix with it. It is not the definite, exclusive, and characteristic thing desiderated by Goldsmith. The butterfly, perhaps, is no fonder of "bathing his feet," than we should be to stick in a tub of treacle. And we ought to hear more of his antennæ and his feathers (for his wings are full of them), and the way in which they modify, or become affected by his enjoyments.

But on the other hand, the inability, in these sympathies with our fellow-creatures, to divest ourselves of an overplus of one's human nature, gives them a charm by the very imperfection. We cannot leave our nature behind us when we enter into their sensations. We must retain it, by the very reason of our sympathy ; and hence arises a pleasant incongruity, allied to other mixtures of truth and fiction. One of the animals which a generous and sociable man would soonest become, is a dog. A dog can have a friend ; he has affections and character, he can enjoy equally the field and the fireside ; he dreams, he caresses, he propitiates ; he offends, and is pardoned ; he stands by you in adversity ; he is a good fellow. We would sooner be a dog than many of his masters. And yet what lover of dogs, or contemner of his own species, or most trusting reader of Ovid, could think with comfort of suddenly falling on all-fours, and scampering about with his nose to the ground ! Who would like to *lap* when he was thirsty ; or, as Marvell pretended his hungry poet did—

"With griesly tongue to dart the passing flies?"

Swift might have fancied, when he wrote his *Houhynms*, that he could fain have been a

horse ; yet he was obliged to take human virtues along with him, even to adorn his rebukers of humanity ; and in fancying ourself a horse after his fashion, who can contemplate with satisfaction the idea of trotting to an evening party in a paddock, inviting them to a dinner of oats, or rubbing one's meditative chin with a hoof ? The real horse is a beautiful and spirited, but we fear not a very intelligent or sensitive animal, at least not in England. The Arabian, brought up with his master's family, is of another breeding, and seems to attain to higher faculties ; but in Europe, the horse appears to be content with as few ideas as a domestic animal can well have. Who would like to stand winking, as he does for hours, at a man's door, moving neither to the right nor the left ? There is some companionship in a coach-horse ; and old "Indicator" readers know the respect we entertain on that account for the veriest hacks : but it would be no stretch of ambition in the greatest lover of animals to prefer being a horse to any other. One of its pleasantest occupations would be carrying a lady ; but then, pleasant as it would be to us, humanly, we should be dull to it, inasmuch as we were a horse. A monkey is too like a man in some things to be endurable as an identification with us. We shudder at the humiliation of the affinity. A monkey, in his feather and red jacket, as he is carried about the streets, eager-faced yet indifferent—looks like a melancholy, little, withered old man, cut down to that miniature size by some freak of the supernatural. What say you, reader, to being a hog ? Horrible ! You could not think of it :—you are too great a lover of the graces and the green fields. True ;—yet there are not a few respectable, perhaps even reverend personages, who, to judge from their tastes in ordinary, would have no such horror. Next to eating pork, they may surely think there would be a pleasure in pork, eating. Sheep, goats, cattle of all sorts, have their repulsive aspect in this question. Among all our four-footed acquaintances, the deer seem to carry it, next the dog ; their shapes are so elegant, and places of resort so poetical ; yet, like cattle, their lives seem but dull ;—and there is the huntsman, who is the devil. Fancy the being compelled to scamper away from Tomkins, one of the greatest fools in existence, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, with the tears running down your face, and your heart bursting !

No, dear and grave, and at the same time most sprightly and miscellaneous reader, one would rather be a bird than a beast.\* Birds neither offend us by any revolting similarity, nor repel us by a dissimilarity that is frightful ; their songs, their nests, their courtship, their vivacity, give them a strong moral likeness to some of our most pleasing characteristics ; and

\* Since writing this, I have a doubt in favour of the squirrel.

they have an advantage over us, which forms one of the desires of our most poetical dreams—they fly. To be sure, in spite of what is said of doves (who, by the way, are horribly jealous, and beat one another), beaks and kissing do not go so well together as lips; neither would it be very agreeable to one's human head to be eternally jerking on this side and that, as if on guard against an enemy; but this, we suppose, only takes place out of the nest, and in the neighbourhood of known adversaries. The songs, the wings, the flight, the rising of the lark, the luxurious wakefulness of the nightingale, the beauty of a bird's movements, his infantine quickness of life, are all charming to the imagination. "O that I had the wings of a dove!" said the royal poet in his affliction; "then would I fly away, and be at rest!" He did not think only of the "wings" of the dove; he thought of its nest, its peacefulness, its solitude, its white freedom from the soil of care and cities, and wished to be the dove itself.

It has been thought however, that of all animated creation, the bees present the greatest moral likeness to man; not only because they labour, and lay up stores, and live in communities, but because they have a form of government and a monarchy. Virgil immortalised them after a human fashion. A writer in the time of Elizabeth, probably out of compliment to the Virgin Queen, rendered them *dramatis personæ*, and gave them a whole play to themselves. Above all, they have been held up to us, not only as a likeness, but as "a great moral lesson;" and this, not merely with regard to the duties of occupation, but the form of their polity. A monarchical government, it is said, is natural to man, because it is an instinct of nature: the very bees have it.

It may be worth while to inquire a moment into the value of this argument; not as affecting the right and title of our Sovereign Lord King William the Fourth (whom, with the greatest sincerity, we hope God will preserve!), but for its own sake, as well as for certain little collateral deductions. And, in the first place, we cannot but remark how unfairly the animal creation are treated, with reference to the purposes of moral example. We degrade or exalt them, as it suits the lesson we desire to inculcate. If we rebuke a drunkard or a sensualist, we think we can say nothing severer to him than to recommend him not to make a "beast of himself;" which is very unfair towards the beasts, who are no drunkards, and behave themselves as Nature intended. A horse has no habit of drinking; he does not get a red face with it. The stag does not go reeling home to his wives. On the other hand, we are desired to be as faithful as a dog, as bold as a lion, as tender as a dove; as if the qualities denoted by these epithets were not to be found among ourselves. But above all, the bee is the argument. Is not the honey-bee, we are

asked, a wise animal?—We grant it.—"Doth he not improve each passing hour?"—He is pretty busy, it must be owned—as much occupied at eleven, twelve, and one o'clock, as if his life depended on it.—Does he not lay up stores;—He does.—Is he not social?—Does he not live in communities?—There can be no doubt of it.—Well, then, he has a monarchical government; and does not that clearly show that a monarchy is the instinct of nature? Does it not prove, by an unerring rule, that the only form of government in request among the obeyers of instinct, is the only one naturally fitted for man?

In answering the spirit of this question, we shall not stop to inquire how far it is right as to the letter, or how many different forms of polity are to be found among other animals, such as the crows, the beavers, the monkeys; neither shall we examine how far instinct is superior to reason, or why the example of man himself is to go for nothing. We will take for granted, that the bee is the wisest animal of all, and that it is a judicious thing to consider his manners and customs, with reference to their adoption by his inferiors, who keep him in hives. This naturally leads us to inquire, whether we could not frame all our systems of life after the same fashion. We are busy, like the bee; we are gregarious, like him; we make provision against a rainy day; we are fond of flowers and the country; we occasionally sting, like him; and we make a great noise about what we do. Now, if we resemble the bee in so many points, and his political instinct is so admirable, let us reflect what we ought to become in other respects, in order to attain to the full benefit of his example.

In the first place having chosen our monarch (who by the way, in order to complete the likeness, ought always to be a queen—which is a thing to which the Tories will have no objection), we must abolish our House of Lords and Commons; for the bees have unquestionably, no such institutions. This would be a little awkward for many of the stoutest advocates of the monarchical principle, who, to say the truth, often behave as if they would much rather abolish the monarch than themselves. But so it must be; and the worst of it is, that although the House of Commons would have to be abolished, as well as the House of Lords, the Commons or Commonalty are nevertheless the only persons besides the sovereign who would exercise power; and these Commons would be the working classes!

We shall show this more particularly, and by some very curious examples, in a moment. Meantime we must dispose of the Aristocracy; for though there is no House of Lords in a beehive, there is a considerable Aristocracy, and a very odd body they are. We doubt whether the Dukes of Newcastle and Buccleugh would like to change places with them. There is, it



is true, no little resemblance between the Aristocracy of the hive and that of human communities. They are called Drones, and appear to have nothing to do but to feed and sleep.

We have just been doubting whether the celebrated phrase, *fruges consumere nati*, born to consume the fruits of the earth, is in *Juvenal's Satires* or *Virgil's Georgics*, so like in this respect are the aristocracy of the bee-hive and certain consumers of tithes and taxes. At all events, they are a body who live on the labour of others.

"Armento ignavo, e che non vuol fatica."

But the likeness has been too often remarked to need dwelling upon. Not so two little exceptions to the likeness; namely the occasional selection of a patriarch from their body; and the massacre of every man John of them once a-year! Yet of these we must not lose sight, if we are to take example of bee-policy. A lover, then, or *ex-officio* husband, is occasionally taken out of their number, and becomes Prince of Denmark to the Queen Anne of the hive, but only for an incredibly short period, and for the sole purpose of keeping alive the nation; for her Majesty is a princess of a very virtuous turn of mind, a pure Utilitarian, though on a throne; and apparently has the greatest indifference, if not contempt, afterwards, and at all other times, for this singular court-officer and his peers. Nay, there is not only reason to believe, that like the fine lady in Congreve,

"She stares upon the strange man's face,  
Like one she ne'er had known;"

but some are of opinion, that the poor lord never recovers it! He dies at the end of a few days, out of sheer insignificance, though perhaps the father of no less than twelve thousand children in the space of two months! It is not safe for him to have known such exaltation, as was sometimes the case with the lovers of goddesses. How the aristocracy in general feel, on occasion of their brother's death, we have no means of judging; but we fancy them not a little alarmed, and desirous of waiving the perilous honour. And yet they appear to exist and to be numerous, solely in order to eat and drink, and furnish this rare quota of utility; for which the community are so little grateful, that once a-year they hunt the whole body to death, and kill them with their stings. Drones, be it observed, have no stings; they do not carry swords, as the gentry once did in Europe, when it was a mark of their rank. Those, strange to tell! are the ornaments of the bee working-classes. It is thought, in Hivedom, that they only are entitled to have weapons, who create property.

But we have not yet got half through the wonders which are to modify human conduct by the example of this wise, industrious, and monarchy-loving people. Marvellous changes

must be effected, before we have any general pretension to resemble them, always excepting in the aristocratic particular. For instance, the aristocrats of the hive, however unmasculine in their ordinary mode of life, are the only males. The working-classes, like the sovereign, are all females! How are we to manage this? We must convert, by one sudden metamorphosis, the whole body of our agricultural and manufacturing population into women! Mrs. Cobbett must displace her husband, and tell us all about Indian corn. There must be not a man in Nottingham, except the Duke of Newcastle; and he trembling, lest the Queen should send for him. The tailors, bakers, carpenters, gardeners, &c. must all be Mrs. Tailors and Mrs. Bakers. The very name of John Smith must go out. The Directory must be Amazonian. This Commonalty of women must also be, at one and the same time, the operatives, the soldiers, the virgins, and the legislators, of the country! They must make all we want, fight all our enemies, and even get up a Queen for us, when necessary; for the sovereigns of the hive are often of singular origin, being manufactured! literally "made to order," and that, too, by dint of their eating! They are fed and stuffed into royalty! The receipt is, to take any ordinary female bee in its infancy, put it into a royal cradle or cell, and feed it with a certain kind of jelly; upon which its shape alters into that of sovereignty, and her Majesty issues forth, royal by the grace of stomach. This is no fable, as the reader may see on consulting any good history of bees. In general, several Queen-bees are made at a time, in case of accidents; but each, on emerging from her apartment, seeks to destroy the other, and one only remains living in one hive. The others depart at the head of colonies, like Dido.

To sum up, then, the condition of human society, were it to be remodelled after the example of the bee, let us conclude with drawing a picture of the state of our beloved country, so modified. *Imprimis*, all our working people would be females, wearing swords, never marrying, and occasionally making queens. They would grapple with their work in a prodigious manner, and make a great noise.

Secondly, our aristocracy would be all males, never working, never marrying (except when sent for), always eating or sleeping, and annually having their throats cut. The bee-massacre takes place in July, when accordingly all our nobility and gentry would be out of town, with a vengeance! The women would draw their swords, and hunt and stab them all about the west end, till Brompton and Bayswater would be choked with slain.

Thirdly, her Majesty the Queen would either succeed to a quiet throne, or, if manufactured, would have to eat a prodigious quantity of jelly in her infancy: and so, after growing into

proper sovereign condition, would issue forth, and begin her reign either with killing her royal sisters, or leading forth a colony to America or New South Wales. She would then take to husband some noble lord for the space of one calendar hour, and dismissing him to his dulness, proceed to lie in of 12,000 little royal highnesses in the course of the eight following weeks, with others too numerous to mention ; all which princely generation, with little exception, would forthwith give up their title, and divide themselves into lords or working-women, as it happened ; and so the story would go round to the end of the chapter, bustling, working, and massacring. And here ends the sage example of the Monarchy of the Bees.

We must observe, nevertheless, before we conclude, that however ill and tragical the example of the bees may look for human imitation, we are not to suppose that the fact is anything like so melancholy to themselves.

Perhaps it is no evil at all, or only so for the moment. The drones, it is true, seem to have no fancy for being massacred ; but we have no reason to suppose that they, or any of the rest concerned in this extraordinary instinct, are aware of the matter beforehand ; and the same is to be said of the combats between the Queen Bees—they seem to be the result of an irresistible impulse, brought about by the sudden pressure of a necessity. Bees appear to be very happy during far the greater portion of their existence. A modern writer, of whom it is to be lamented that a certain want of refinement stopped short his perceptions, and degraded his philosophy from the finally expedient into what was fugitively so, has a passage on this point, as agreeable as what he is speaking of. "A bee among the flowers in spring," says Dr. Paley, "is one of the cheerfulest objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, so *busy and so pleased.*"



# THE COMPANION.

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"The first quality in a Companion is Truth."

SIR W. TEMPLE.

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## I.—AN EARTH UPON HEAVEN.

SOMEBODY, a little while ago, wrote an excellent article in the New Monthly Magazine on "Persons one would wish to have known." He should write another on "Persons one could wish to have dined with." There is Rabelais, and Horace, and the Mermaid roysters, and Charles Cotton, and Andrew Marvell, and Sir Richard Steele, *cum multis aliis*: and for the colloquial, if not the festive part, Swift and Pope, and Dr. Johnson, and Burke, and Horne Tooke. What a pity one cannot dine with them all round! People are accused of having earthly notions of heaven. As it is difficult to have any other, we may be pardoned for thinking that we could spend a very pretty thousand years in dining and getting acquainted with all the good fellows on record; and having got used to them, we think we could go very well on, and be content to wait some other thousands for a higher beatitude. Oh, to wear out one of the celestial lives of a triple century's duration, and exquisitely to grow old, in reciprocating dinners and teas with the immortals of old books! Will Fielding "leave his card" in the next world? Will Berkeley (an angel in a wig and lawn sleeves!) come to ask how Utopia gets on? Will Shakespeare (for the greater the man, the more the good-nature might be expected) know by intuition that one of his readers (knocked up with bliss) is dying to see him at the Angel and Turk's Head, and come lounging with his hands in his doublet-pockets accordingly?

It is a pity that none of the great geniuses, to whose lot it has fallen to describe a future state, has given us his own notions of heaven. Their accounts are all modified by the national theology; whereas the Apostle himself has told us, that we can have no conception of the blessings intended for us. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," &c. After this, Dante's shining lights are poor. Milton's heaven, with

the armed youth exercising themselves in military games, is worse. His best Paradise was on earth, and a very pretty heaven he made of it. For our parts, admitting and venerating as we do the notion of a heaven surpassing all human conception, we trust that it is no presumption to hope, that the state mentioned by the Apostle is the *final* heaven; and that we may ascend and gradually accustom ourselves to the intensity of it, by others of a less superhuman nature. Familiar as we are both with joy and sorrow, and accustomed to surprises and strange sights of imagination, it is difficult to fancy even the delight of suddenly emerging into a new and boundless state of existence, where everything is marvellous, and opposed to our experience. We could wish to take gently to it; to be loosed not entirely at once. Our song desires to be "a song of degrees." Earth and its capabilities—are these nothing? And are they to come to nothing? Is there no beautiful realisation of the fleeting type that is shown us? No body to this shadow? No quenching to this taught and continued thirst? No arrival at these natural homes and resting-places, which are so heavenly to our imaginations, even though they be built of clay, and are situate in the fields of our infancy? We are becoming graver than we intended; but to return to our proper style:—nothing shall persuade us, for the present, that Paradise Mount, in any pretty village in England, has not another Paradise Mount to correspond, in some less perishing region; that is to say, provided anybody has set his heart upon it:—and that we shall not all be dining, and drinking tea, and complaining of the weather (we mean, for its not being perfectly blissful) three hundred years hence, in some snug interlunar spot, or perhaps in the moon itself, seeing that it is our next visible neighbour, and shrewdly suspected of being hill and dale.

It appears to us, that for a certain term of centuries, Heaven *must* consist of something of this kind. In a word, we cannot but persuade ourselves, that to realise everything that we have justly desired on earth, will be heaven ; —we mean, for that period : and that afterwards, if we behave ourselves in a proper pre-angelical manner, we shall go to another heaven, still better, where we shall realise all that we desired in our first. Of this latter we can as yet have no conception ; but of the former, we think some of the items may be as follow :—

*Imprimis*,—(not because friendship comes before love in point of degree, but because it precedes it, in point of time, as at school we have a male companion before we are old enough to have a female)—*Imprimis* then, a friend. He will have the same tastes and inclinations as ourselves, with just enough difference to furnish argument without sharpness ; and he will be generous, just, entertaining, and no shirker of his nectar. In short, he will be the best friend we have had upon earth. We shall talk together “of afternoons ;” and when the *Earth* begins to rise (a great big moon, looking as happy as we know its inhabitants *will* be), other friends will join us, not so emphatically our friend as he, but excellent fellows all ; and we shall read the poets, and have some sphere-music (if we please), or renew one of our old earthly evenings, picked out of a dozen Christmases.

*Item*, a mistress. In heaven (not to speak it profanely) we know, upon the best authority, that people are “neither married nor given in marriage ;” so that there is nothing illegal in the term. (By the way, there can be no clergymen there, if there are no official duties for them. We do not say, there will be nobody who has been a clergyman. Berkeley would refute that ; and a hundred Welsh curates. But they would be no longer in orders. They would refuse to call themselves more Reverend than their neighbours.) *Item* then, a mistress ; beautiful, of course,—an angelical expression,—a Peri, or Houri, or whatever shape of perfection you choose to imagine her, and yet retaining the likeness of the woman you loved best on earth ; in fact, she herself, but completed ; all her good qualities made perfect, and all her defects taken away (with the exception of one or two charming little angelical peccadilloes, which she can only get rid of in a post-future state) ; good-tempered, laughing, serious, fond of everything about her without detriment to her special fondness for yourself, a great roamer in Elysian fields and forests, but not alone (they go in pairs there, as the jays and turtle-doves do with us) ; but above all things, true ; oh, so true, that you take her word as you would a diamond, nothing being more transparent, or solid, or precious. Between writing some

divine poem, and meeting our friends of an evening, we should walk with her, or fly (for we should have wings, of course) like a couple of human bees or doves, extracting delight from every flower, and with delight filling every shade. There is something too good in this to dwell upon ; so we spare the fears and hopes of the prudish. We would lay her head upon our heart, and look more pleasure into her eyes, than the prudish or the profligate ever so much as fancied.

*Item*, books. Shakspeare and Spenser should write us *new ones* ! Think of that. We would have another Decameron : and Walter Scott (for he will be there too ;—we mean to beg Hume to introduce us) shall write us forty more novels, all as good as the Scotch ones ; and Radical as well as Tory shall love him. It is true, we speak professionally, when we mention books.

We think, admitted to that equal sky,  
The Arabian Nights must bear us company.

When Gainsborough died, he expired in a painter's enthusiasm, saying, “We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party.” —He had a proper foretaste. Virgil had the same light, when he represented the old heroes enjoying in Elysium their favourite earthly pursuits ; only one cannot help thinking, with the natural modesty of reformers, that the taste in this our interlunar heaven will be benefited from time to time by the knowledge of newcomers. We cannot well fancy a celestial ancient Briton delighting himself with painting his skin, or a Chinese angel hobbling a mile up the Milky Way in order to show herself to advantage.

For breakfast, we must have a tea beyond anything Chinese. Slaves will certainly not make the sugar ; but there will be cows for the milk. One's landscapes cannot do without cows.

For horses we shall ride a Pegasus, or Ariosto's Hippogriff, or Sinbad's Roc. We mean, for our parts, to ride them all, having a passion for fabulous animals. Fable will be no fable then. We shall have just as much of it as we like ; and the Utilitarians will be astonished to find how much of that sort of thing will be in request. They will look very odd, by the bye,—those gentlemen, when they first arrive ; but will soon get used to the delight, and find there was more of it in their own doctrine than they imagined.

The weather will be extremely fine, but not without such varieties as shall hinder it from being tiresome. April will dress the whole country in diamonds ; and there will be enough cold in winter to make a fire pleasant of an evening. The fire will be made of sweet-smelling turf and sunbeams ; but it will have a look of coal. If we choose, now and then we shall even have inconveniences.



## II.—BAD WEATHER.

AFTER longing these two months for some "real winter weather," the public have had a good sharp specimen, a little too real. We mean to take our revenge by writing an article upon it after a good breakfast, with our feet at a good fire, and in a room quiet enough to let us hear the fire as well as feel it. Outside the casement (for we are writing this in a cottage) the east-wind is heard, cutting away like a knife; snow is on the ground; there is frost and sleet at once; and the melancholy crow of poor chanticleer at a distance seems complaining that nobody will cherish him. One imagines that his toes must be cold; and that he is drawing comparisons between the present feeling of his sides, and the warmth they enjoy next his plump wife on a perch.

But in the country there is always something to enjoy. There is the silence, if nothing else; you feel that the air is healthy; and you can see to write. Think of a street in London, at once narrow, foggy, and noisy; the snow thawing, not because the frost has not returned, but because the union of mud and smoke prevails against it; and then the unnatural cold sound of the clank of milk-pails (if you are up early enough); or if you are not, the chill, damp, strawy, rickety hackney-coaches going by, with fellows inside of them with cold feet, and the coachman a mere bundle of rags, blue nose, and jolting. (He'll quarrel with every fare, and the passenger knows it, and will resist. So they will stand with their feet in the mud, haggling. The old gentleman saw an extra charge of a shilling in his face.) To complete the misery, the pedestrians kick, as they go, those detestable flakes of united snow and mud;—at least they ought to do so, to complete our picture; and at night-time, people coming home hardly know whether or not they have chins.

But is there no comfort then in a London street in such weather? Infinite, if people will but have it, and families are good-tempered. We trust we shall be read by hundreds of such this morning. Of some we are certain; and do hereby, agreeably to our ubiquitous privileges, take several breakfasts at once. How pleasant is this rug! How bright and generous the fire! How charming the fair makers of the tea! And how happy that they have not to make it themselves, the drinkers of it! Even the hackney-coachman means to get double as much as usual to-day, either by cheating or being pathetic: and the old gentleman is resolved to make amends for the necessity of his morning drive, by another pint of wine at dinner, and crumpets with his tea. It is not by grumbling against the elements, that evil is to be done away; but by keeping one's-self in good heart with one's

fellow-creatures, and remembering that they are all capable of partaking our pleasures. The contemplation of pain, acting upon a splenetic temperament, produces a stirring reformer here and there, who does good rather out of spite against wrong, than sympathy with pleasure, and becomes a sort of disagreeable angel. Far be it from us, in the present state of society, to wish that no such existed! But they will pardon us for labouring in the vocation, to which a livelier nature calls us, and drawing a distinction between the dissatisfaction that ends in good, and the mere common-place grumbling that in a thousand instances to one ends in nothing but plaguing everybody as well as the grumbler. In almost all cases, those who are in a state of pain themselves, are in the fairest way for giving it; whereas, pleasure is in its nature social. The very abuses of it (terrible as they sometimes are) cannot do as much harm as the violations of the common sense of good-humour; simply because it is its nature to go with, and not counter to humanity. The only point to take care of is, that as many innocent sources of pleasure are kept open as possible, and affection and imagination brought in to show us what they are, and how surely all may partake of them. We are not likely to forget that a human being is of importance, when we can discern the merits of so small a thing as a leaf, or a honey-bee, or the beauty of a flake of snow, or the fanciful scenery made by the glowing coals in a fire-place. Professors of sciences may do this. Writers the most enthusiastic in a good cause, may sometimes lose sight of their duties, by reason of the very absorption in their enthusiasm. Imagination itself cannot always be abroad and at home at the same time. But the many are not likely to think too deeply of anything; and the more pleasures that are taught them by dint of an agreeable exercise of their reflection, the more they will learn to reflect on all round them, and to endeavour that their reflections may have a right to be agreeable. Any increase of the sum of our enjoyments almost invariably produces a wish to communicate them. An over-indulged human being is ruined by being taught to think of nobody but himself; but a human being, at once gratified and made to think of others, learns to add to his very pleasures in the act of diminishing them.

But how, it may be said, are we to enjoy ourselves with reflection, when our very reflection will teach us the quantity of suffering that exists? How are we to be happy with breakfasting and warming our hands, when so many of our fellow-creatures are, at that instant, cold and hungry?—It is no paradox to answer, that the fact of our remembering them, gives us a right to forget them:—we mean, that "there is a time for all things,"

and that having done our duty at other times in sympathising with pain, we have not only a right, but it becomes our duty, to show the happy privileges of virtue by sympathising with pleasure. The best person in a holiday-making party is bound to have the liveliest face; or if not that, a face too happy even to be lively. Suppose, in order to complete the beauty of it, that the face is a lady's. She is bound, if any uneasy reflection crosses her mind, to say to herself, "To this happiness I have contributed;—pain I have helped to diminish; I am sincere, and wish well to everybody; and I think everybody would be as good as I am, perhaps better, if society were wise. Now society, I trust, is getting wiser; perhaps will beat all our wisdom a hundred years hence: and meanwhile, I must not show that goodness is of no use, but let it realise all it can, and be as merry as the youngest." So saying, she gives her hand to a friend for a new dance, and really forgets what she has been thinking of, in the blithe spinning of her blood. A good-hearted woman, in the rosy beauty of her joy, is the loveliest object in ——. But everybody knows that.

Adam Smith, in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, has rebuked Thomson for his famous apostrophe in *Winter* to the "gay, licentious proud;" where he says, that amidst their dances and festivities they little think of the misery that is going on in the world:—because, observes the philosopher, upon this principle there never could be any enjoyment in the world, unless every corner of it were happy; which would be preposterous. We need not say how entirely we agree with the philosopher in the abstract: and certainly the poet would deserve the rebuke, had he addressed himself only to the "gay;" but then his gay are also "licentious," and not only licentious but "proud." Now we confess we would not be too squeamish even about the thoughtlessness of these gentry, for is not their very thoughtlessness their excuse? And are they not brought up in it, just as a boy in St. Giles's is brought up in thievery, or a girl to callousness and prostitution? It is not the thoughtless in high life from whom we are to expect any good, lecture them as we may: and observe—Thomson himself does not say how cruel they are; or what a set of rascals to dance and be merry in spite of their better knowledge. He says,

"Ah little think the gay, licentious proud"—

and so they do. And so they will, till the diffusion of thought, among all classes, flows, of necessity, into their gay rooms and startled elevations; and forces them to look out upon the world, that they may not be lost by being under the level.

We had intended a very merry paper this

week, to bespeak the favour of our new readers:—

"A very merry, dancing, drinking,  
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking" paper,—

as Dryden has it. But the Christmas holidays are past; and it is their termination, we suppose, that has made us serious. Sitting up at night also is a great inducer of your moral remark; and if we are not so pleasant as we intended to be, it is because some friends of ours, the other night, were the pleasantest people in the world till five in the morning.

### III.—FINE DAYS IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

WE speak of those days, unexpected, sunshiny, cheerful, even vernal, which come towards the end of January, and are too apt to come alone. They are often set in the midst of a series of rainy ones, like a patch of blue in the sky. Fine weather is much at any time, after or before the end of the year; but, in the latter case, the days are still winter days; whereas, in the former, the year being turned, and March and April before us, we seem to feel the coming of spring. In the streets and squares, the ladies are abroad, with their colours and glowing cheeks. If you can hear anything but noise, you hear the sparrows. People anticipate at breakfast the pleasure they shall have in "getting out." The solitary poplar in a corner looks green against the sky; and the brick wall has a warmth in it. Then in the noisier streets, what a multitude and a new life! What horseback! What promenading! What shopping, and giving good day! Bonnets encounter bonnets:—all the Miss Williamses meet all the Miss Joneses; and everybody wonders, particularly at nothing. The shop-windows, putting forward their best, may be said to be in blossom. The yellow carriages flash in the sunshine; footmen rejoice in their white calves, not dabbled, as usual, with rain; the gossips look out of their three-pair-of-stairs windows; other windows are thrown open; fruiterers' shops look well, swelling with full baskets; pavements are found to be dry; lap-dogs frisk under their asthmas; and old gentlemen issue forth, peering up at the region of the north-east.

Then in the country, how emerald the green, how open-looking the prospect! Honeysuckles (a name alone with a garden in it) are detected in blossom; the hazel follows; the snowdrop hangs its white perfection, exquisite with green; we fancy the trees are already thicker; voices of winter birds are taken for new ones; and in February new ones come—the thrush, the chaffinch, and the wood-lark. Then rooks begin to pair; and the wagtail dances in the lane. As we write this article, the sun is on



our paper, and chanticleer (the same, we trust, that we heard the other day) seems to crow in a very different style, lord of the ascendant, and as willing to be with his wives abroad as at home. We think we see him, as in Chaucer's homestead:

He looketh, as it were, a grim leoun;  
And on his toes he roameth up and down;  
Him deigneth not to set his foot to ground;  
He clucketh when he hath a corn yfound,  
And to him runnen then his wives all.

Will the reader have the rest of the picture, as Chaucer gave it? It is as bright and strong as the day itself, and as suited to it as a falcon to a knight's fist. Hear how the old poet throws forth his strenuous music; as fine, considered as mere music and versification, as the description is pleasant and noble.

His comb was redder than the fine corall,  
Embattled as it were a castle wall;  
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone;  
Like azure was his leggès and his tone;  
His nailès whiter than the lilly flower,  
And like the burnèd gold was his colour.

Hardly one pause like the other throughout, and yet all flowing and sweet. The pause on the third syllable in the last line but one, and that on the sixth in the last, together with the deep variety of vowels, make a beautiful concluding couplet; and indeed the whole is a study for versification. So little were those old poets unaware of their task, as some are apt to suppose them; and so little have others dreamt, that they surpassed them in their own pretensions. The accent, it is to be observed, in those concluding words, as *coral* and *colour*, is to be thrown on the last syllable, as it is in Italian. *Colòr*, *colòre*, and Chaucer's old Anglo-Gallican word, is a much nobler one than our modern one *colour*. We have injured many such words, by throwing back the accent.

We should beg pardon for this digression, if it had not been part of our understood agreement with the reader to be as desultory as we please, and as befits Companions. Our very enjoyment of the day we are describing would not let us be otherwise. It is also an old fancy of ours to associate the ideas of Chaucer with that of any early and vigorous manifestation of light and pleasure. He is not only the "morning-star" of our poetry, as Denham called him, but the morning itself, and a good bit of the noon; and we could as soon help quoting him at the beginning of the year, as we could help wishing to hear the cry of primroses, and thinking of the sweet faces that buy them.

#### IV.—WALKS HOME BY NIGHT IN BAD WEATHER. WATCHMEN.

THE readers of these our lucubrations need not be informed that we keep no carriage. The consequence is, that being visitors of the theatre, and having some inconsiderate friends who grow pleasanter and pleasanter till one in the morning, we are great walkers home by night; and this has made us great acquaintances of watchmen, moon-light, *mud*-light, and other accompaniments of that interesting hour. Luckily we are fond of a walk by night. It does not always do us good; but that is not the fault of the hour, but our own, who ought to be stouter; and therefore we extract what good we can out of our necessity, with becoming temper. It is a remarkable thing in nature, and one of the good-naturedest things we know of her, that the mere fact of looking about us, and being conscious of what is going on, is its own reward, if we do but notice it in good-humour. Nature is a great painter (and art and society are among her works), to whose minutest touches the mere fact of becoming alive is to enrich the stock of our enjoyments.

We confess there are points liable to cavil in a walk home by night in February. Old umbrellas have their weak sides; and the quantity of mud and rain may surmount the picturesque. Mistaking a soft piece of mud for hard, and so filling your shoe with it, especially at setting out, must be acknowledged to be "aggravating." But then you ought to have boots. There are sights, indeed, in the streets of London, which can be rendered pleasant by no philosophy; things too grave to be talked about in our present paper; but we must premise, that our walk leads us out of town, and through streets and suburbs of by no means the worst description. Even there we may be grieved if we will. The farther the walk into the country, the more tiresome we may choose to find it; and when we take it purely to oblige others, we must allow, as in the case of a friend of ours, that generosity itself on two sick legs may find limits to the notion of virtue being its own reward, and reasonably "curse those comfortable people" who, by the lights in their windows, are getting into their warm beds, and saying to one another, "Bad thing to be out of doors to-night."

Supposing, then, that we are in a reasonable state of health and comfort in other respects, we say that a walk home at night has its merits, if you choose to meet with them. The worst part of it is the setting out; the closing of the door upon the kind faces that part with you. But their words and looks, on the other hand, may set you well off. We have known a word last us all the way home, and a look make a dream of it. To a lover for instance no walk can be bad. He sees but one face in the rain and darkness; the same that he saw by the

light in the warm room. This ever accompanies him, looking in his eyes; and if the most pitiable and spoilt face in the world should come between them, startling him with the saddest mockery of love, he would treat it kindly for her sake. But this is a begging of the question. A lover does not walk. He is sensible neither to the pleasures nor pains of walking. He treads on air; and in the thick of all that seems inclement, has an avenue of light and velvet spread for him, like a sovereign prince.

To resume, then, like men of this world. The advantage of a late hour, is that everything is silent and the people fast in their beds. This gives the whole world a tranquil appearance. Inanimate objects are no calmer than passions and cares now seem to be, all laid asleep. The human being is motionless as the house or the tree; sorrow is suspended; and you endeavour to think that love only is awake. Let not readers of true delicacy be alarmed, for we mean to touch profanely upon nothing that ought to be sacred; and as we are for thinking the best on these occasions, it is of the best love we think; love of no heartless order, and such only as ought to be awake with the stars.

As to cares and curtain-lectures, and such-like abuses of the tranquillity of night, we call to mind, for their sakes, all the sayings of the poets and others about "balmy sleep," and the soothing of hurt minds, and the weariness of sorrow, which drops into forgetfulness. The great majority are certainly "fast as a church" by the time we speak of; and for the rest, we are among the workers who have been sleepless for their advantage; so we take out our licence to forget them for the time being. The only thing that shall remind us of them is the red lamp, shining afar over the apothecary's door; which, while it does so, reminds us also that there is help for them to be had. I see him now, the pale blinker suppressing the conscious injustice of his anger at being roused by the apprentice, and fumbling himself out of the house, in hoarseness and great-coat, resolved to make the sweetness of the Christmas bill indemnify him for the bitterness of the moment.

But we shall be getting too much into the interior of the houses. By this time the hackney-coaches have all left the stands—a good symptom of their having got their day's money. Cripples are heard, here and there, amidst the embers of some kitchen. A dog follows us. Will nothing make him "go along!" We dodge him in vain; we run; we stand and "hish!" at him, accompanying the prohibition with dehortatory gestures, and an imaginary picking up of a stone. We turn again, and there he is vexing our skirts. He even forces us into an angry doubt whether he will not starve, if we do not let him go home with us. Now if we could but lame him without being

cruel; or if we were only an overseer, or a beadle, or a dealer in dog-skin; or a political economist, to think dogs unnecessary. Oh! come, he has turned a corner, he is gone; we think we see him trotting off at a distance, thin and muddy; and our heart misgives us. But it was not our fault; we were not "hishing" at the time. His departure was lucky, for he had got our enjoyments into a dilemma; our "article" would not have known what to do with him. These are the perplexities to which your sympathizers are liable. We resume our way, independent and alone; for we have no companion this time, except our never-to-be-forgotten and ethereal companion, the reader. A real arm within another's puts us out of the pale of walking that is to be made good. It is good already. A fellow-pedestrian is company; is the party you have left; you talk and laugh, and there is no longer anything to be contended with. But alone, and in bad weather, and with a long way to go, here is something for the temper and spirits to grapple with and turn to account; and accordingly we are booted and buttoned up, an umbrella over our heads, the rain pelting upon it, and the lamp-light shining in the gutters; "mud-shine," as an artist of our acquaintance used to call it, with a gusto of reprobation. Now, walk cannot well be worse; and yet it shall be nothing if you meet it heartily. There is a pleasure in overcoming obstacles; mere action is something; imagination is more; and the spinning of the blood, and vivacity of the mental endeavour, act well upon one another, and gradually put you in a state of robust consciousness and triumph. Every time you set down your leg, you have a respect for it. The umbrella is held in the hand like a roaring trophy.

We are now reaching the country: the fog and rain are over; and we meet our old friends the watchmen, staid, heavy, indifferent, more coat than man, pondering, yet not pondering, old but not reverend, immensely useless. No; useless they are not; for the inmates of the houses think them otherwise, and in that imagination they do good. We do not pity the watchmen as we used. Old age often cares little for regular sleep. They could not be sleeping perhaps if they were in their beds; and certainly they would not be earning. What sleep they get is perhaps sweeter in the watch-box,—a forbidden sweet; and they have a sense of importance, and a claim on the persons in-doors, which, together with the amplitude of their coating, and the possession of the box itself, make them feel themselves, not without reason, to be "somebody." They are peculiar and official. Tomkins is a cobbler as well as they; but then he is no watchman. He cannot speak to "things of night;" nor bid "any man stand in the king's name." He does not get fees and gratitude from the old, the infirm, and the drunken; nor "let gentle-



men go;" nor is he "a parish-man." The churchwardens don't speak to him. If he put himself ever so much in the way of "the great plumber," he would not say, "How do you find yourself, Tomkins?"—"An ancient and quiet watchman." Such he was in the time of Shakspeare, and such he is now. Ancient, because he cannot help it; and quiet, because he will not help it, if possible; his object being to procure quiet on all sides, his own included. For this reason he does not make too much noise in crying the hour, nor is offensively particular in his articulation. No man shall sleep the worse for him, out of a horrid sense of the word "three." The sound shall be three, four, or one, as suits their mutual convenience.

Yet characters are to be found even among watchmen. They are not all mere coat, and lump, and indifference. By the way, what do they think of in general? How do they vary the monotony of their ruminations from one to two, and from two to three, and so on? Are they comparing themselves with the unofficial cobbler; thinking of what they shall have for dinner to-morrow; or what they were about six years ago; or that their lot is the hardest in the world, as insipid old people are apt to think, for the pleasure of grumbling; or that it has some advantages nevertheless, besides fees; and that if they are not in bed, their wife is?

Of characters, or rather varieties among watchmen, we remember several. One was a Dandy Watchman, who used to ply at the top of Oxford-street, next the park. We called him the dandy, on account of his utterance. He had a mincing way with it, pronouncing the *a* in the word "past" as it is in *hat*, making a little preparatory hem before he spoke, and then bringing out his "past ten" in a style of genteel indifference; as if, upon the whole, he was of that opinion.

Another was the Metallic Watchman, who paced the same street towards Hanover-square, and had a clang in his voice like a trumpet. He was a voice and nothing else; but any difference is something in a watchman.

A third who cried the hour in Bedford-square, was remarkable in his calling for being abrupt and loud. There was a fashion among his tribe just come up at that time, of omitting the words "past" and "o'clock," and crying only the number of the hour. I know not whether a recollection I have of his performance one night is entire matter of fact, or whether any subsequent fancies of what might have taken place are mixed up with it; but my impression is, that as I was turning the corner into the square with a friend, and was in the midst of a discussion in which numbers were concerned, we were suddenly startled, as if in solution of it, by a brief and tremendous outcry of—ONE. This paragraph ought

to have been at the bottom of the page, and the word printed abruptly round the corner.

A fourth watchman was a very singular phenomenon, a *Reading Watchman*. He had a book, which he read by the light of his lantern; and instead of a pleasant, gave you a very uncomfortable idea of him. It seemed cruel to pitch amidst so many discomforts and privations one who had imagination enough to wish to be relieved from them. Nothing but a sluggish vacuity befits a watchman.

But the oddest of all was the *Sliding Watchman*. Think of walking up a street in the depth of a frosty winter, with long ice in the gutters, and sleet over head, and then figure to yourself a sort of bale of a man in white coming sliding towards you with a lantern in one hand, and an umbrella over his head. It was the oddest mixture of luxury and hardship, of juvenility and old age! But this looked agreeable. Animal spirits carry everything before them; and our invincible friend seemed a watchman for Rabelais. Time was run at and butted by him like a goat. The slide seemed to bear him half through the night at once; he slipped from out of his box and his common-places at one rush of a merry thought, and seemed to say, "Everything's in imagination;—here goes the whole weight of my office."

But we approach our home. How still the trees! How deliciously asleep the country! How beautifully grim and nocturnal this wooded avenue of ascent, against the cold white sky! The watchmen and patrols, which the careful citizens have planted in abundance within a mile of their doors, salute us with their "good mornings;"—not so welcome as we pretend; for we ought not to be out so late; and it is one of the assumptions of these fatherly old fellows to remind us of it. Some fowls, who have made a strange roost in a tree, flutter as we pass them;—another pull up the hill, unyielding; a few strides on a level; and *there* is the light in the window, the eye of the warm soul of the house,—one's home. How particular, and yet how universal, is that word; and how surely does it deposit every one for himself in his own nest!

#### V.—SECRET OF SOME EXISTING FASHIONS.

FASHIONS have a short life or a long one, according as it suits the makers to startle us with a variety, or save themselves observation of a defect. Hence fashions set by young or handsome people are fugitive, and such are, for the most part, those that bring custom to the milliner. If we keep watch on an older one, we shall generally trace it, unless of general convenience, to some pertinacity on the part of

the aged. Even fashions, otherwise convenient, as the trousers that have so long taken place of smallclothes, often perhaps owe their continuance to some general defect, which they help to screen. The old are glad to retain them, and so be confounded with the young; and among the latter, there are more limbs perhaps to which loose clothing is acceptable, than tight. More legs and knees, we suspect, rejoice in those cloaks, than would be proud to acknowledge themselves in a shoe and stocking. The pertinacity of certain male fashions during the last twenty years, we think we can trace to a particular source. If it be objected, that the French partook of them, and that our modes have generally come from that country, we suspect that the old court in France had more to do with them, than Napoleon's, which was confessedly masculine and military. The old French in this country, and the old noblesse in the other, wore bibs and trousers, when the Emperor went in a plain stock and delighted to show his good leg. For this period, if for this only, we are of opinion, that whether the male fashions did or did not originate in France, other circumstances have conspired to retain them in both countries, for which the revolutionary government cannot account. Mr. Hazlitt informs us in his *Life of Napoleon*, that during the consulate, all the courtiers were watching the head of the state to know whether mankind were to wear their own hair or powder; and that Bonaparte luckily settled the matter, by deciding in favour of nature and cleanliness. But here the revolutionary authority stopped; nor in this instance did it begin: for it is understood, that it was the plain head of Dr. Franklin, when he was ambassador at Paris, that first amused, and afterwards interested, the giddy polls of his new acquaintances; who went and did likewise. Luckily, this was a fashion that suited all ages, and on that account it has survived. But the bibs, and the trousers, and the huge neckcloths, whence come they? How is it, at least, that they have been so long retained? Observe that polished old gentleman, who bows so well,\* and is conversing with the most agreeable of physicians.† He made a great impression in his youth, and was naturally loath to give it up. On a sudden he finds his throat not so juvenile as he could wish it. Up goes his stock, and enlarges. He rests both his cheeks upon it, the chin settling comfortably upon a bend in the middle, as becomes its delicacy. By and bye, he thinks the cheeks themselves do not present as good an aspect as with so young a heart might in reason be expected; and forth issue the points of his shirt-collar, and give them an investment at once cherishing and spirited. Thirdly, he suspects his waist to have played him a trick of good living, and surpassed the bounds of youth and elegance before he was well aware of it.

Therefore, to keep it seemingly, if not actually within limits, forth he sends a frill in the first instance, and a padded set of lapels afterwards. He happens to look on the hand that does all this, and discerns with a sigh that it is not quite the same hand to look at, which the women have been transported to kiss; though for that matter they will kiss it still, and be transported too. The wrist-band looks forth, and says, "Shall I help to cover it?" and it is allowed to do so, being a gentlemanly finish, and impossible to the mechanical. But finally the legs: they were amongst the handsomest in the world; and how did they not dance! What conquests did they not achieve in the time of hoop-petticoats and toupees! And long afterwards, were not Apollo and Hercules found in them together, to the delight of the dowagers? And shall the gods be treated with disrespect, when the heaviness of change comes upon them? No. Round comes the kindly trouserian veil (as Dyer of "*The Fleece*" would have had it); the legs retreat, like other conquerors, into retirement; and only the lustre of their glory remains, such as Bonaparte might have envied.

#### VI.—RAIN OUT OF A CLEAR SKY.

IN a work, *De Varia Historia*, written after the manner of Ælian, by Leonico Tomeo, an elegant scholar of the fifteenth century, we meet with the following pretty story:—When Phalantus led his colony out of Sparta into the south of Italy, he consulted the oracle of Apollo, and was informed that he should know the region he was to inhabit, by the fall of a plentiful shower out of a clear sky. Full of doubt and anxiety at this answer, and unable to meet with any one who could interpret it for him, he took his departure, arrived in Italy, but could succeed in occupying no region,—in capturing no city. This made him fall to considering the oracle more particularly; upon which he came to the conclusion, that he had undertaken a foolish project, and that the gods meant to tell him so; for that a sky should be clear, and yet the rain out of it plentiful, now seemed to him a manifest impossibility.

Tired out with the anxious thoughts arising from this conclusion, he laid his head on the lap of his wife, who had come with him, and took such a draught of sleep as the fatigue of sorrow is indulged with, like other toil. His wife loved him; and as he lay thus tenderly in her lap, she kept looking upon his face; till thinking of the disappointments he had met with, and the perils he had still to undergo, she began to weep bitterly, so that the tears fell plentifully upon him, and awoke him. He looked up, and seeing those showers out of her eyes, hailed at last the oracle with joy, for his wife's name was *Æthra*, which signifies "a

\* The late King.

† Sir William K.



clear sky ;" and thus he knew that he had arrived at the region where he was to settle. The next night he took Tarentum, which was the greatest city in those parts ; and he and his posterity reigned in that quarter of Italy, as you may see in Virgil.

## VII.—THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TWO LOVERS.

WE forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland ; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer-time. It was, at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes ; they communed with one another, and shook their heads ; but all admired the young man ; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard ; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small land-proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood, respectful-looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was that he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure which he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers ; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with the formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valour. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen, in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task ; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She

fixed her eyes, now on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretty pretence,—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, to put an end to this mummery ;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill ; they proceed well ; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something ; then ascends at a quicker rate ; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again ; he is half-way between the middle and the top ; he rushes, he stops, he staggers ; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more ; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again ; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms, as if to lighten him. See ! he is almost at the top ; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top ; he halts again ; he is fixed ; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly, he turns full front towards the top ; it is luckily almost a level ; he staggers, but it is forward :—Yes :—every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him :—see at last ! he is *on* the top ; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout ! He has won : he has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half-way he is obliged to dismount ; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience.

They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!" "You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind: "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed!"

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron:—"Sir, they are dead!"

#### VIII.—THE TRUE STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

WEAK and uninitiated are they who talk of things modern as opposed to the idea of antiquity; who fancy that the Assyrian monarchy must have preceded tea-drinking; and that no Sims or Gregson walked in a round hat and trousers before the times of Inachus. Plato has informed us (and therefore everybody ought to know) that at stated periods of time, everything which has taken place on earth is acted over again. There have been a thousand or a million reigns, for instance, of Charles the Second, and there will be an infinite number more: the tooth-ache we had in the year 1811, is making ready for us some thousands of years hence; again shall people be wise and in love as surely as the May-blossoms re-appear; and again will Alexander make a fool of himself at Babylon, and Bonaparte in Russia.

Among the heaps of modern stories, which are accounted ancient, and which have been deprived of their true appearance, by the alteration of colouring and costume, there is none more decidedly belonging to modern times than that of Vertumnus and Pomona. Vertumnus was, and will be, a young fellow, remarkable for his accomplishments, in the several successive reigns of Charles the Second; and, I find, practised his story over in the autumn of the year 1680. He was the younger brother of a respectable family in Herefordshire; and from his genius at turning himself to a variety of shapes, came to be called, in after-ages, by his classical name. In like manner, Pomona, the heroine of the story, being the goddess of those parts, and singularly fond of their scenery and productions, the Latin poets, in after-ages, transformed her adventures according to their fashion, making her a goddess of mythology, and giving her a name after her beloved fruits. Her real name

was Miss Appleton. I shall therefore waive that matter once for all; and retaining only the appellation which poetry has rendered so pleasant, proceed with the true story.

Pomona was a beauty like her name, all fruit and bloom. She was a ruddy brunette, luxuriant without grossness; and had a spring in her step, like apples dancing on a bough. (I'd put all this into verse, to which it has a natural tendency; but I haven't time.) It was no poetical figure to say of her, that her lips were cherries, and her cheeks a peach. Her locks, in clusters about her face, trembled heavily as she walked. The colour called Pomona-green was named after her favourite dress. Sometimes in her clothes she imitated one kind of fruit and sometimes another, philosophising in a pretty poetical manner on the common nature of things, and saying there was more in the similes of her lovers than they suspected. Her dress now resembled a burst of white blossoms, and now of red; but her favourite one was green, both coat and boddice, from which her beautiful face looked forth like a bud. To see her tending her trees in her orchard, (for she would work herself, and sing all the while like a milk-maid)—to see her I say tending the fruit-trees, never caring for letting her boddice slip a little off her shoulders, and turning away now and then to look up at a bird, when her lips would glance in the sunshine like cherries bedewed,—such a sight, you may imagine, was not to be had everywhere. The young clowns would get up in the trees for a glimpse of her, over the garden-wall; and swear she was like an angel in Paradise.

Everybody was in love with her. The squire was in love with her; the attorney was in love; the parson was particularly in love. The peasantry in their smock-frocks, old and young, were all in love. You never saw such a loving place in your life; yet somehow or other the women were not jealous, nor fared the worse. The people only seemed to have grown the kinder. Their hearts overflowed to all about them. Such toasts at the great house! The Squire's name was Payne, which afterwards came to be called Pan. Pan, Payne (Paynim), Pagan, a villager. The race was so numerous, that country-gentlemen obtained the name of Paynim in general, as distinguished from the nobility; a circumstance which has not escaped the learning of Milton:

"Both Paynim and the Peers."

Silenus was Cy or Cymon Lenox, the host of the Tun, a fat merry old fellow, renowned in the song as Old Sir Cymon the King. He was in love too. All the Satyrs, or rude wits of the neighbourhood, and all the Fauns, or softer-spoken fellows,—none of them escaped. There was also a Quaker gentleman, I forget his name, who made himself conspicuous. Pomona confessed to herself that he had merit;



but it was so unaccompanied with anything of the ornamental or intellectual, that she could not put up with him. Indeed, though she was of a loving nature, and had every other reason to wish herself settled (for she was an heiress and an orphan), she could not find it in her heart to respond to any of the rude multitude around her; which at last occasioned such impatience in them, and uneasiness to herself, that she was fain to keep close at home, and avoid the lanes and country assemblies, for fear of being carried off. It was then that the clowns used to mount the trees outside her garden-wall to get a sight of her.

Pomona wrote to a cousin she had in town, of the name of Cerintha.—“Oh, my dear Cerintha, what am I to do! I could laugh while I say it, though the tears positively come into my eyes; but it is a sad thing to be an heiress with ten thousand a-year, and one's guardian just dead. Nobody will let me alone. And the worst of it is, that while the rich animals that pester me, disgust one with talking about their rent-tolls, the younger brothers force me to be suspicious of their views upon mine. I could throw all my money into the Wye for vexation. God knows I do not care twopence for it. Oh Cerintha! I wish you were unmarried, and could change yourself into a man, and come and deliver me; for you are disinterested and sincere, and that is all I require. At all events, I will run for it, and be with you before winter; for here I cannot stay. Your friend the Quaker has just rode by. He says, ‘verily,’ that I am cold! I say verily he is no wiser than his horse; and that I could pitch him after my money.”

Cerintha sympathised heartily with her cousin, but she was perplexed to know what to do. There were plenty of wits and young fellows of her acquaintance, both rich and poor; but only one whom she thought fit for her charming cousin, and he was a younger brother as poor as a rat. Besides, he was not only liable to suspicion on that account, but full of delicacies of his own, and the last man in the world to hazard a generous woman's dislike. This was no other than our friend Vertumnus. His real name was Vernon. He lived about five miles from Pomona, and was almost the only young fellow of any vivacity who had not been curious enough to get a sight of her. He had got a notion that she was proud. “She may be handsome,” thought he; “but a handsome proud face is but a handsome ugly one to my thinking, and I'll not venture my poverty to her ill-humour.” Cerintha had half made up her mind to undeceive him through the medium of his sister, who was an acquaintance of hers; but an accident did it for her. Vertumnus was riding one day with some friends, who had been rejected, when passing by Pomona's orchard, he saw one of her clownish admirers up in the trees, peeping at her over

the wall. The gaping unsophisticated admiration of the lad made them stop. “Devil take me,” said one of our hero's companions, “if they are not at it still. Why, you booby, did you never see a proud woman before, that you stand gaping there, as if your soul had gone out of ye?” “Proud,” said the lad, looking down:—“a woudn't say nay to a fly, if gentle-folks woudn't tease 'un so.” “Come,” said our hero, “I'll take this opportunity, and see for myself.” He was up in the tree in an instant, and almost as speedily exclaimed, “God! what a face!”

“He has it, by the Lord!” cried the others, laughing:—“fairly struck through the ribs, by Jove. Look, if looby and he arn't sworn friends on the thought of it.”

It looked very like it certainly. Our hero had scarcely gazed at her, when without turning away his eyes, he clapped his hand upon that of the peasant with a hearty shake, and said, “You're right, my friend. If there is pride in that face, truth itself is a lie. What a face! What eyes! What a figure!”

Pomona was observing her old gardener fill a basket. From time to time he looked up at her, smiling and talking. She was eating a plum; and as she said something that made them laugh, her rosy mouth sparkled with all its pearls in the sun.

“Pride!” thought Vertumnus:—“there's no more pride in that charming mouth, than there is folly enough to relish my fine companions here.”

Our hero returned home more thoughtful than he came, replying but at intervals to the raillery of those with him, and then giving them pretty savage cuts. He was more out of humour with his poverty than he had ever felt, and not at all satisfied with the accomplishments which might have emboldened him to forget it. However, in spite of his delicacies, he felt it would be impossible not to hazard rejection like the rest. He only made up his mind to set about paying his addresses in a different manner;—though how it was to be done he could not very well see. His first impulse was to go to her and state the plain case at once; to say how charming she was, and how poor her lover, and that nevertheless he did not care two-pence for her riches, if she would but believe him. The only delight of riches would be to share them with her. “But then,” said he, “how is she to take my word for that?”

On arriving at home he found his sister prepared to tell him what he had found out for himself,—that Pomona was not proud. Unfortunately she added, that the beautiful heiress had acquired a horror of younger brothers. “Ay,” thought he, “there it is. I shall not get her, precisely because I have at once the greatest need of her money and the greatest contempt for it. Alas, yet not so! I

have not contempt for anything that belongs to her, even her money. How heartily could I accept it from her, if she knew me, and if she is as generous as I take her to be! How delightful would it be to plant, to build, to indulge a thousand expenses in her company! O those rascals of rich men, without sense or taste, that are now going about, spending their money as they please, and buying *my* jewels and *my* cabinets, that I ought to be making her presents of. I could tear my hair to think of it."

It happened, luckily or unluckily for our hero, that he was the best amateur actor that had ever appeared. Betterton could not perform Hamlet better, nor Lacy a friar.

He disguised himself, and contrived to get hired in his lady's household as a footman. It was a difficult matter, all the other servants having been there since she was a child, and just grown old enough to escape the passion common to all who saw her. They loved her like a daughter of their own, and were indignant at the trouble her lovers gave her. Vertumnus, however, made out his case so well, that they admitted him. For a time all went on smoothly. Yes: for three or four weeks he performed admirably, confining himself to the real footman. Nothing could exceed the air of indifferent zeal with which he waited at table. He was respectful, he was attentive, even officious; but still as to a footman's mistress, not as to a lover's. He looked in her face, as if he did not wish to kiss her; said "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am," like any other servant; and consented, not without many pangs to his vanity, to wear proper footman's clothes: namely, such as did not fit him. He even contrived, by a violent effort, to suppress all appearance of emotion, when he doubled up the steps of her chariot, after seeing the finest foot and ancle in the world. In his haste to subdue this emotion, he was one day nigh betraying himself. He forgot his part so far, as to clap the door to with more vehemence than usual. His mistress started, and gave a cry. He thought he had shut her hand in, and opening the door again with more vehemence, and as pale as death, exclaimed, "God of Heaven! What have I done to her!"

"Nothing, James,"—said his mistress, smiling; "only another time you need not be in quite such a hurry." She was surprised at the turn of his words, and at a certain air which she observed for the first time; but the same experience which might have enabled her to detect him, led her, by a reasonable vanity, to think that love had exalted her footman's manners. This made her observe him with some interest afterwards, and notice how good-looking he was, and that his shape was better than his clothes: but he continued to act his part so well, that she suspected nothing further. She only resolved, if he gave any more evidences of being in love, to despatch him after his betters.

By degrees, our hero's nature became too much for his art. He behaved so well among his fellow-servants, that they all took a liking to him. Now, when we please others, and they show it, we wish to please them more: and it turned out that James could play on the *viol di gamba*. He played so well, that his mistress must needs inquire "what musician they had in the house." "James, madam."—A week or two after, somebody was reading a play, and making them all die with laughter.—"Who is that reading so well there, and making you all a parcel of madcaps?"—"It's only James, madam."—"I have a prodigious footman!" thought Pomona. Another day, my lady's-maid came up all in tears to do something for her mistress, and could scarcely speak. "What's the matter, Lucy?" "Oh James, madam!" Her lady blushed a little, and was going to be angry.

"I hope he has not been uncivil."

"Oh no, ma'am: only I could not bear his being turned out o' doors!"

"Turned out of doors!"

"Yes, ma'am; and their being so cruel as to singe his white head."

"Singe his white head! Surely the girl's head is turned. What is it, poor soul!"

"Oh, nothing, ma'am. Only the old king in the play, as your ladyship knows. They turn him out o' doors, and singe his white head; and Mr. James did it so natural like, that he has made us all of a drown of tears. T'other day he called me his Ophelia, and was so angry with me I could have died."—"This man is no footman," said the lady. She sent for him up stairs, and the butler with him. "Pray, sir, may I beg the favour of knowing who you are?" The abruptness of this question totally confounded our hero.

"For God's sake, madam, do not think it worth your while to be angry with me and I will tell you all."

"Worth my while, sir! I know not what you mean by its being worth my while," cried our heroine, who really felt more angry than she wished to be: "but when an impostor comes into the house, it is natural to wish to be on one's guard against him."

"Impostor, madam!" said he, reddening in his turn, and rising with an air of dignity. "It is true," he added, in an humbler tone, "I am not exactly what I seem to be; but I am a younger brother of a good family, and—"

"A younger brother!" exclaimed Pomona, turning away with a look of despair.

"Oh, those d—d words!" thought Vertumnus; "they have undone me. I must go; and yet it is hard."

"I go, madam," said he in a hurry:—"believe me in only this, that I shall give you no unbecoming disturbance; and I must vindicate myself so far as to say, that I did not come into this house for what you suppose."



Then giving her a look of inexpressible tenderness and respect, and retiring as he said it, with a low bow, he added, "May neither imposture nor unhappiness ever come near you."

Pomona could not help thinking of the strange footman she had had. "He did not come into the house for what I supposed." She did not know whether to be pleased or not at this phrase. What did he mean by it? What did he think she supposed? Upon the whole, she found her mind occupied with the man a little too much, and proceeded to busy herself with her orchard.

There was now more caution observed in admitting new servants into the house; yet a new gardener's assistant came, who behaved like a reasonable man for two months. He then passionately exclaimed one morning, as Pomona was rewarding him for some roses, "I cannot bear it!"—and turned out to be our hero, who was obliged to decamp. My lady became more cautious than ever, and would speak to all the new servants herself. One day a very remarkable thing occurred. A whole side of the green-house was smashed to pieces. The glazier was sent for, not without suspicion of being the perpetrator; and the man's way of behaving strengthened it, for he stood looking about him, and handling the glass to no purpose. His assistant did all the work, and yet somehow did not seem to get on with it. The truth was, the fellow was innocent and yet not so, for he had brought our hero with him as his journeyman. Pomona, watching narrowly, discovered the secret, but for reasons best known to herself, pretended otherwise, and the men were to come again next day.

That same evening my lady's maid's cousin's husband's aunt came to see her,—a free, jolly, maternal old dame, who took the liberty of kissing the mistress of the house, and thanking her for all favours. Pomona had never received such a long kiss. "Excuse," cried the housewife, "an old body who has had daughters and grand-daughters, ay, and three husbands to boot, God rest their souls! but dinner always makes me bold—old, and bold, as we say in Gloucestershire—old and bold; and her ladyship's sweet face is like an angel's in heaven." All this was said in a voice at once loud and trembling, as if the natural jollity of the old lady was counteracted by her years.

Pomona felt a little confused at this liberty of speech; but her good nature was always uppermost, and she respected the privileges of age. So with a blushing face, not well knowing what to say, she mentioned something about the old lady's three husbands, and said she hardly knew whether to pity her most for losing so many friends, or to congratulate the gentlemen on so cheerful a companion. The old lady's breath seemed to be taken away by the elegance of this compliment, for

she stood looking and saying not a word. At last she made signs of being a little deaf, and Betty repeated as well as she could what her mistress had said. "She is an angel, for certain," cried the gossip, and kissed her again. Then perceiving that Pomona was prepared to avoid a repetition of this freedom, she said, "But, Lord! why doesn't her sweet ladyship marry herself, and make somebody's life a heaven upon earth? They tell me she's frightened at the cavaliers and the money-hunters, and all that; but God-a-mercy, must there be no honest man that's poor; and mayn't the dear sweet soul be the jewel of some one's eye, because she has money in her pocket?"

Pomona, who had entertained some such reflections as these herself, hardly knew what to answer; but she laughed and made some pretty speech.

"Ay, ay," resumed the old woman. "Well there's no knowing." (Here she heaved a great sigh.) "And so my lady is mighty curious in plants and apples, they tell me, and quite a gardener, Lord love her! and rears me cartloads of peaches. Why, her face is a peach, or I should like to know what is. But it didn't come of itself neither. No, no; for that matter, there were peaches before it; and Eve didn't live alone, I warrant me, or we should have had no peaches now, for all her gardening. Well, well, my sweet young lady, don't blush and be angry, for I am but a poor foolish, old body, you know, old enough to be your grandmother; but I can't help thinking it a pity, that's the truth on't. Oh dear! Well, gentlefolks will have their fegaries, but it was very different in my time, you know; and Lord! now to speak the plain *scripter* truth; what would the world come to, and where would her sweet ladyship be herself, I should like to know, if her own mother, that's now an angel in heaven, had refused to keep company with her ladyship's father, because she brought him a good estate, and made him the happiest man on God's yearth!"

The real love that existed between Pomona's father and mother being thus brought to her recollection, touched our heroine's feelings; and looking at the old dame, with tears in her eyes, she begged her to stay and take some tea, and she would see her again before she went away. "Ay, and that I will, and a thousand thanks into the bargain from one who has been a mother herself, and can't help crying to see my lady in tears. I could kiss 'em off, if I warn't afraid of being troublesome; and so God bless her, and I'll make bold to make her my curtsy again before I go."

The old body seemed really affected, and left the room with more quietness than Pomona had looked for, Betty meanwhile showing an eagerness to get her away, which was a little remarkable. In less than half an hour, there was a knock at the parlour-door, and Pomona

saying, "Come in," the door was held again by somebody for a few seconds, during which there was a loud and apparently angry whisper of voices. Our heroine, not without agitation, heard the words, "No, no!" and "Yes," repeated with vehemence, and then, "I tell you I must and will; she will forgive you, be assured, and me too, for she'll never see me again." And at these words the door was opened by a gallant-looking young man, who closed it behind him, and advancing with a low bow, spoke as follows:—

"If you are alarmed, madam, which I confess you reasonably may be at this intrusion, I beseech you to be perfectly certain that you will never be so alarmed again, nor indeed ever again set eyes on me, if it so please you. You see before you, madam, that unfortunate younger brother (for I will not omit even that title to your suspicion), who, seized with an invincible passion as he one day beheld you from your garden wall, has since run the chance of your displeasure, by coming into the house under a variety of pretences, and inasmuch as he has violated the truth has deserved it. But one truth he has not violated, which is, that never man entertained a passion sincerer; and God is my witness, madam, how foreign to my heart is that accursed love of money (I beg your pardon, but I confess it agitates me in my turn to speak of it), which other people's advances and your own modesty have naturally induced you to suspect in every person situated as I am. Forgive me, madam, for every alarm I have caused you, this last one above all. I could not deny to my love and my repentance the mingled bliss and torture of this moment; but as I am really and passionately a lover of truth as well as of yourself, this is the last trouble I shall give you, unless you are pleased to admit what I confess I have very little hopes of, which is, a respectful pressure of my suit in future. Pardon me even these words, if they displease you. You have nothing to do but to bid me—leave you; and when he quits this apartment, Harry Vernon troubles you no more."

A silence ensued for the space of a few seconds. The gentleman was very pale; so was the lady. At length she said, in a very under tone, "This surprise, sir—I was not insensible—I mean, I perceived—sure, sir, it is not Mr. Vernon, the brother of my cousin's friend, to whom I am speaking?"

"The same, madam."

"And why not at once, sir—I mean—that is to say—Forgive me, sir, if circumstances conspire to agitate me a little, and to throw me in doubt what I ought to say. I wish to say what is becoming, and to retain your respect;" and the lady trembled as she said it.

"My respect, madam, was never profounder than it is at this moment, even though I dare begin to hope that you will not think it dis-

respectful on my part to adore you. If I might but hope, that months or years of service—"

"Be seated, sir, I beg; I am very forgetful. I am an orphan, Mr. Vernon, and you must make allowances as a gentleman" (here her voice became a little louder) "for anything in which I may seem to forget, either what is due to you or to myself."

The gentleman had not taken a chair, but at the end of this speech he approached the lady, and led her to her own seat with an air full of reverence.

"Ah, madam," said he, "if you could but fancy you had known me these five years, you would at least give me credit for enough truth, and I hope enough tenderness and respectfulness of heart (for they all go together) to be certain of the feelings I entertain towards your sex in general; much more towards one whose nature strikes me with such a gravity of admiration at this moment, that praise even falters on my tongue. Could I dare hope that you meant to say anything more kind to me than a common expression of good wishes, I would dare to say, that the sweet truth of your nature not only warrants your doing so, but makes it a part of its humanity."

"Will you tell me, Mr. Vernon, what induced you to say so decidedly to my servant (for I heard it at the door) that you were sure I should never see you again?"

"Yes, madam, I will; and nevertheless I feel all the force of your inquiry. It was the last little instinctive stratagem that love induced me to play, even when I was going to put on the whole force of my character and my love of truth! for I did indeed believe that you would discard me, though I was not so sure of it as I pretended."

"There, sir," said Pomona, colouring in all the beauty of joy and love, "there is my hand. I give it to the lover of truth; but truth no less forces me to acknowledge, that my heart had not been unshaken by some former occurrences."

"Charming and adorable creature!" cried our hero, after he had recovered from the kiss which he gave her. But here we leave them to themselves. Our heroine confessed, that from what she now knew of her feelings, she must have been inclined to look with compassion on him before; but added, that she never could have been sure she loved him, much less had the courage to tell him so, till she had known him in his own candid shape.

And this, and no other, is the true story of Vertumnus and Pomona.



## IX.—ON THE GRACES AND ANXIETIES OF PIG-DRIVING.

FROM the perusal of this article we beg leave to warn off vulgar readers of all denominations, whether of the "great vulgar or the small." Warn, did we say? We drive them off; for Horace tells us that they, as well as pigs, are to be so treated. *Odi profanum vulgus*, says he, *et arceo*. But do thou lend thine ear, gentle shade of Goldsmith, who didst make thy bear-leader denounce "everything as is low;" and thou, Steele, who didst humanise upon public-houses and puppet-shows; and Fielding, thou whom the great Richardson, less in that matter (and some others) than thyself, did accuse of vulgarity, because thou didst discern natural gentility in a footman, and yet was not to be taken in by the airs of Pamela and my Lady G.

The title is a little startling; but "style and sentiment," as a lady said, "can do anything." Remember, then, gentle reader, that talents are not to be despised in the humblest walks of life; we will add, nor in the muddiest. The other day we happened to be among a set of spectators, who could not help stopping to admire the patience and address with which a pig-driver huddled and cherished onward his drove of unaccommodating *élèves*, down a street in the suburbs. He was a born genius for a manœuvre. Had he originated in a higher sphere, he would have been a general, or a stage-manager, or, at least the head of a set of monks. Conflicting interests were his forte; pig-headed wills, and proceedings hopeless. To see the *hand* with which he did it! How hovering, yet firm; how encouraging, yet compelling; how indicative of the space on each side of him, and yet of the line before him; how general, how particular, how perfect! No barber's could quiver about a head with more lightness of apprehension; no cook's pat up and proportion the side of a pasty with a more final eye. The whales, quoth old Chapman, speaking of Neptune,

The whales exulted under him, and knew their mighty king.

The pigs did not exult, but they knew their king. Unwilling was their subjection, but "more in sorrow than in anger." They were too far gone for rage. Their case was hopeless. They did not see why they should proceed, but they felt themselves bound to do so; forced, conglomerated, crowded onwards, irresistibly impelled by fate and Jenkins. Often would they have bolted under any other master. They squeaked and grunted as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped; they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape; but in vain. There they stuck (for their very progress was a sort of sticking), charmed into the centre of his sphere of action, laying their heads together, but to no

purpose; looking all as if they were shrugging their shoulders, and eschewing the tip-end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg; shrewd backward glances; not a little anticipative squeak, and sudden rush of avoidance. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it; but a pig finds it more difficult than any other animal to accommodate himself to circumstances. Being out of his pale, he is in the highest state of wonderment and inaptitude. He is sluggish, obstinate, opinionate, not very social; has no desire of seeing foreign parts. Think of him in a multitude, forced to travel, and wondering what the devil it is that drives him! Judge by this of the talents of his driver.

We beheld a man once, an inferior gemus, inducting a pig into the other end of Long-lane, Smithfield. He had got him thus far towards the market. It was much. His air announced success in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work; he had only to look for the termination of it; and he looked (as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say) in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to the public-house, and indulge in porter and a pleasing security. Perhaps he would not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like Æneas, into all the circumstances of his journey and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set out; full of tremor his middle course; high and skilful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Ducking-pond row; masterly his turn at Bell-alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long-lane. A gravity came upon him, as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation, darting along; but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering as he was on the borders of triumph. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help; irritable; retrospective; picking objections, and prone to boggle; a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the alleys.

He bolts!

He's off!—*Evasit! erupit!*

"Oh, Ch—st?" exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in an agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy which the spectators felt to be too true—"He'll go up all manner of streets!"

Poor fellow! we think of him now sometimes, driving up Duke-street, and not to be comforted in Barbican.

## X.—PANTOMIMES.

HE that says he does not like a pantomime, either says what he does not think, or is not so wise as he fancies himself. He should grow young again, and get wiser. "The child," as the poet says, "is father to the man;" and in this instance, he has a very degenerate offspring. Yes: John Tomkins, aged 35, and not liking pantomimes, is a very unpromising little boy. Consider, Tomkins, you have still a serious regard for pudding, and are ambitious of being thought clever. Well, there is the Clown who will sympathise with you in dumplings; and not to see into the cleverness of Harlequin's quips and metamorphoses, is to want a perception, which other little boys have by nature. Not to like pantomimes, is not to like animal spirits; it is not to like motion; not to like love; not to like a jest upon dulness and formality; not to smoke one's uncle; not to like to see a thump in the face; not to laugh; not to fancy; not to like a holiday; not to know the pleasure of sitting up at Christmas; not to sympathise with one's children; not to remember that we have been children ourselves; nor that we shall grow old, and be as gouty as Pantaloon, if we are not as wise and as active as they.

Not wishing to be dry on so pleasant a subject, we shall waive the learning that is in us on the origin of these popular entertainments. It will be sufficient to observe, that among the Italians, from whom we borrowed them, they consisted of a run of jokes upon the provincial peculiarities of their countrymen. Harlequin, with his giddy vivacity, was the representative of the inhabitant of one state; Pantaloon, of the imbecile carefulness of another; the clown, of the sensual, macaroni-eating Neapolitan, with his instinct for eschewing danger; and Columbine, Harlequin's mistress, was the type, not indeed of the outward woman (for the young ladies were too restrained in that matter), but of the inner girl of all the lasses in Italy,—the tender fluttering heart,—the little dove (*colombina*), ready to take flight with the first lover, and to pay off old scores with the gout and the jealousy, that had hitherto kept her in durance.

The reader has only to transfer the characters to those of his own countrymen, to have a lively sense of the effect which these national pictures must have had in Italy. Imagine Harlequin a gallant adventurer from some particular part of the land, full of life and fancy, sticking at no obstacles, leaping gates and windows, hitting off a satire at every turn, and converting the very scrapes he gets in, to matters of jest and triumph. The old gentleman that pursues him, is a miser from some manufacturing town, whose ward he has run away with. The Clown is a London cockney, with a prodigious eye to his own comfort and muffins,—a Lord Mayor's fool, who loved "every-

thing that was good;" and Columbine is the boarding-school girl, ripe for running away with, and making a dance of it all the way from Chelsea to Gretna Green.

Pantomime is the only upholder of comedy, when there is nothing else to show for it. It is the satirist, or caricaturist of the times, ridiculing the rise and fall of hats and funds, the growth of aldermen or of bonnets, the pretences of quackery; and watching innovations of all sorts, lest change be too hasty. But this view of it is for the older boys. For us, who, upon the strength of our sympathy, boast of being among the young ones, its life, its motion, its animal spirits, are the thing. We sit among the shining faces on all sides of us, and fancy ourselves at this moment enjoying it. What whim! what fancy! what eternal movement! The performers are like the blood in one's veins, never still; and the music runs with equal vivacity through the whole spectacle, like the pattern of a watered ribbon.

In comes Harlequin, demi-masked, party-coloured, nimble-toed, lithe, agile; bending himself now this way, now that; bridling up like a pigeon; tipping out his toe like a dancer; then taking a fantastic skip; then standing ready at all points, and at right angles with his omnipotent lath-sword, the emblem of the converting power of fancy and light-heartedness. Giddy as we think him, he is resolved to show us that his head can bear more giddiness than we fancy; and lo! beginning with it by degrees, he whirls it round into a very spin, with no more remorse than if it were a button. Then he draws his sword, slaps his enemy, who has just come upon him, into a settee; and springing upon him, dashes through the window like a swallow. Let us hope that Columbine and the high road are on the other side, and that he is already a mile on the road to Gretna: for

Here comes Pantaloon, with his stupid servant; not the Clown, but a proper grave blockhead, to keep him in heart with himself. What a hobbling old rascal it is! How void of any handsome infirmity! His very gout is owing to his having lived upon twopence farthing. Not finding Harlequin and Columbine, he sends his servant to look in the further part of the house, while he hobbles back to see what has become of that lazy fellow the Clown.

He, the cunning rogue, who has been watching mid-way, and now sees the coast clear, enters in front,—round-faced, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, but agile to a degree of the dislocated, with a great smear for his mouth, and a cap on his head, half fool's and half cook's. Commend him to the dinner that he sees on table, and that was laid for Harlequin and his mistress. Merry be their hearts: there is a time for all things; and while they dance through a dozen inns to their hearts' content, he will eat a Sussex dumpling or so. Down



he sits, contriving a luxurious seat, and inviting himself with as many ceremonies as if he had the whole day before him : but when he once begins, he seems as if he had not a moment to lose. The dumpling vanishes at a cram :—the sausages are abolished :—down go a dozen yards of macaroni : and he is in the act of paying his duties to a gallon of rum, when in come Pantaloon and his servant at opposite doors, both in search of the glutton, both furious, and both resolved to pounce on the rascal headlong. They rush forward accordingly ; he slips from between them with a “Hallo, I say ;” and the two poor devils dash their heads against one another, like rams. They rebound fainting asunder to the stage-doors : while the Clown, laughing with all his shoulders, nods a health to each, and finishes his draught. He then holds a great cask of a snuff-box to each of their noses, to bring them to ; and while they are sneezing and tearing their souls out, jogs off at his leisure.

Ah—here he is again on his road, Harlequin with his lass, fifty miles advanced in an hour, and caring nothing for his pursuers, though they have taken the steam-coach. Now the lovers dine indeed ; and having had no motion to signify, join in a dance. Here Columbine shines as she ought to do. The little slender, but plump rogue ! How she winds it hither and thither with her trim waist, and her waxen arms ! now with a hand against her side, tripping it with no immodest insolence in a hornpipe ; now undulating it in a waltz ; or “caracoling” it, as Sir Thomas Urquhart would say, in the saltatory style of the opera ;—but always Columbine ; always the little dove who is to be protected ; something less than the opera-dancer, and greater ; more unconscious, yet not so ; and ready to stretch her gauze wings for a flight, the moment Riches would tear her from Love.

But these introductions of the characters by themselves do not give a sufficient idea of the great pervading spirit of the pantomime, which is motion ; motion for ever, and motion all at once. Mr. Jacob Bryant, who saw everything in anything, and needed nothing but the taking a word to pieces to prove that his boots and the constellation Boötes were the same thing, would have recognised in the word Pantomime the Anglo-antediluvian compound, a *Pant-o-mimes* ! that is to say, a set of Mimes or Mimics, all panting together. Or he would have detected the obvious Anglo-Greek meaning of a set of Mimes, expressing *Pan*, or Every-thing, by means of the *Toe*,—*Pan-Toe-Mime*. Be this as it may, Pantomime is certainly a representation of the vital principle of all things, from the dance of the planets down to that of Damon and Phillis. Everything in it keeps moving ; there is no more cessation than there is in nature ; and though we may endeavour to fix our attention upon one mover or set of

movers at a time, we are conscious that all are going on. The Clown, though we do not see him, is jogging somewhere ;—Pantaloon and his servant, like Saturn and his ring, are still careering it behind their Mercury and Venus ; and when Harlequin and Columbine come in, do we fancy they have been resting behind the scenes ? The notion ! Look at them : they are evidently in full career : they have been, as well as are, dancing ; and the music, which never ceases whether they are visible or not, tells us as much.

Let readers, of a solemn turn of mistake, disagree with us if they please, provided they are ill-humoured. The erroneous, of a better nature, we are interested in ; having known what it is to err like them. These are apt to be mistaken out of modesty (sometimes out of a pardonable vanity in wishing to be esteemed) ; and in the case before us, they will sin against the natural candour of their hearts by condemning an entertainment which they enjoy, because they think it a mark of sense to do so. Let them know themselves to be wiser than those who are really of that opinion. There is nothing wiser than a cheerful pulse, and all innocent things which tend to keep it so. The crabbedest philosopher that ever lived (if he was a philosopher, and crabbed against his will) would have given thousands to feel as they do ; and he would have known, that it redounded to his honour and not to his disgrace, to own it.

## XI.—CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

READERS of newspapers are constantly being shocked with the unnatural conduct of parents towards their children. Some are detected in locking them up and half-starving them ; others tax them beyond their strength, and scourge them dreadfully for not bearing it ; others take horrible dislikes to their children, and vex and torture them in every way they can think of, short of subjecting themselves to the gallows. In most cases the tyranny is of long duration before it is exposed. A whole neighbourhood are saddened by the cries of the poor victim, till they are obliged to rise up in self-defence and bring the criminal to justice. By this we may judge how many miseries are taking place of which people have no suspicion ; how many wretches have crimes of this sort, to account for the evil in their looks ; and how many others, more criminal because more lying, go about in decent repute, while some oppressed and feeble relative, awfully patient, is awaiting in solitude the horror of the returning knock at the door.

It is alleged by offenders of this description, that the children are vicious and provoking ; that their conduct is very “aggravating,” as the phrase is ; and that “nothing can mend

them but blows,"—which never do. But whence come the faults of children? and how were they suffered to grow to such a height? Really,—setting aside these monsters of unpaternity,—parents are apt to demand a great many virtues in their children, which they do not themselves possess. The child, on the mere strength of their will, and without any of their experience, is expected to have good sense, good temper, and Heaven knows how many other good qualities; while the parents perhaps, notwithstanding all the lessons they have received from time and trouble, have little or nothing of any of them. Above all, they forget that, in originating the bodies of their children, they originate their minds and temperaments; that a child is but a continuation of his father and mother, or their fathers and mothers, and kindred; that it is further modified and made what it is by education and bringing up; and that on all these accounts the parents have no excuse for abusing and tormenting it; unless with equal wisdom and a glorious impartiality they should abuse and torment *themselves* in like manner,—scourge their own flesh, and condemn themselves to a crust and a black hole. If a father were to give his own sore legs a good flogging for inheriting ill-humours from his ancestors, he might with some show of reason proceed to punish the continuation of them in those of his child. If a cruel mother got into a handsome tub of cold water of a winter morning, and edified the neighbours with the just and retributive shrieks which she thence poured forth for a couple of hours, crying out to her deceased "mammy" that she would be a good elderly woman in future, and not a scold and a reprobate, then she might like a proper mad woman (for she is but an improper one now) put her child into the tub after her, and make it shriek out "mammy" in its turn.

But let us do justice to all one's fellow-creatures, not forgetting these very "aggravating" parents. To regard them as something infernal, and forget that they, as well as their children, have become what they are from circumstances over which they had no control, is to fall into their own error, and forget our common humanity. We believe that the very worst of these domestic tyrants (and it is an awful lesson for the best of them) would have been shocked in early life, if they could have been shown, in a magic glass, what sort of beings they would become. Suppose one of them a young man, blooming with health, and not ill-natured, but subject to fits of sulkiness or passion, and not very wise; and suppose that in this glass he sees an old ill-looking fellow, scowling, violent, outrageous, tormenting with a bloody scourge his own child, who is meagre, squalid, and half-starved,—“Good God!” he would cry, “can that be myself? Can that be my arm, and my face? And that my own poor

little child? There *are* devils then, and I am doomed to be one of them.” And the tears would pour into his eyes. No: not so, poor wretch: thou art no devil,—there is no such thing as devilishness or pure malice for its own sake; the very cruellest actions are committed to relieve the cravings of the perpetrator's want of excitement, more than to hurt another. But though no devil, you are very ignorant, and are not aware of your ignorance. The energies of the universe, being on a great scale, are liable, in their progress from worse to better, to great roughness in the working, and appalling sounds of discord. The wiser you become, the more you diminish this jarring, and tend to produce that amelioration. Learn this, and be neither appalled nor appalling; or if your reflections do not travel so far, and you are in no danger of continuing your evil course by the subtle desperations of superstition, be content to know, that nobody ill-treats another, who is satisfied with his own conduct. If the case were otherwise, it would be worse; for you would not have the excuse, even of a necessity for relieving your own sensations. But it never *is* so, sophisticate about it as you may. The very pains you take to reconcile yourself to yourself, may show you how much need you have of doing so. It is nothing else which makes the silliest little child sulky; and the same folly makes the grown man a tyrant. When you begin to ill-treat your child, you begin to punish in him your own faults; and you most likely do nothing but beat them in upon him with every stroke of the scourge: for why should he be wiser than you? Why should he be able to throw off the ill-humours of which your greater energies cannot get rid?

These thoughts we address to those who are worthy of them; and who, not being tyrants, may yet become such, for want of reflection. Vulgar offenders can be mended only with the whole progress of society, and the advancement of education. There is one thing we must not omit to say, which is, that the best parents are apt to expect too much of their children, and to forget how much error they may have committed in the course of bringing them up. Nobody is in fault, in a criminal sense. Children have their excuses, and parents have their excuses; but the wiser any of us become, the less we exact from others, and the more we do to deserve their regard. The great art of being a good parent consists in setting a good example, and in maintaining that union of dispassionate firmness with habitual good-humour, which a child never *thinks* of treating with disrespect.

We have here been speaking principally of the behaviour of parents to *little children*. When violent disputes take place between parents and children grown up,—young men and women,—there are generally great faults on



both sides ; though, for an obvious reason, the parent, who has had the training and formation of the other, is likely to be most in the wrong. But unhappily, very excellent people may sometimes find themselves hampered in a calamity of this nature ; and out of that sort of weakness which is so often confounded with strength, turn their very sense of being in the right, to the same hostile and implacable purpose as if it were the reverse. We can only say, that from all we have seen in the world, and indeed from the whole experience of mankind, they who are conscious of being right, are the first to make a movement towards reconciliation, let the cause of quarrel be what it may ; and that there is no surer method, in the eyes of any who know what human nature is, both to sustain the real dignity of the right side, and to amend the wrong one. To kind-hearted fathers in general, who have the misfortune to get into a dilemma of this sort, we would recommend the pathetic story of a French general, who was observed, after the death of his son in battle, never to hold up his head. He said to a friend, "My boy was used to think me severe ; and he had too much reason to do so. He did not know how I loved him at the bottom of my heart ; and it is now too late."

## XII.—HOUSES ON FIRE.

It is astonishing how little imagination there is in the world, in matters not affecting men's immediate wants and importance. People seem to require a million thumps on the head, before they can learn to guard against a head-ache. This would be little ; but the greater the calamity, the less they seem to provide against it. All the fires in this great metropolis, and the frightful catastrophes which are often the result, do not show the inhabitants that they ought to take measures to guard against them, and that these measures are among the easiest things in the world. Every man who has a family, and whose house is too high to allow of jumping out of the windows, ought to consider himself *bound* to have a fire-escape. What signifies all the care he has taken to be a good husband or father, and all the provision he has made for the well-being of his children in after-life, if in one frightful moment, in the dead of night, with horror glaring in their faces, and tender and despairing words swallowed up in burning and suffocation,—amidst cracking beams and rafters, sinking floors, and a whole yielding gulf of agony,—they are all to *cease* to be !—to perish like so many vermin in a wall ! Fire-escapes, even if they are not made so already (as we believe they are) can evidently be constructed in a most easy, cheap, and commodious manner. A basket and a double rope

are sufficient ; or two or three would be better. It is the sudden sense of the height at which people sleep, and the despair of escape which consequently seizes them, for want of some such provision, that disables them from thinking of any other resources. Houses, it is true, generally have trap-doors to the roof ; but these are not kept in readiness for use ; a ladder is wanting ; or the door is hard to be got up ; the passage to it is difficult, or involved in the fire ; and the roof may not be a safe one to walk over ; children cannot act for themselves ; terror affects the older people ; and, therefore, on all these accounts, nothing is more desirable than that the means of escape should be at hand, should be facile, and capable of being used in concert with the multitude below. People out of doors are ever ready and anxious to assist. Those brave fellows, the firemen, would complete the task, if time allowed, and circumstances had hitherto prevented it ; and handle the basket and the little riders in it, with confidence, like so many chickens. A time perhaps will come, when every window in a high bed-chamber will have an escape to it, as a matter of course ; but it is a terrible pity, meanwhile, that for want of a little imagination out of the common pale of their Mondays and Wednesdays, a whole metropolis, piquing themselves on their love of their families, should subject themselves and the dearest objects of their affection to these infernal accidents.

In an honest state of society, houses would all communicate with one another by common doors ; and families destroyed by fire would be among the monstrosities of history.

## XIII.—A BATTLE OF ANTS.—DESIRABLENESS OF DRAWING A DISTINCTION BETWEEN POWERS COMMON TO OTHER ANIMALS, AND THOSE PECULIAR TO MAN.

TAKING up, the other day, a number of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, we met with the following account of a battle of ants. It is contained in the notice of a memoir by M. Hanhart, who describes the battle as having taken place between two species of these insects, "one the *formica rufa*, and the other a little black ant, which he does not name (probably the *fofusca*)." In other respects, as the reviewer observes, the subject is not new, the celebrated Huber having described a battle of this kind before ; but as natural history lies out of the way of many readers (though calculated to please them all, if they are genuine readers of anything), and as it has suggested to us a few remarks which may further the objects we have in writing, the account shall be here repeated.

"M. Hanhart saw these insects approach in armies composed of their respective swarms,

and advancing towards each other in the greatest order. The *Formica rufa* marched with one in front, on a line from nine to twelve feet in length, flanked by several corps in square masses, composed of from twenty to sixty individuals.

"The second species (little blacks), forming an army much more numerous, marched to meet the enemy on a very extended line, and from one to three individuals abreast. They left a detachment at the foot of their hillock to defend it against any unlooked-for attack. The rest of the army marched to battle, with its right wing supported by a solid corps of several hundred individuals, and the left wing supported by a similar body of more than a thousand. These groups advanced in the greatest order, and without changing their positions. The two lateral corps took no part in the present action. That of the right wing made a halt and formed an army of reserve; whilst the corps which marched in column on the left wing, manœuvred so as to turn the hostile army, and advanced with a hurried march to the hillock of the *Formica rufa*, and took it by assault.

"The two armies attacked each other, and fought for a long time, without breaking their lines. At length disorder appeared in various points, and the combat was maintained in detached groups; and after a bloody battle, which continued from three to four hours, the *Formica rufa* were put to flight, and forced to abandon their two hillocks and go off to establish themselves at some other point with the remains of their army.

"The most interesting part of this exhibition, says M. Hanhart, was to see these insects reciprocally making prisoners, and transporting their own wounded to their hillocks. Their devotedness to the wounded was carried so far that the *Formica rufa*, in conveying them to their nests, allowed themselves to be killed by the little blacks without any resistance, rather than abandon their precious charge.

"From the observations of M. Huber, it is known that when an ant hillock is taken by the enemy, the vanquished are reduced to slavery, and employed in the interior labours of their habitation."—*Bull. Univ. Mai* 1826.

There is no sort of reason, observe, to mistrust these accounts. The "lords of creation" may be slow in admitting the approaches of other animals to a common property in what they consider eminently human and skilful; but ants, in some of their habits, have a great resemblance to bees; and after what is now universally known respecting the polity and behaviour of the bees, the doubt will rather be, whether a share in the arts of war and government is not possessed by a far greater number of beings than we have yet discovered.

Here then, among a set of little creatures not bigger than grains of rice, is war in its

regular human shape; war, not only in its violence, but its patriotism or fellow-feeling; and not only in its patriotism, (which in our summary mode of settling all creatures' affections but our own, might be referred to instinct,) but war in its *science and battle array*! The red ants make their advance in a line from nine to twelve feet in length, flanked by several corps in square masses; the "little blacks," more numerous, come up three abreast, leaving a detachment at the foot of their hillock to defend against unlooked-for attack. There are wings, right and left; they halt; they form an army of reserve; one side manœuvres so as to turn the other; the hillock is taken by assault; the lines are broken; and in fine, after a "bloody battle" of three or four hours, the red ants are put to flight.

What is there different in all this from a battle of Waterloo or Malplaquet? We look down upon these little energetic and skilful creatures, as beings of a similar disproportion might look upon us; and do we not laugh? We may for an instant,—thinking of the little Wellingtons and Napoleons that may have led them; but such laughter is found to be wrong on reflection, and is left to those who do not reflect at all, and who would be the first to resent laughter against themselves.

What then do we do? Are we to go into a corner, and effeminately weep over the miseries of the *formican*, as well as the human, race? saying how short is the life of ant! and that *Fourmis* cometh up, and is cut down like a Frenchman? By no means. But we may contribute, by our reflections, an atom to the sum of human advancement; and if men advance, all the creatures of this world, for aught we know, may advance with them, or the places in which evil is found be diminished.

A little before we read this account of the battle of the ants, we saw pass by our window a troop of horse; a set of gallant fellows, on animals almost as noble; the band playing, and colours flying; a strenuous sight; a progress of human hearts and thick-coming, trampling hoofs; a crowd of wills, composed into order and beauty by the will of another; ready death in the most gallant shape of life; self-sacrifice taking out its holiday of admiration in the eyes of the feeble and the heroic, and moving through the sunshine to sounds of music, as if one moment of the very show of sympathy were worth any price, even to its own confusion.

Was it all this? or was it nothing but a set of more imposing animals, led by others about half as thoughtless? Was it an imposition on *themselves* as well as the public, enticing the poor souls to be dressed up for the slaughter? a mass of superfluous human beings, cheated to come together, in order, as Mr. Malthus thinks, that the superfluity may be got rid of,



and the great have elbow-room at their feasts? or was it simply, as other philosophers think, because human experience is still in its boyhood, and men, in some respects, *are not yet beyond the ants?*

The sight of one of these military shows is, to us, the most elevating and the most humiliating thing in the world. It seems at once to raise us to the gods, and to sink us to the brutes. We feel of what noble things men are capable, and into what half-witted things they may be deluded. At one moment we seem to ride in company with them to some glorious achievement, and rejoice in constituting a part of all that strength and warm blood which is to be let out for some great cause. At the next, they appear to us a parcel of poor fools tricked, and tricked out; and we, because we are poorer ones, who see without being able to help it, must fain have the feeble tears come in our eyes. Oh! in that sorry little looking-glass of a tear, how many great human shows have been reflected, and made less!

But these weaknesses belong to the physical part of us. Philosophy sees farther, and hopes all. That war is an unmixed evil, we do not believe. We are sure it is otherwise. It sets in motion many noble qualities, and (in default of a better instrument) often does a great deal of good. That it is not, at the same time, a great and monstrous evil, we believe as little. One field, after a battle, with the cries of the wounded and the dying, the dislocations, the tortures, the defeatures, and the dismemberings, the dreadful lingering (perhaps on a winter's night), the shrieks for help, and the agonies of mortal thirst,—is sufficient to do away all shallow and blustering attempts to make us take the show of it for the substance. Even if we had no hope that the world could ever get rid of war, we should not blind ourselves to this its ghastly side; for its evils would then accumulate for want of being considered; and it is better at all times to look a truth manfully in the face, than trust for security ourselves, or credulity from others, to an effeminate hiding of our eyes. But the same love of truth that disguises nothing, may hope everything; and it is this that shall carry the world forward to benefits unthought of, if men of genius once come to set it up as their guide and standard.

What we intended by our present article was this: to suggest, whether we ought to value ourselves on any custom or skill which we possess in common with the lower animals; or whether we ought not rather to consider the participation as an argument, that, in that respect, we have not yet got beyond the commonest instinct. If the military conduct of the ants be not instinct (or whatsoever human pride pleases to understand by that term), then are they in possession, so far, of human reason, and so far we do not see beyond them. If it

[PART II.]

be instinct, then war, and the conduct of it, are not the great things we suppose them; and a Wellington and a Washington may but follow the impulse of some mechanical energy, just as some insects are supposed to construct their dwellings in a particular shape, because they partake of it in their own conformation. In either case, we conceive, we ought to remind ourselves, that the greatest distinction hitherto discovered between men and other creatures is, that the human being is capable of improvement, and of seeing beyond the instincts common to all. Therefore, war is not a thing we arrive at after great improvement; it is a thing we begin with, before any; and what we take for improvements in the mode of conducting it, are only the result of such circumstances as can be turned to account by creatures no higher in the scale of being than insects.

We make very disingenuous use of the lower animals, in our reasonings and analogies. If we wish to degrade a man, we say he acts like a brute;—if, on the other hand, we would vindicate any part of our conduct as especially natural and proper, we say the very brutes do it. Now, in one sense of the word, everything is natural which takes place within the whole circle of nature; and being animals ourselves, we partake of much that is common to all animals. But if we are to pique ourselves on our superiority, it is evident that we are superior in proportion as we are rationally and deliberately different from the animals beneath us; while they, on the other hand, have a right to share our “glory,” or to pull it down, according to the degrees in which they resemble us.

The conclusion is, that we ought attentively to consider in what points the resemblance is to be found, and in what we leave them manifestly behind. Creatures who differ from ourselves may, it is true, have perceptions of which we are incapable, perhaps nobler ones; but this is a mere assumption: we can only reason from what we know; and it is to be presumed, that they are as inferior to us in all which we reckon intellectual and capable of advancement, as they are known to be so in general by their subjection to our uses, by the helps which we can afford them, by the mistakes they make, the points at which they stop short, and the manner in which we can put to flight their faculties, and whole myriads of them.

What faculties then have beasts and insects in common with us? What can they do, that we do also?—Let us see. Beavers can build houses, and insects of various sorts can build cells. Birds also construct themselves dwelling-places suitable to their nature. The orang-outang can be taught to put on clothes; he can sit up and take his wine at dinner; and the squirrel can play his part in a dessert, as far as the cracking of nuts. Animals, in general,

love personal cleanliness, and eat no more than is fit for them, but can be encouraged into great sensuality. Bees have a monarchical government: foxes understand trick and stratagem; so do hundreds of other animals, from the dog down to the dunghill-beetle; many are capable of pride and emulation, more of attachment, and all of fear, of anger, of hostility, or other impulses for self-defence; and all perhaps are susceptible of improvement *from without*; that is to say, by the help of man. Seals will look on while their young ones fight, and pat and caress the conqueror; and now it is discovered that ants can conduct armies to battle, can make and rescue prisoners, and turn them to account. Huber, in addition to these discoveries, found out that they possessed a sort of cattle in a species of *aphides*, and that they made them yield a secretion for food, as we obtain milk from the cows. It appears to be almost equally proved, that animals have modes of communicating with one another, analogous to speech. Insects are supposed to interchange a kind of dumb language,—to talk, as it were, with fingers,—by means of their *antennæ*; and it is difficult to believe, that in the songs of birds there is not both speech and inflection, communications in the gross, and expressions modified by the occasion.

Let the reader, however, as becomes his philosophy, take from all this whatever is superfluous or conjectural, and enough will remain to show, that the least and lowest animals, as well as man, can furnish themselves with dwellings; can procure food; can trick and deceive; are naturally clean and temperate, but can be taught to indulge their senses; have the ordinary round of passions; encourage the qualities necessary to vigour and self-defence; have polity and kingly government; can make other animals of use to them; and finally, can make war, and conduct armies to battle in the most striking modes of human strategy.

Animals in general, therefore, include among themselves

Masons, or house-builders;  
Getters of bread;  
Common followers of the senses;  
Common-place imitators;  
Pursuers of their own interest, in cunning  
as well as in simplicity;  
Possessors of the natural affections;  
Encouragers of valour and self-exertion;  
Monarchs and subjects;  
Warriors, and leaders to battle.

Whatever, among men, is reducible to any of these classes, is to be found among beasts, birds, and insects. We are not to be ashamed of anything we have in common with them, merely because we so have it. On the contrary, we are to be glad that any quality, useful or noble, is so universal in the creation. But whatever we discern among them, of sordid or

selfish, there, without condemning them, we may see the line drawn, beyond which we can alone congratulate ourselves on our humanity; and whatever skill they possess in common with us, there we are to begin to doubt whether we have any reason to pique ourselves on our display of it, and from that limit we are to begin to consider what they do *not* possess.

We have often had a suspicion, that military talent is greatly overrated by the world, and for an obvious reason: because the means by which it shows itself are connected with brute force and the most terrible results; and men's faculties are dazzled and beaten down by a thunder and lightning so formidable to their very existence. If playing a game of chess involved the blowing up of gunpowder and the hazard of laying waste a city, men would have the same grand idea of a game at chess; and yet we now give it no more glory than it deserves. Now it is doubtful, whether the greatest military conqueror, considered purely as such, and not with reference to his accidental possession of other talents, such as those of Cæsar and Xenophon, is not a mere chess-player of this description, with the addition of greater self-possession. His main faculty is of the geometrical or proportion-giving order; of which it is remarkable, that it is the only one, ranking high among those of humanity, which is partaken by the lowest ignorance and what is called pure instinct; by arithmetical idiots, and architectural bees. Idiots have been known to solve difficult arithmetical questions, by taking a thought which they could do for no other purpose; that is to say, by reference to some undiscovered faculty within them, that looks very like an instinct, and the result of the presence or absence of something, which is not common to higher organisation. In *Jameson's Philosophical Journal* for April,\* is a conjecture, that the hexagonal plan of the cells of a hornet is derived from the structure of its fore-legs. It has often struck us, that the architecture of the cells of bees might be owing to a similar guidance of conformation; and by the like analogy, extraordinary powers of arithmetic might be traceable to some physical peculiarity, or a tendency to it; such as the indication of a sixth finger on the hands of one of the calculating boys that were lately so much talked of. We have sometimes thought, that even the illustrious Newton had a face and a set of features singularly accordant with mathematical uniformity and precision. And there is a professional cast of countenance attributed, not perhaps without reason, to warriors of the more me-

\* See the *Magazine of Natural History* for July, a work lately set up. We beg leave to recommend this, and all similar works, to the lovers of truth and inquiry in general; physical discovery having greater alliance with moral than is suspected, and the habit of sincere investigation on all points being greatly encouraged by its existence in any one.



chanical order. Washington's face was as cut and dry as a diagram.

It may be argued, that whatever proofs may exist of the acquaintance of insects with the art of war, or at least with their power of joining battle under the ordinary appearances of skill and science, it does not follow that they conduct the matter with the real science of human beings, or that they are acquainted with our variety of tactics, or have made improvements in them from time to time. We concede that in all probability there is a distinction between the exercise of the most rational-looking instincts on the part of a lower animal, and the most instinctive-looking reason on the side of man; but where the two classes have so much in common in any one particular, what we mean to show is, that in that particular it is more difficult than in others to pronounce where the limit between conscious and unconscious skill is to be drawn; and that so far, we have no pretension which other animals may not dispute with us. It has been often wondered, that a great general is not in other respects a man above the vulgar; that he is not a better speaker than others; a better writer, or thinker, or possessed of greater address; in short, that he has no qualities but such as are essential to him in his military capacity. This again looks like a proof of the mechanical nature of a general's ability. We believe it may be said exclusively of military talents, and of one or two others connected with the mathematics, that they are the only ones capable of attaining to greatness and celebrity in their respective departments, with a destitution of taste or knowledge in every other. Every other great talent partakes more or less of a sympathy with greatness in other shapes. The fine arts have their harmonies in common: wit implies a stock of ideas: the legislator—(we do not mean the ordinary conductors of government, for they, as one of them said, require much less wisdom than the world supposes; and it may be added, impose upon the world, somewhat in the same manner as military leaders, by dint of the size and potency of their operations)—the legislator makes a profound study of all the wants of mankind; and poetry and philosophy show the height at which they live, by "looking abroad into universality."

Far be it from us to undervalue the *use* of any science, especially in the hands of those who are capable of so looking abroad, and seeing where it can advance the good of the community. The commonest genuine soldier has a merit in his way, which we are far from disesteeming. Without a portion of his fortitude, no man has a power to be useful. But we are speaking of intellects capable of leading society onwards, and not of instruments however respectable: and unfortunately (generally speaking) the greatest soldiers are fit only to

be instruments, not leaders. Once in a way it happens luckily that they suit the times they live in. Washington is an instance: and yet if ever great man looked like "a tool in the hands of Providence," it was he. He appears to have been always the same man, from first to last, employed or unemployed, known or unknown;—the same steady, dry-looking, determined person, cut and carved like a piece of ebony, for the genius of the times to rule with. Before the work was begun, there he was, a sort of born patriarchal staff, governing herds and slaves; and when the work was over, he was found in his old place, with the same carved countenance and the same stiff inflexibility, governing still. And his *slaves* were found with him. This is what a soldier ought to be. Not indeed if the world were to advance by their means, and theirs only; but that is impossible. Washington was only the sword with which Franklin and the spirit of revolution worked out their purposes; and a sword should be nothing but a sword. The moment soldiers come to direct the intellect of their age, they make a sorry business of it. Napoleon himself did. Frederick did. Even Cæsar failed. As to Alfred the Great, he was not so much a general fighting with generals, as a universal genius warring with barbarism and adversity; and it took a load of sorrow to make even him the demigod he was.

"Stand upon the ancient ways," says Bacon, "and see what steps may be taken for progression." Look, for the same purpose (it may be said) upon the rest of the animal creation, and consider the qualities in which they have *no share* with you. Of the others, you may well doubt the greatness, considered as movers, and not instruments, towards progression. It is among the remainder you must seek for the advancement of your species. An insect can be a provider of the necessaries of life, and he can exercise power and organise violence. He can be a builder; he can be a soldier; he can be a king. But to all appearance, he is the same as he was ever, and his works perish with him. If insects have such and such an establishment among them, we conceive they will have it always, unless men can alter it for them. If they have no such establishment, they appear of themselves incapable of admitting it. It is men only that add and improve. Men only can bequeath their souls for the benefit of posterity, in the shape of arts and books. Men only can philosophize, and reform, and cast off old customs, and take steps for laying the whole globe nearer to the sun of wisdom and happiness: and in proportion as you find them capable of so hoping and so working, you recognise their superiority to the brutes that perish.

#### XIV.—A WALK FROM DULWICH TO BROCKHAM.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

*With an original Circumstance or two respecting Dr. Johnson.*

DEAR SIR,

As other calls upon my pilgrimage in this world have interrupted those weekly voyages of discovery into green lanes and rustic houses of entertainment which you and I had so agreeably commenced, I thought I could not do better than make you partaker of my new journey, as far as pen and paper could do it. You are therefore to look upon yourself as having resolved to take a walk of twenty or thirty miles into Surrey without knowing anything of the matter. You will have set out with us a fortnight ago, and will be kind enough to take your busts for chambermaids, and your music (which is not so easy) for the voices of stage-coachmen.

Illness, you know, does not hinder me from walking; neither does anxiety. On the contrary, the more I walk, the better and stouter I become; and I believe if everybody were to regard the restlessness which anxiety creates, as a signal from nature to get up and contend with it in that manner, people would find the benefit of it. This is more particularly the case if they are lovers of Nature, as well as pupils of her, and have an eye for the beauties in which her visible world abounds; and as I may claim the merit of loving her heartily, and even of tracing my sufferings (when I have them) to her cause, the latter are never so great but she repays me with some sense of sweetness, and leaves me a certain property in the delight of others, when I have little of my own.

"O that I had the wings of a dove!" said the royal poet; "then would I fly away and be at rest." I believe there are few persons, who having felt sorrow, and anticipating a journey not exactly towards it, have not partaken of this sense of the desirability of remoteness. A great deal of what we love in poetry is founded upon it; nor do any feel it with more passion, than those whose sense of duty to their fellow-creatures will not allow them to regard retirement as anything but a refreshment between their tasks, and as a wealth of which all ought to partake.

But David sighed for remoteness, and not for solitude. At least, if he did, the cares of the moment must have greatly overbalanced the habits of the poet. Neither doves nor poets can very well do without a companion. Be that as it may, the writer of this epistle, who is a still greater lover of companionship than poetry (and he cannot express his liking more strongly) had not the misfortune, on the present occasion, of being compelled to do without it; and as to remoteness, though his pilgrimage was to extend little beyond twenty

miles, he had not the less sense of it on that account. Remoteness is not how far you go in point of ground, but how far you feel yourself from your common-places. Literal distance is indeed necessary in some degree; but the quantity of it depends on imagination and the nature of circumstances. The poet who can take to his wings like a dove, and plunge into the wood nearest him, is farther off, millions of miles, in the retreat of his thoughts, than the literalist, who must get to Johnny Groat's in order to convince himself that he is not in Edinburgh.

Almost any companion would do, if we could not make our choice, provided it loved us and was sincere. A horse is good company, if you have no other; a dog still better. I have have often thought, that I could take a child by the hand, and walk with it day after day towards the north or the east, a straight road, feeling as if it would lead into another world,

"And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest."

But I should have to go back, to fetch some grown friends.

There were three of us on the present occasion, grown and young. We began by taking the Dulwich stage from a house in Fleet-street, where a drunken man came into the tap, and was very pious. He recited hymns; asked the landlady to shake hands with him; was for making a sofa of the counter, which she prevented by thrusting his leg off with some indignation; and being hindered in this piece of jollity, he sank on his knees to pray. He was too good-natured for a Methodist; so had taken to stiff glasses of brandy-and-water,

"To help him to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marle."

He said he had been "twice through the gates of hell;" and by his drinking, poor fellow, he seemed to be setting out on his third adventure. We called him *Sin-bad*. By the way, when you were a boy, did you not think that the name of Sindbad was allegorical, and meant a man who had sinned very badly? Does not every little boy think so? One does not indeed, at that time of life, know very well what to make of the porter *Hindbad*, who rhymes to him; and I remember I was not pleased when I came to find out that Hind and Sind were component words, and meant Eastern and Western.

The stage took us to the Greyhound at Dulwich, where, though we had come from another village almost as far off from London on the northern side, we felt as if we had newly got into the country, and ate a hearty supper accordingly. This was a thing not usual with us; but then everybody eats "in the country;"—there is "the air;" and besides, we had eaten little dinner, and were merrier, and



"remote." On looking out of our chamber window in the morning, we remarked that the situation of the inn was beautiful, even towards the road, the place is so rich with trees; and returning to the room in which we had supped, we found with pleasure that we had a window there, presenting us with a peep into rich meadows, where the haymakers were at work in their white shirts. A sunny room, quiet, our remote five miles, and a pleasant subject (the Poetry of British Ladies) enabled the editorial part of us to go comfortably to our morning's task; after which we left the inn to proceed on our journey. We had not seen Dulwich for many years, and were surprised to find it still so full of trees. It continues, at least in the quarter through which we passed, to deserve the recommendation given it by Armstrong, of

—"Dulwich, yet unspoil'd by art."

He would have added, had he lived, now that art had come, even to make it better. It was with real pain, that two lovers of painting were obliged to coast the walls of the college without seeing the gallery: but we have vowed a pilgrimage very shortly to those remoter places, there to be found; to wit, the landscapes of Claude and Cuypp, and the houses of Rembrandt; and we shall make report of it, to save our character. We know not whether it was the sultriness of the day, with occasional heavy clouds, but we thought the air of Dulwich too warm, and pronounced it a place of sleepy luxuriance. So it appeared to us that morning; beautiful, however, and "remote;" and the thought of old Allen, Shakspeare's playmate, made it still more so.

I remember, in my boyhood, seeing Sir Francis Bourgeois (the bequeather of the Dulwich pictures) in company with Mr. West, in the latter's gallery in Newman-street. He was in buckskins and boots, dandy dress of that time, and appeared a lively, good-natured man, with a pleasing countenance, probably because he said something pleasant of myself; he confirmed it with an oath, which startled, but did not alter this opinion. Ever afterwards I had an inclination to like his pictures, which I believe were not very good; and unfortunately, with whatever gravity he might paint, his oath and his buckskins would never allow me to consider him a serious person; so that it somewhat surprised me to hear that M. Desenfans had bequeathed him his gallery out of pure regard; and still more that Sir Francis, when he died, had ordered his own remains to be gathered to those of his benefactor and Madame Desenfans, and all three buried in the society of the pictures they loved. For the first time, I began to think that his pictures must have contained more than was found in them, and that I had done wrong (as it is customary to do) to the gaiety of his manners.

If there was vanity in the bequest, as some have thought, it was at least a vanity accompanied with touching circumstances and an appearance of a very social taste; and as most people have their vanities, it might be as well for them to think what sort of accompaniments exalt or degrade theirs, or render them purely dull and selfish. As to the Gallery's being "out of the way," especially for students, I am of a different opinion, and for two reasons: first, that no gallery, whether in or out of the way, can ever produce great artists, nature, and perhaps the very want of a gallery, always settling that matter before galleries are thought of; and, second, because in going to see the pictures in a beautiful country village, people get out of their town common-places, and are better prepared for the perception of other beauties, and of the nature that makes them all. Besides, there is probably something to pay on a jaunt of this kind, and yet of a different sort from payments at a door. There is no illiberal demand at Dulwich for a liberal pleasure; but then "the inn" is inviting; people eat and drink, and get social; and the warmth which dinner and a glass diffuses, helps them to rejoice doubly in the warmth of the sunshine and the pictures, and in the fame of the great and generous.

Leaving Dulwich for Norwood (where we rejoiced to hear that some of our old friends the Gipsies were still extant), we found the air very refreshing as we ascended towards the church of the latter village. It is one of the dandy modern churches (for they deserve no better name) standing on an open hill, as if to be admired. It is pleasant to see churches instead of Methodist chapels, because any moderate religion has more of real Christianity in it, than contumelious opinions of God and the next world; but there is a want of taste, of every sort, in these new churches. They are not picturesque, like the old ones; they are not humble; they are not, what they are so often miscalled, classical. A barn is a more classical building than a church with a fantastic steeple to it. In fact, a barn is of the genuine classical shape, and only wants a stone covering, and pillars about it, to become a temple of Theseus. The classical shape is the shape of simple utility and beauty. Sometimes we see it in the body of the modern church; but then a steeple must be put on it: the artist must have something of his own; and having, in fact, *nothing* of his own, he first puts a bit of a steeple, which he thinks will not be enough, then another bit, and then another; adds another fantastic ornament here and there to his building, by way of rim or "border, like;" and so, having put his pepper-box over his pillars, and his pillars over his pepper-box, he pretends he has done a grand thing, while he knows very well that he has only been perplexed, and a bricklayer.

For a village, the old picturesque church is the proper thing, with its tower and its trees, as at Hendon and Finchley ; or its spire, as at Beckenham. Classical beauty is one thing, Gothic or Saxon beauty is another ; quite as genuine in its way, and in this instance more suitable. It has been well observed, that what is called classical architecture, though of older date than the Gothic, really does not look so old—does not so well convey the sentiment of antiquity ; that is to say, the ideal associations of this world, however ancient, are far surpassed in the reach of ages by those of religion, and the patriarchs and another world ; not to mention, that we have been used to identify them with the visible old age of our parents and kindred ; and that Greek and Roman architecture, in its smoothness and polish, has an unfading look of youth. It might be thought, that the erection of new churches on the classical principle (taking it for granted that, they remind us more of Greek and Roman temples, than of their own absurdity) would be favourable to the growth of liberality ; that, at least, liberality would not be opposed by it ; whereas the preservation of the old style might tend to keep up old notions. We do not think so, except inasmuch as the old notions would not be unfavourable to the new. New opinions ought to be made to grow as kindly as possible out of old ones, and should preserve all that they contain of the affectionate and truly venerable. We could fancy the most liberal doctrines preached five hundred years hence in churches precisely like those of our ancestors, and their old dust ready to blossom into delight at the arrival of true Christianity. But these new, fine, heartless-looking, showy churches, neither one thing nor the other, have, to our eyes, an appearance of nothing but worldliness and a job.

We descended into Streatham by the lane leading to the White Lion ; the which noble beast, regardant, looked at us up the narrow passage, as if intending to dispute rather than invite our approach to the castle of his hospitable proprietor. On going nearer, we found that the grimness of his aspect was purely in our imaginations, the said lordly animal having, in fact, a countenance singularly humane, and very like a gentleman we knew once of the name of Collins.

It not being within our plan to accept Collins's invitation, we turned to the left, and proceeded down the village, thinking of Dr. Johnson. Seeing, however, an aged landlord at the door, we stepped back to ask him if he remembered the Doctor. He knew nothing of him, nor even of Mr. Thrale, having come late, he said, to those parts. Resuming our way, we saw, at the end of the village, a decent-looking old man, with a sharp eye and a hale countenance, who, with an easy, self-satisfied air, as if he had worked enough in his time

and was no longer under the necessity of overtroubling himself, sat indolently cracking stones in the road. We asked him if he knew Dr. Johnson ; and he said, with a jerk-up of his eye, "*Oh yes ;—I knew him well enough.*" Seating myself on one side of his trench of stones, I proceeded to have that matter out with Master Whatman (for such was the name of my informant). His information did not amount to much, but it contained one or two points which I do not remember to have met with, and every addition to our knowledge of such a man is valuable. Nobody will think it more so than yourself, who will certainly *yearn* over this part of my letter, and make much of it. The following is the sum total of what was related :—Johnson, he said, wore a silk waistcoat embroidered with silver, and all over snuff. The snuff he carried loose in his waistcoat pocket, and would take a handful of it out with one hand, and help himself to it with the other. He would sometimes have his dinner brought out to him in the park, and set on the ground ; and while he was waiting for it, would lie idly, and cut the grass with a knife. His manners were very good-natured, and sometimes so childish, that people would have taken him for "an idiot, like." His voice was "low."—"Do you mean low in a gruff sense ?"—"No : it was rather feminine."—"Then perhaps, in one sense of the word, it was high ?"—"Yes, it was."—"And gentle ?"—"Yes, very gentle !"—(This, of course, was to people in general, and to the villagers. When he dogmatised, it became what Lord Pembroke called a "bow-wow." The late Mr. Fuseli told us the same thing of Johnson's voice ; we mean, that it was 'high,' in contradistinction to a bass voice.) To proceed with our village historian. Our informant recurred several times to the childish manners of Johnson, saying that he often appeared "quite simple,"—"just like a child,"—"almost foolish, like." When he walked, he always seemed in a hurry. His walk was "between a run and a shuffle." Master Whatman was here painting a good portrait. I have often suspected that the best likeness of Johnson was a whole-length engraving of him, walking in Scotland, with that joke of his underneath, about the stick that he lost in the isle of Mull. Boswell told him the stick would be returned. "No, sir," replied he ; "consider the value of *such a piece of timber here.*" The manner of his walk in the picture is precisely that described by the villager. Whatman concluded, by giving his opinion of Mrs. Thrale, which he did in exactly the following words :—"She gathered a good deal of knowledge from him, but does not seem to have turned it to much account." Wherever you now go about the country, you recognise the effects of that "Twopenny Trash," which the illiberal affect to hold in such contempt, and are really so afraid of. They have reason,



for people now canvass their pretensions in good set terms, who would have said nothing but "*Anan!*" to a question thirty years back. Not that Mr. Whatman discussed politics with us. Let no magnanimous Quarterly Reviewer try to get him turned out of a place on that score. We are speaking of the peasantry at large, and then, not merely of politics, but of questions of all sorts interesting to humanity; which the very clowns now discuss by the road-side, to an extent at which their former leaders would not dare to discuss them. This is one reason, among others, why knowledge must go on victoriously. A real zeal for the truth can discuss anything; slavery can only go the length of its chain.

In quitting Streatham, we met a lady on horseback, accompanied by three curs and a footman, which a milkman facetiously termed a footman and "three outriders." Entering Mitcham by the green where they play at cricket, we noticed a pretty, moderate-sized house, with the largest geraniums growing on each side the door that we ever beheld in that situation. Mitcham reminded me of its neighbour, Merton, and of the days of my childhood; but we could not go out of our way to see it. There was the little river Wandle, however, turning a mill, and flowing between flowery meadows. The mill was that of a copper manufactory, at which the people work night as well as day, one half taking the duties alternately. The reason given for this is, that by night, the river not being interrupted by other demands upon it, works to better advantage. The epithet of "flowery" applied to the district, is no poetical licence. In the fields about Mitcham they cultivate herbs for the apothecaries; so that in the height of the season, you walk as in the Elysian fields,

"In yellow meads of asphodel.  
And amaranthine bowers."

Apothecaries' Hall, I understand, is entirely supplied with this poetical part of medicine from some acres of ground belonging to Major Moor. A beautiful bed of poppies, as we entered Morden, glowed in the setting sun, like the dreams of Titian. It looked like a bed for Proserpina—a glow of melancholy beauty, containing a joy perhaps beyond joy. Poppies, with their dark ruby cups and crowned heads, the more than wine colour of their sleepy silk, and the funeral look of their anthers, seem to have a meaning about them beyond other flowers. They look as if they held a mystery at their hearts, like sleeping kings of Lethe.

The church of Mitcham has been rebuilt, if I recollect rightly, but in the proper old style. Morden has a good old church, which tempted us to look into the church-yard; but a rich man who lives near it, and who did not choose his house to be approached on that side, had locked up the gate, so that there was no path

through it, except on Sundays. Can this be a lawful exercise of power? If people have a right to call any path their own, I should think it must be that which leads to the graves of their fathers and mothers; and next to their right, such a path is the right of the traveller. The traveller may be in some measure regarded as a representative of wandering humanity. He claims relationship with all whom he finds attached to a place in idea. He and the dead are at once in a place, and apart from it. Setting aside this remoter sentiment, it is surely an inconsiderate thing in any man to shut up a church-yard from the villagers; and should these pages meet the eye of the person in question, he is recommended to think better of it. Possibly I may not know the whole of the case, and on that account, though not that only, I mention no names; for the inhabitant with whom I talked on the subject, and who regarded it in the same light, added, with a candour becoming his objections, that "the gentleman was a very good-natured gentleman, too, and kind to the poor." How his act of power squares with his kindness, I do not know. Very good-natured people are sometimes very fond of having their own way; but this is a mode of indulging it, which a truly generous person, I should think, will, on reflection, be glad to give up. Such a man, I am sure, can afford to concede a point, where others, who do not deserve the character, will try hard to retain every little proof of their importance.

On the steps of the George Inn, at Morden, the rustic inn of a hamlet, stood a personage much grimmer than the White Lion of Streatham; looking, in fact, with his fiery eyes, his beak, and his old mouth and chin, very like the cock, or "grim leoun," of Chaucer. He was tall and thin, with a flapped hat over his eyes, and appeared as sulky and dissatisfied as if he had quarrelled with the whole world, the exciseman in particular. We asked him if he could let us have some tea. He said, "Yes, he believed so;" and pointed with an indifferent, or rather hostile air, to a room at the side, which we entered. A buxom good-natured girl, with a squint, that was bewitching after the moral deformity of our friend's visage, served us up tea; and "tea, sir," as Johnson might have said, "inspires placidity." The room was adorned with some engravings after Smirke, the subjects out of Shakspeare, which never look so well, I think, as when thus encountered on a journey. Shakspeare is in the highway of life, with exquisite side-touches of the remoteness of the poet; and nobody links all kindly together as he does.

We afterwards found in conversing with the villager above-mentioned, that our host of the George had got rich, and was preparing to quit for a new house he had built, in which he meant to turn gentleman farmer. Habit made him

dislike to go ; pride and his wife (who vowed she would go whether he did or not) rendered him unable to stay ; and so between his grudging the new-comer and the old rib, he was in as pretty a state of irritability as any successful non-succeeder need be. People had been galling him all day, I suppose, with showing how many pots of ale would be drunk under the new tenant ; and our arrival crowned the measure of his receipts and his wretchedness, by intimating that "gentlefolks" intended to come to tea.—Adieu, till next week.

We left Morden after tea, and proceeded on our road for Epsom. The landscape continued flat but luxuriant. You are sure, I believe, of trees in Surrey, except on the downs ; and they are surrounded with wood, and often have beautiful clumps of it. The sun began to set a little after we had got beyond the Post-house ; and was the largest I remember to have seen. It looked through hedges of elms and wild roses ; the mowers were going home ; and by degrees the landscape was bathed in a balmy twilight. Patient and placid thought succeeded. It was an hour, and a scene, in which one would suppose that the weariest-laden pilgrim must feel his burden easier.

About a mile from Ewell a post-chaise overtook and passed us, the driver of which was seated, and had taken up an eleemosynary girl to sit with him. Postilions run along a road, conscious of a pretty power in that way, and able to select some fair one, to whom they gallantly make a present of a ride. Not having a fare of one sort, they make it up to themselves by taking another. You may be pretty sure on these occasions, that there is nobody "hid in their vacant interlunar" chaise. So taking pity on my companions (for after I am once tired, I seem as if I could go on, tired for ever), I started and ran after the charioteer. Some good-natured peasants (they all appear such in this county) aided the shouts which I sent after him. He stopped ; and the gallantry on both sides was rewarded by the addition of two females to his vehicle. We were soon through Ewell, a pretty neat-looking place with a proper old church, and a handsome house opposite, new but in the old style. The church has trees by it, and there was a moon over them.—At Ewell was born the facetious Bishop Corbet, who when a bald man was brought before him to be confirmed, said to his assistant, "Some dust, Lushington :"—(to keep his hand from slipping.)

The night air struck cold on passing Ewell ; and for the first time there was an appearance of a bleak and barren country to the left. This was Epsom Downs. They are the same as the Banstead and Leatherhead downs, the name varying with the neighbourhood. You remember Banstead mutton ?

"To Hounslow-heath I point, and Banstead down ;  
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own."

Pope seems to have lifted up his delicate nose at Twickenham, and scented his dinner a dozen miles off.

At Epsom we supped and slept ; and finding the inn comfortable, and having some work to do, we stopped there a day or two. Do you not like those solid, wainscotted rooms in old houses, with seats in the windows, and no pretension but to comfort ? They please me exceedingly. Their merits are complete, if the houses are wide and low, and situate in a spot at once woody and dry. Wood is not to be expected in a high street ; but the house (the King's Head) was of this description ; and Epsom itself is in a nest of trees. Next morning on looking out of window, we found ourselves in a proper country town, remarkably neat, the houses not old enough to be ruinous, nor yet to have been exchanged for new ones of a London character. Opposite us was the watch-house with the market-clock, and a pond which is said to contain gold and silver fish. How those delicate little creatures came to inhabit a pond in the middle of a town I cannot say. One fancies they must have been put in by the fantastic hand of some fine lady in the days of Charles the Second ; for this part of the country is eminent in the annals of gaiety. Charles used to come to the races here ; the palace of Nonesuch, which he gave to Lady Castlemain, is a few miles off ; and here he visited the gentry in the neighbourhood. At Ashted Park, close by, and still in possession of inheritors of the name of Howard by marriage, he visited Sir Robert Howard, the brother-in-law of Dryden, who probably used to come there also. They preserved there till not long ago the table at which the king dined.

This Ashted is a lovely spot,—both park and village. The village, or rather hamlet, is on the road to Leatherhead ; so indeed is the park ; but the mansion is out of sight ; and near the mansion, and in the very thick of the park and the trees, with the deer running about it, is the village church, small, old, and picturesque,—a little stone tower ; and the churchyard, of proportionate dimensions, is beside it. When I first saw it, looking with its pointed windows through the trees, the surprise was beautiful. The inside disappoints you, not because it is so small, but because the accommodations and the look of them are so homely. The wood of the pews resembles that of an old kitchen dresser in colour ; the lord of the manor's being not a whit better than the rest. This is in good taste, considering the rest ; and Col. Howard, who has the reputation of being a liberal man, probably keeps the church just as he found it, without thinking about the matter. At any rate, he does not exalt himself, in a Christian assembly, at the expense of his neighbours. But loving old churches as I do, and looking forward to a time when a Christianity still more worthy of



the name shall be preached in them, I could not help wishing that the inside were more worthy of the out. A coat of shining walnut, a painting at one end, and a small organ with its dark wood and its golden-looking pipes at the other, would make, at no great expense to a wealthy man, a jewel of an interior, worthy of the lovely spot in which the church is situated. One cannot help desiring something of this kind the more, on account of what has been done for other village-churches in the neighbourhood, which I shall presently notice. Epsom church, I believe, is among them; the outside unquestionably (I have not seen the interior); and a spire has been added, which makes a pretty addition to the scenery. The only ornaments of Ashted church, besides two or three monuments of the Howards, are the family 'scutcheon, and that of his Sacred Majesty Charles the Second; which I suppose was put up at the time of his restoration or his visit, and has remained ever since, the lion still looking lively and threatening. One imagines the court coming to church, and the whole place filled with perukes and courtiers, with love-locks and rustling silks. Sir Robert is in a state of exaltation. Dryden stands near him, observant. Charles composes his face to the sermon, upon which Buckingham and Sedley are cracking almost unbearable jokes behind their gloves; and the poor village maidens, gaping alternately at his Majesty's sacred visage and the profane beauty of the Countess of Castlemain, and then losing their eyes among "a power" of cavaliers, "the handsomest men as ever was," are in a way to bring the hearts, thumping in their bodices, to a fine market. I wonder how many descendants there are of earls and marquises living this minute at Epsom! How much noble blood ignobly occupied with dairies and ploughs, and looking *gules* in the cheeks of bumpkins.

Ashted Park has some fine walnut-trees (Surrey is the great garden of walnuts) and one of the noblest limes I ever saw. The park is well kept, has a pretty lodge and game-keeper's house with roses at the doors; and a farm cottage, where the "gentlefolks" may play at rustics. A lady of quality, in a bodice, gives one somehow a pretty notion; especially if she has a heart high enough really to sympathise with humility. A late Earl of Exeter lived unknown for some time in a village, under the name of Jones (was not that a good name to select?) and married a country girl, whom he took to Burleigh House, and then for the first time told her she was the mistress of it and a Countess! This is a romance of real life, which has been deservedly envied. If I, instead of being a shattered student, an old intellectual soldier, "not worth a lady's eye," and forced to compose his frame to abide the biddings of his resolution, were

a young fellow in the bloom of life, and equally clever and penniless, I cannot imagine a fortune of which I should be *prouder*, and which would give me a right to take a manlier aspect in the eyes of love, than to owe everything I had in the world, down to my very shoe-strings, to a woman who should have played over the same story with me, the sexes being reversed; who should say, "You took me for a cottager, and I am a Countess; and this is the only deception you will ever have to forgive me." What a pleasure to strive after daily excellence, in order to show one's gratitude to such a woman; to fight for her; to suffer for her; to wear her name like a priceless jewel; to hold her hand in long sickness, and look in her face when it had lost its beauty; to say, questioning, "You know how I love you?" and for her to answer with such a face of truth, that nothing but exceeding health could hinder one from being faint with adoring her. Alas! why are not all hearts that are capable of love, rich in the knowledge how to show it; which would supersede the necessity of other riches? Or indeed, are not all hearts which are truly so capable, gifted with the riches by the capacity?

Forgive me this dream under the walnut-trees of Ashted Park; and let us return to the colder loves of the age of Charles the Second. I thought to give you a good picture of Epsom, by turning to Shadwell's comedy of *Epsom Wells*; but it contains nothing of any sort except a sketch of a wittol or two, though Sedley is said to have helped him in it, and though (probably on that account) it was very successful.

*Pepys*, however, will supply us with a scene or two:—

"26th, Lord's-day.—Up and to the Wells, where a great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality. Thence I walked to Mr. Minnes's house, and thence to Durdan's, and walked within the court-yard &c. to the bowling-green, where I have seen so much mirth in my time; but now no family in it (my Lord Barkeley, whose it is, being with his family at London). Then rode through Epsom, the whole town over, seeing the various companies that were there walking; which is very pleasant, seeing how they are without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. *But Lord!* to see how many I met there of citizens, that I could not have thought to have seen there; that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down there. We went through Nonesuch Park to the house, and there viewed as much as we could of the outside, and looked through the great gates, and found a noble court: and altogether believe it to have been a very noble house, and a delicate parke about it, where just now there was a doe killed for the king, to carry up to court."—Vol. i. p. 241.

If the sign of the King's Head at Epsom is still where it used to be, it appears, from another passage, that we had merry ghosts next door to us.

"14th.—To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the Well, where much company. And to the town, to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the king's house. Here Tom Wilson came to me, and sat and talked an hour; and I perceive he hath been much acquainted with Dr. Fuller (Tom), and Dr. Pierson, and several of the great cavalier persons during the late troubles; and I was glad to hear him talk of them, which he did very ingenuously, and very much of Dr. Fuller's art of memory, which he did tell me several instances of. By and bye he parted, and I talked with two women that farmed the well at £12. per annum, of the lord of the manor. Mr. Evelyn, with his lady, and also my Lord George Barkeley's lady, and their fine daughter, that the king of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewels before the king, at the ball I was at, at our court last winter, and also their son, a knight of the Bath, were at church this morning. I walked upon the Downs, where a flock of sheep was; the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd, and his little boy reading, free from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; and *we took notice* of his knit woollen *stockings*, of two colours mixed."—Vol. ii. p. 92.

This place was still in high condition at the beginning of the next century, as appears from Toland's account of it, quoted in the *History of Epsom*, by an *Inhabitant*. After a "flowery," as the writer justly calls it, but perhaps not undeserved account of the pleasures of the place, outside as well as in, he says—

"The two rival bowling-greens are not to be forgotten, on which all the company, after diverting themselves, in the morning, according to their fancies, make a gallant appearance every evening, especially on the Saturday and Monday. Here are also raffling-tables, with music playing most of the day; and the nights are generally crowned with dancing. All newcomers are awakened out of their sleep the first morning, by the same music, which goes to welcome them to Epsom.

"You would think yourself in some enchanted camp, to see the peasants ride to every house, with choicest fruits, herbs, and flowers; with all sorts of tame and wild fowl, the rarest fish and venison; and with every kind of butcher's meat, among which the Banstead Down mutton is the most relishing dainty.

"Thus to see the fresh and artless damsels of the plain, either accompanied by their amorous swains or aged parents, striking their

bargains with the nice court and city ladies, who, like queens in a tragedy, display all their finery on benches before their doors (where they hourly censure and are censured); and to observe how the handsomest of each degree equally admire, envy, and cozen one another, is to me one of the chief amusements of the place.

"The ladies who are too lazy or stately, but especially those who sit up late at cards, have their provisions brought to their bedside, where they conclude the bargain with the higher; and then (perhaps after a dish of chocolate) take another nap until what they have thus purchased is prepared for dinner.

"Within a mile and a half of Epsom, is the place, and only the place, where the splendid mansion of Nonesuch lately stood. A great part of it, however, stood in my own time, and I have spoken with those who saw it entire.

"But not to quit our Downs for any court, the great number of gentlemen and ladies that take the air every morning and evening on horseback, and that range, either singly or in separate companies, over every hill and dale, is a most entertaining object.

"But whether you gently wander over my favourite meadows, planted on all sides quite to Woodcote Seat (in whose long grove I oftentimes converse with myself); or walk further on to Ashted house and park; or ride still farther to Box-hill, that enchanting temple of Nature; or whether you lose yourself in the aged yew-groves of Mickleham, or try your patience in angling for trout about Leatherhead; whether you go to some cricket-match, and other sports of contending villagers, or choose to breathe your horse at a race, and to follow a pack of hounds at the proper season: whether, I say, you delight in any one or every of these, Epsom is the place you must like before all others."

Congreve has a letter addressed "to Mrs. Hunt at Epsom." This was Arabella Hunt, the lady to whom he addressed an ode on her singing, and with whom he appears to have been in love.

Epsom has still its races; but the Wells (not far from Ashted Park), though retaining their property, and giving a name to a medicine, have long been out of fashion. Individuals, however, I believe, still resort to them. Their site is occupied by a farm-house, in which lodgings are to be had. Close to Ashted Park is that of Woodcote, formerly the residence of the notorious Lord Baltimore, the last man of quality in England who had a taste for abduction. Of late our aspirants after figure and fortune seem to have been ambitious of restoring the practice from Ireland. It is their mode of conducting the business of life. Abduction, they think, "must be attended to."

From Woodcote Green, a pretty sequestered spot, between this park and the town, rooks



are said to have been first taken to the Temple Gardens, by Sir William Northey, secretary to Queen Anne. How heightened is the pleasure given you by the contemplation of a beautiful spot, when you think it has been the means of conferring a good elsewhere! I would rather live near a rookery, which had sent out a dozen colonies, than have the solitary idea of them complete. In solitude you crave after human good; and here a piece of it, however cheap in the eyes of the scornful, has been conferred; for Sir William's colony flourish, it seems, in the smoke of London. Rooks always appeared to me the clergymen among birds; grave, black-coated, sententious; with an eye to a snug sylvan abode, and plenty of tithes. Their clerly character is now mixed up in my imagination with something of the lawyer. They and the lawyers' "studious bowers," as Spenser calls the Temple, appear to suit one another. Did you ever notice, by the way, what a soft and pleasant sound there is in the voices of the *young* rooks—a sort of kindly chuckle, like that of an infant being fed?

At Woodcote Green is Durdans, the seat mentioned in Pepys as belonging to Lord Berkeley, now the residence of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and said to have been built (with several other mansions) of the materials of Nonesuch, when that palace was pulled down. It is one of those solid country houses, wider than tall, and of shining brick-work, that retain at once a look of age and newness; promise well for domestic comfort; and suit a good substantial garden. In coming upon it suddenly, and looking at it through the great iron gates and across a round plat of grass and flowers, it seems a personification of the solid country squire himself, not without elegance, sitting under his trees. When I looked at it, and thought of the times of Charles II., I could not help fancying that it must have belonged to the "Dame Durden" of the old glee, who had such a loving household.

There is a beautiful walk from Woodcote Green to Ashted, through the park, and then (crossing the road) through fields and woody lanes to Leatherhead; but in going, we went by the road. As we were leaving Epsom, a girl was calling the bees to swarm, with a brass pan. Larks accompanied us all the way. The fields were full of clover; there was an air on our faces, the days being at once fine and gently clouded; and in passing through a lovely country, we were conscious of going to a lover.

At Leatherhead begin the first local evidences of hill and valley, with which the country is now enriched. The modern way of spelling the name of this town renders it a misnomer and a dishonour, and has been justly resented by the antiquarian taste of Mr. Dallaway the vicar, who makes it a point, they say, to restore the old spelling, Lethered. I believe he sup-

poses it to come anagrammatically from the Saxon name Ethelred; a thing not at all improbable, transformations of that sort having been common in old times. (See the annotations on Chaucer and Redi.) An Ethelred perhaps had a seat at this place. Epsom, formerly written Ebsham and Ebbesham (Fuller so writes it), is said to have been named from Ebba, a Saxon princess, who had a palace there. Ebba, I suppose, is the same as Emma, *cum gratiâ Mathers*.

Leatherhead, like all the towns that let lodgings during the races, is kept very neat and nice; and though not quite so woody as Epsom, is in a beautiful country, and has to boast of the river Mole. It has also a more venerable church. Mr. Dallaway, like a proper antiquary, has refreshed the interior, without spoiling it. Over the main pew is preserved, together with his *helmet*, an inscription in old English letters, to the memory of "frendly Robert Gardner," chief Serjeant of the "*Seller*," in the year 1571. This was in the time of Elizabeth. A jovial successor of his is also recorded, to wit, "Richard Dalton, Esq., Serjeant of the Wine Cellar to King Charles II." But it is on the memory of the other sex that Leatherhead church ought to pride itself. Here are buried three sister Beauclercs, daughters of Lord Henry Beauclerc, who appear to have been three quiet, benevolent old maids, who followed one another quietly to the grave, and had lived, doubtless, the admiration rather than the envy of the village damsels. Here also lies Miss Cholmondeley, another old maid, but merry withal, and the delight of all that knew her, who, by one of those frightful accidents that suddenly knock people's souls out, and seem more frightful when they cut short the career of the good-natured, was killed on the spot, at the entrance of this village, by the overturning of the Princess Charlotte's coach, whom she was accompanying on a visit to Norbury Park. A most affectionate epitaph, honourable to all parties, and recording her special attachment to her married sister, is inscribed to her memory by her brother-in-law, Sir William Bellingham, I think. But above all, "Here lies all that is mortal" (to use the words of the tombstone) "of Mrs. Elizabeth Rolfe," of Dover, in Kent, who departed this life in the sixty-seventh year of her age, and was "interred by her own desire at the side of her beloved Cousin, Benefactress, and Friend, Lady Catharine Thompson, with whom she buried all worldly happiness. This temporary separation," continues the epitaph, "no engagements, no pursuits, could render less bitter to the disconsolate Mrs. Rolfe, who from the hour she lost her other self knew no pleasures but in the hopes she cherished (on which point her eyes were ever fixed) of joining her friend in the region of unfading Felicity. Blessed with the Power and Will to succour the distressed, she

exercised both ; and in these exercises only found a Ray of Happiness. Let the Riddlers of Female Friendship read this honest Inscription, which disdains to flatter."—A record in another part informs us, that Mrs. Rolfe gave the parish the interest of £400 annually *in memory of the above*, so long as the parish preserves the marble that announces the gift, and the stone that covers her grave. Talking with the parish-clerk, who was otherwise a right and seemly parish-clerk, elderly and withered, with a proper brown wig, he affected, like a man of this world, to speak in disparagement of the phrase "her other self," which somebody had taught him to consider romantic, and an exaggeration. This was being a little too much of "the earth, earthy." The famous parish-clerk of St. Andrews, one of the great professors of humanity in the times of the Deckars and Shakspeares, would have talked in a different strain. There is some more of the epitaph, recommencing in a style somewhat "to seek," and after the meditative Burleigh fashion, in the Critic ; but this does not hinder the rest from being true, or Mrs. Rolfe and my lady Thompson from being two genuine human beings, and among the salt of the earth. There is more friendship and virtue in the world than the world has yet got wisdom enough to know and be proud of ; and few things would please me better than to travel all over England, and fetch out the records of it.

I must not omit to mention that Elinor Rummin, illustrious in the tap-room pages of "Skelton, Laureate," kept a house in this village ; and that Mr. Dallaway has emblazoned the fact, for the benefit of antiquarian travellers, in the shape of her portrait, with an inscription upon it. The house is the Running Horse, near the bridge.

The luxuriance of the country now increases at every step towards Dorking, which is five miles from Leatherhead. You walk through a valley with hills on one side and wood all about ; and on your right hand is the Mole, running through fields and flowery hedges. These hills are the turfy downs of Norbury Park, the gate of which you soon arrive at. It is modern, but in good retrospective taste, and stands out into the road with one of those round overhanging turrets, which seem held forth by the old hand of hospitality. A little beyond, you arrive at the lovely village of Mickleham, small, sylvan, and embowered, with a little *fat* church (for the epithet comes involuntarily at the sight of it), as short and plump as the fattest of its vicars may have been, with a disproportionate bit of a spire on the top, as if he had put on an extinguisher instead of a hat. The inside has been renewed in the proper taste as though Mr. Dallaway had had a hand in it ; and there is an organ, which is more than Leatherhead can boast. The organist is the

son of the parish-clerk ; and when I asked his sister, a modest, agreeable-looking girl, who showed us the church, whether he could not favour us with a voluntary, she told me he was *making hay* ! What do you say to that ? I think this is a piece of *Germanism* for you. Her father was a day-labourer, like the son, and had become organist before him, out of a natural love of music. I had fetched the girl from her room with her ; the door was open, exhibiting the homely comforts inside ; a cat slept before it, on the cover of the garden well ; and there was plenty of herbs and flowers, presenting altogether the appearance of a cottage nest. I will be bound that their musical refinements are a great help to the enjoyment of all this ; and that a general lift in their tastes, instead of serving to dissatisfy the poor, would have a reverse effect, by increasing the sum of their resources. It would, indeed, not help to blind them to whatever they might have reason to ask or to complain of. Why should it ? But it would refine them there also, and enable them to obtain it more happily, through the means of the diffusion of knowledge on all sides.

The mansion of Norbury Park, formerly the seat of Mr. Locke, who appears to have had a deserved reputation for taste in the fine arts (his daughter married an Angerstein), is situated on a noble elevation upon the right of the village of Mickleham. Between the grounds and the road, are glorious slopes and meadows, superabundant in wood, and pierced by the river Mole. In coming back we turned up a path into them, to look at a farm that was to be let. It belongs to a gentleman, celebrated in the neighbourhood, and we believe elsewhere, for his powers of "conversation ;" but this we did not know at the time. He was absent, and had left his farm in the hands of his steward, to be let for a certain time. The house was a cottage, and furnished as becomes a cottage ; but one room we thought would make a delicious study. Probably it is one ; for there were books and an easy-chair in it. The window looked upon a close bit of lawn, shut in with trees ; and round the walls hung a set of prints from Raphael. This looked as if the possessor had something to say for himself.

We were now in the bosom of the scenery for which this part of the country is celebrated. Between Mickleham and Dorking, on the left is the famous Box Hill, so called from the trees that grow on it. Part of it presents great bald pieces of chalk ; but on the side of Mickleham it has one truly noble aspect, a "verdurous wall," which looks the higher for its being precipitous, and from its having somebody's house at the foot of it—a white little mansion in a world of green. Otherwise, the size of this hill disappointed us. The river



Mole runs at the foot of it. This river, so called from taking part of its course underground, does not plunge into the earth at once as most people suppose. So at least Dr. Aikin informs us, for I did not look into the matter myself. He says it loses itself in the ground at various points about the neighbourhood, and rises again on the road to Leatherhead. I protest against its being called "sullen," in spite of what the poets have been pleased to call it for hiding itself. It is a good and gentle stream, flowing through luxuriant banks, and clear enough where the soil is gravelly. It hides, just as the nymph might hide; and Drayton gives it a good character, if I remember. Unfortunately I have him not by me.

The town of Dorking disappointed us, especially one of us, who was a good deal there when a child, and who found new London-looking houses started up in the place of old friends. The people also appeared not so pleasant as their countrymen in general, nor so healthy. There are more *King's* and *Duke's Heads* in the neighbourhood; signs, which doubtless came in with the Restoration. The *Leg of Mutton* is the favourite hieroglyphic about the Downs. Dorking is famous for a breed of fowls with six toes. I do not know whether they have any faculty at counting their grain. We did not see Leith Hill, which is the great station for a prospect hereabouts, and upon which Dennis the critic made a lumbering attempt to be lively. You may see it in the two volumes of letters belonging to N. He "blunders round about a meaning," and endeavours to act the part of an inspired Cicerone, with oratorical "flashes in the pan." One or two of his attempts to convey a particular impression are very ludicrous. Just as you think you are going to catch an idea, they slide off into hopeless generality. Such at least is my impression from what I remember. I regret that I could not meet at Epsom or Leatherhead with a Dorking Guide, which has been lately published, and which, I believe, is a work of merit. In the town itself I had not time to think of it; otherwise I might have had some better information to give you regarding spots in the neighbourhood, and persons who have added to their interest.

One of these, however, I know. Turning off to the left for Brockham, we had to go through Betchworth Park, formerly the seat of Abraham Tucker, one of the most amiable and truth-loving of philosophers. Mr. Hazlitt

made an abridgment of his principal work: but original and abridgment are both out of print. The latter, I should think, would sell now, when the public begin to be tired of the eternal jangling and insincerity of criticism, and would fain hear what an honest observer has to say. It would only require to be well advertised, not puffed; for puffing, thank God, besides being a very unfit announcer of truth, has well-nigh cracked its cheeks.

Betchworth Castle is now in the possession of Mr. Barclay the brewer, a descendant, if I mistake not, of the famous Barclay of Urie, the Apologist of the Quakers. If this gentleman is the same as the one mentioned in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, he is by nature as well as descent worthy of occupying the abode of a wise man. Or if he is not, why shouldn't he be worthy after his fashion? You remember the urbane old bookworm, who conversing with a young gentleman, more remarkable for gentility than beauty, and understanding for the first time that he had sisters, said, in a transport of the gratuitous, "Doubtless very charming young ladies, sir." I will not take it for granted, that all the Barclays are philosophers; but something of a superiority to the vulgar, either in talents or the love of them, may be more reasonably expected in this kind of hereditary rank than the common one.

With Mr. Tucker and his chesnut groves I will conclude, having in fact nothing to say of Brockham, except that it was the boundary of our walk. Yes; I have one thing, and a pleasant one; which is, that I met there by chance, with the younger brother of a family whom I had known in my childhood, and who are eminent to this day for a certain mixture of religion and joviality, equally uncommon and good-hearted. May old and young continue not to know which shall live the longest. I do not mean religion or joviality! but both in their shape.

Believe me, dear sir, very truly yours.—Mine is not so novel or luxurious a journey as the one you treated us with the other day\*; which I mention, because one journey always makes me long for another; and I hope not many years will pass over your head before you give us a second *Ramble*, in which I may see Italy once again, and hear with more accomplished ears the sound of her music.

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\* See "A *Ramble among the Musicians in Germany*," a work full of gusto.

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THE SEER;

OR,

COMMON-PLACES REFRESHED.





# THE SEER;

OR,

COMMON-PLACES REFRESHED.

---

BY LEIGH HUNT.

IN TWO PARTS:

PART I.

Love adds a precious seeing to the eye.—SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:  
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## PREFACE.

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THE following Essays have been collected, for the first time, from such of the author's periodical writings as it was thought might furnish another publication similar to the *Indicator*. Most of them have been taken from the *London Journal*; and the remainder from the *Liberal*, the *Monthly Repository*, the *Tatler* and the *Round Table*. The title, of course, is to be understood in its primitive and most simple sense, and not in its portentous one, as connected with foresight and prophecy; nor would the author profess, intellectually, to see "farther into a mill-stone" than his betters. His motto, which thoroughly explains, will also, he trusts, vindicate all which he aspires to show; which is, that the more we look at anything in this beautiful and abundant world, with a desire to be pleased with it, the more we shall be rewarded by the loving spirit of the universe, with discoveries that await only the desire.

It will ever be one of the most delightful recollections of the author's life, that the periodical work, from which the collection has been chiefly made, was encouraged by all parties in the spirit in which it was set up. Nor, at the hazard of some imputation on his modesty, (which he must be allowed not very terribly to care for, where so much love is going forward,) can he help repeating what he wrote, on this point, when his heart was first touched by it:—

"As there is nothing in the world which is not supernatural in one sense,—as the very world of fashion itself rolls round with the stars, and is a part of the mystery and the variety of the shows of the universe,—so nothing, in a contemptuous sense, is small, or unworthy of a grave and calm hope, which tends to popularise Christian refinement, and to mix it up with every species of social intercourse, as a good realised, and not merely as an abstraction preached. What! Have not Philosophy and Christianity long since met in the embrace of such loving discoveries? And do not the least and most trivial things, provided they have an earnest and cheerful good-will, partake of some right of greatness, and the privilege to be honoured; if not with admiration of their wisdom, yet with acknowledgment of the joy which is the end of wisdom, and which it is the privilege of a loving sincerity to reach by a short road? Hence we have had two objections, and two hundred encouragements; and excellent writers of all sorts, and of all other shades of belief, have hastened to say to us, 'Preach that, and prosper.' Have not the *Times*, and the *Examiner*, and the *Atlas*, and the *Albion*, and the *True Sun*, and twenty other news-

papers, hailed us for the very sunniness of our religion ? Does not that old and judicious Whig, the *Scotsman*, waive his deliberate manner in our favour, and ‘cordially’ wish us success for it ? Does not the Radical *Glasgow Argus*, in an eloquent article, ‘fresh and glowing’ as his good-will, expressly recommend us for its pervading all we write upon, tears included ? And the rich-writing Tory, Christopher North, instead of objecting to the entireness of our sunshine, and requiring a cloud in it, does he not welcome it, aye, every week, as it strikes on his breakfast-cloth, and speak of it in a burst of bright-heartedness, as ‘dazzling the snow ?’ ”

And so, with thanks and blessings upon the warm-hearted of all parties, who love their fellow-creatures quite as much as we do, perhaps better, and who may think, for that very reason, that the edge of their contest with one another is still not to be so much softened as we suppose, here is another bit of a corner, at all events, where, as in the recesses of their own minds, all green and hopeful thoughts for the good and entertainment of men may lovingly meet.

[Given at our suburban abode, with a fire on one side of us, and a vine at the window on the other, this 19th day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty, and in the very green and invincible year of our life, the fifty-sixth.]

L. H.



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# THE SEER ;

OR,

## COMMON-PLACES REFRESHED.

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"Love adds a precious seeing to the eye."—SHAKSPEARE.

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### I.—PLEASURE.

POOR RICH MEN AND RICH POOR MEN. A WORD OR TWO  
ON THE PERIODICAL WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

PLEASURE is the business of this book : we own it : we love to begin it with the word : it is like commencing the day (as we are now commencing it) with sunshine in the room. Pleasure for all who can receive pleasure ; consolation and encouragement for the rest ; this is our device. But then it is pleasure like that implied by our simile, innocent, kindly, we dare to add, instructive and elevating. Nor shall the gravest aspects of it be wanting. As the sunshine floods the sky and the ocean, and yet nurses the baby buds of the roses on the wall, so we would fain open the largest and the very least sources of pleasure, the noblest that expands above us into the heavens, and the most familiar that catches our glance in the homestead. We would break open the surfaces of habit and indifference, of objects that are supposed to contain nothing but so much brute matter, or common-place utility, and show what treasures they conceal. Man has not yet learned to enjoy the world he lives in ; no, not the hundred-thousand-millionth part of it ; and we would fain help him to render it productive of still greater joy, and to delight or comfort himself in his task as he proceeds. We would make adversity hopeful, prosperity sympathetic, all kinder, richer, and happier. And we have some right to assist in the endeavour, for there is scarcely a single joy or sorrow within the experience of our fellow-creatures which we have not tasted ; and the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, riches in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success.

There is not a man living perhaps in the present state of society,—certainly not among those who have a surfeit of goods, any more than those who want a sufficiency,—that has not some pain which he would diminish, and some pleasure, or capability of it, that he would increase. We would say to him, let him be sure he can diminish that pain and increase that pleasure. He will find out the secret, by knowing more, and by knowing that there is more to love. "Pleasures lie about our feet." We would extract some for the unthinking rich man out of his very carpet (though he thinks he has already got as much as it can yield) ; and for the unthinking or unhoping poor one, out of his bare floor.

"Can you put a loaf on my table ?" the poor man may ask. No : but we can show him how to get it in the best manner, and comfort himself while he is getting it. If he can get it not at all, we do not profess to have even the right of being listened to by him. We can only do what we can, as his fellow-creatures, and by other means, towards hastening the termination of so frightful an exception to the common lot.

"Can you rid me of my gout, or my disrelish of all things ?" the rich man may ask. No : nor perhaps even diminish it, unless you are a very daring or a very sensible man ; and if you are very rich indeed, and old, neither of these predicaments is very likely. Yet we would try. We are inextinguishable friends of endeavour.

If you had the gout, however, *and were Lord Holland*, you would smile and say, "Talk on." You would suspend the book, or the pen, or the kindly thought you were engaged in, and indulgently wait to see what recipes or amusing fancies we could add to your stock.

Nay, if you were a kind of starving Dr. Johnson, who wrote a letter one day to the editor

of the magazine to which he contributed, signing himself, "Dinnerless\*," you would listen to us even without a loaf on your table, and see how far we could bear out the reputation of the Lydians, who are said to have invented play as a resource against hunger. But Dr. Johnson knew he had his remedy in his wits. The wants of the poor in knowledge are not so easily postponed. With deep reverence and sympathy would we be understood as speaking of them. A smile, however closely it may border upon a grave thought, is not to be held a levity in us, any more than sun betwixt rain. One and the same sympathy with all things fetches it out.

But to all but the famished we should say with the noble text, "Man does not live by bread alone." "A man," says Bacon, in words not unworthy to go by the side of the others, "is but what he knoweth." "I think," said Descartes; "therefore I am." A man has no proof of his existence but in his consciousness of it, and the return of that consciousness after sleep. He is therefore, in *amount* of existence, only so much as his consciousness, his thoughts, and his feelings amount to. The more he knows, the more he exists; and the pleasanter his knowledge, the happier his existence. One man, in this sense of things, and it is a sense proved beyond a doubt (except with those merry philosophers of antiquity who doubted their very consciousness, nay, doubted doubt itself), is infinitely little compared with another man. If we could see his mind, we should see a pigmy; and it would be stuck perhaps into a pint of beer, or a scent-bottle, or a bottle of wine; as the monkey stuck Gulliver into the marrow-bone. Another man's mind would show larger; another larger still: till at length we should see minds of all shapes and sizes, from a microscopic one up to that of a giant or a demigod, or a spirit that filled the visible world. Milton's would be like that of his own archangel. "His stature reached the sky." Shakspeare's would stretch from the midst of us into the regions of "airy nothing," and bring us new creatures of his own making. Bacon's would be lost into the next ages. Many a "great man's" would become invisible; and many a little one suddenly astonish us with the overshadowing of its greatness.

Men sometimes, by the magic of their knowledge, partake of a great many things which they do not possess: others possess much which is lost upon them. It is recorded of an *exquisite*, in one of the admirable exhibitions of Mr. Mathews, that being told, with a grave face, of a mine of silver which had been discovered in one of the London suburbs, he exclaimed, in his jargon, "A mine of *sil-vau*! Good *Gaud*! You don't tell me so! A mine of

*sil-vau*! Good *Gaud*! I've often seen the little boys playing about, but I had no idea that there was a mine of *sil-vau*."

This gentleman, whom we are to understand as repeating these words out of pure ignorance and absurdity, and not from any power to receive information, would be in possession, while he was expressing his astonishment at a thing unheard of and ridiculous, of a hundred real things round about him, of which he knew nothing. Shakspeare speaks of a man who was "incapable of his own distress;" that is to say, who had not the feelings of other men, and was insensible to what would have distressed everybody else. This *dandy* would be incapable of his own wealth, of his own furniture, of his own health, friends, books, gardens; nay of his very hat and coat, except inasmuch as they contributed to give him one single idea; to wit, that of his *dandyism*. From all those stores, small and great, nothing but that solitary and sorry impression would he receive.

Of all which his wealth could procure him, in the shape of a real enjoyment of poetry, painting, music, sculpture, and the million of ideas which they might produce, he would know nothing.

Of all the countries that produced his furniture, all the trades that helped to make it, all the arts that went to adorn it, all the materials of which it was composed, and the innumerable images of men, lands, faculties, substances, elements, and interesting phenomena of all sorts to which the knowledge might give rise, he would know nothing.

Of his books he would know nothing, except that they were bound, and that they *caust* a great deal.

Of his gardens he would know nothing, except that they were "tedious," and that he occasionally had a pink out of them to put in his button-hole—provided it was the fashion. Otherwise pinks are "vulgar." Nature's and God's fashion is nothing.

Of his hat and his coat it might be thought he must know something; but he would not, except as far as we have stated;—unless, indeed, his faculties might possibly attain to the knowledge of a "fit" or a "set," and then he would not know it with a grace. The knowledge of a good thing, even in the least matters, is not for a person so poorly educated—so worse than left to grow up in an ignorance unsophisticate. Of the creatures that furnished the materials of his hat and coat,—the curious handicraft beaver, the spinster silkworm, the sheep in the meadows (except as mutton), nothing would he know, or care, or receive the least pleasurable thought from. In the mind that constitutes *his* man—in the amount of *his* existence—terribly vacant are the regions—bald places in the map—deserts without even the excitement of a storm. Nothing lives there but himself—a suit of clothes in a solitude—emptiness in emptiness.

\* *Impransus*. It might mean simply, that he had not dined; but there is too much reason to believe otherwise. And yet how much good and entertainment did not the very necessities of such a man help to produce us.



Contrast a being of this fashion (after all allowance for caricature) with one who has none of his deformities, but with a stock of ideas such as the other wants. Suppose him poor, even struggling, but not unhappy; or if not without unhappiness, yet not without relief, and unacquainted with the desperation of the other's ennui. Such a man, when he wants recreation for his thoughts, can make them flow from all the objects, or the ideas of those objects, which furnish nothing to the other. The commonest goods and chattels are pregnant to him as fairy tales, or things in a pantomime. His hat, like Fortunatus's Wishing Cap, carries him into the American solitudes among the beavers, where he sits in thought, looking at them during their work, and hearing the majestic whispers in the trees, or the falls of the old trunks that are repeatedly breaking the silence in those wildernesses. His coat shall carry him, in ten minutes, through all the scenes of pastoral life and mechanical, the quiet fields, the sheep-shearing, the feasting, the love-making, the downs of Dorsetshire and the streets of Birmingham, where if he meet with pain in his sympathy, he also, in his knowledge, finds reason for hope and encouragement, and for giving his manly assistance to the common good. The very toothpick of the dandy, should this man, or any man like him meet with it, poor or rich, shall suggest to him, if he pleases, a hundred agreeable thoughts of foreign lands, and elegance and amusement,—of tortoises and books of travels, and the comb in his mistress's hair, and the elephants that carry sultans, and the real silver mines of Potosi, with all the wonders of South American history, and the starry cross in its sky; so that the smallest key shall pick the lock of the greatest treasures; and that which in the hands of the possessor was only a poor instrument of affectation, and the very emblem of indifference and stupidity, shall open to the knowing man a universe.

We must not pursue the subject further at present, or trust our eyes at the smallest objects around us, which, from long and loving contemplation, have enabled us to report their riches. We have been at this work now, off and on, man and boy, (for we began essay-writing while in our teens,) for upwards of thirty years: and excepting that, we would fain have done far more, and that experience and suffering have long restored to us the natural kindness of boyhood, and put an end to a belief in the right or utility of severer views of anything or person, we feel the same as we have done throughout; and we have the same hope, the same love, the same faith in the beauty and goodness of nature and all her prospects, in space and in time; we could almost add, if a sprinkle of white hairs in our black would allow us, the same youth; for whatever may be thought of a consciousness

to that effect, the feeling is so real, and trouble of no ordinary kind has so remarkably spared the elasticity of our spirits, that we are often startled to think how old we have become, compared with the little of age that is in our disposition: and we mention this to bespeak the reader's faith in what we shall write hereafter, if he is not acquainted with us already. If he is, he will no more doubt us than the children do at our fire-side. We have had so much sorrow, and yet are capable of so much joy, and receive pleasure from so many familiar objects, that we sometimes think we should have had an unfair portion of happiness, if our life had not been one of more than ordinary trial.

The reader will not be troubled in future with personal intimations of this kind; but in commencing a new work of the present nature and having been persuaded to put our name at the top of it, (for which we beg his kindest constructions, as a point conceded by a sense of what was best for others,) it will be thought, we trust, not unfitting in us to have alluded to them. We believe we may call ourselves the father of the present penny and three-half-penny literature,—designations, once distressing to "ears polite," but now no longer so, since they are producing so many valuable results, fortunes included. The first number of the new popular review, the *Printing Machine*, in an article for the kindness and cordiality of which we take this our best opportunity of expressing our gratitude, and can only wish we could turn these sentences into so many grips of the hand to show our sense of it,—did us the honour of noticing the *Indicator* as the first successful attempt (in one respect) to revive something like the periodical literature of former days. We followed this with the *Companion*, lately republished in connexion with the *Indicator*; and a few years ago, in a fit of anxiety at not being able to meet some obligations, and fearing we were going to be cut off from life itself without leaving answers to still graver wants, we set up a half-reviewing, half-theatrical periodical, under the name of the *Tattler*, (a liberty taken by love,) in the hope of being able to realise some sudden as well as lasting profits! So little, with all our zeal for the public welfare, had we found out what was so well discerned by Mr. Knight and others, when they responded to the intellectual wants of the many. However, we pleased some readers, whom it is a kind of prosperity even to rank as such; we conciliated the good-will of others, by showing that an ardent politician might still be a man of no ill-temper, nor without good-will to all; and now, once more setting up a periodical work, entirely without politics, but better calculated, we trust, than our former ones to meet the wishes of many as well as few, we are in hearty good earnest, the public's very sincere and cordial friend and servant.

## II.—ON A PEBBLE.

LOOKING about us during a walk to see what subject we could write upon in this our second number, that should be familiar to everybody, and afford as striking a specimen as we could give, of the entertainment to be found in the commonest objects, our eyes lighted upon a stone. It was a common pebble, a flint ; such as a little boy kicks before him as he goes, by way of making haste with a message, and saving his new shoes.

"A stone !" cries a reader, "a flint ! the very symbol of a miser ! what can be got out of that ?"

The question is well put ; but a little reflection on the part of our interrogator would soon rescue the poor stone from the comparison. Strike him at any rate, and you will get something out of him :—warm his heart, and out come the genial sparks that shall gladden your hearth, and put hot dishes on your table. This is not miser's work. A French poet has described the process, well known to the maid-servant (till lucifers came up) when she stooped, with flashing face, over the tinder-box on a cold morning, and rejoiced to see the first laugh of the fire. A sexton, in the poem we allude to, is striking a light in a church :—

—Boirude, qui voit que le péril approche,  
Les arrête, et tirant un fusil de sa poche,  
Des veines d'un caillou, qu'il frappe au même instant,  
Il fait jaillir un feu qui pétile en sortant ;  
Et bientôt au brasier d'une mèche enflammée,  
Montre, à l'aide du souffre, une cire allumée.

Boileau.

The prudent Sexton, studious to reveal  
Dark holes, here takes from out his pouch a steel ;  
Then strikes upon a flint. In many a spark  
Forth leaps the sprightly fire against the dark ;  
The tinder feels the little lightning hit,  
The match provokes it, and a candle's lit.

We shall not stop to pursue this fiery point into all its consequences ; to show what a world of beauty or of formidable power is contained in that single property of our friend flint ; what fires, what lights, what conflagrations, what myriads of *clicks* of triggers—awful sounds before battle, when instead of letting his flint do its proper good-natured work of cooking his supper, and warming his wife and himself over their cottage-fire, the poor fellow is made to kill and be killed by other poor fellows, whose brains are strewn about the place for want of knowing better.

But to return to the natural, quiet condition of our friend, and what he can do for us in a peaceful way, and so as to please meditation ;—what think you of him as the musician of the brooks ? as the unpretending player on those watery pipes and flageolets, during the hot noon, or the silence of the night ? Without the pebble the brook would want its prettiest

murmur. And then, in reminding you of these murmurs, he reminds you of the poets.

A noise as of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.—*Coleridge*.

Yes, the brook *singeth* ; but it would not sing so well,—it would not have that tone and ring in its music, without the stone.

Then 'gan the shepherd gather into one  
His straggling goats, and drove them to a ford,  
Whose *cœrule* stream, rumbling in pebble-stone\*,  
Crept under moss as green as any gourd.

*Spenser's Gnat.*

Spenser's *Gnat*, observe ; he wrote a whole poem upon a gnat, and a most beautiful one too, founded upon another poem on the same subject written by the great Roman poet Virgil, not because these great poets wanted or were unequal to great subjects, such as all the world think great, but because they thought no care, and no fetching out of beauty and wonder, ill bestowed upon the smallest marvellous object of God's workmanship. The gnat, in their poems, is the creature that he really is, full of elegance and vivacity, airy, trumpeted, and plumed, and dancing in the sunbeams,—not the contempt of some thoughtless understanding, which sees in it nothing but an insect coming to vex its skin. The eye of the poet, or other informed man, is at once telescope and microscope, able to traverse the great heavens, and to do justice to the least thing they have created. But to our brook and pebbles. See how one pleasant thing reminds people of another. A pebble reminded us of the brooks, and the brooks of the poets, and the poets reminded us of the beauty and comprehensiveness of their words, whether belonging to the subject in hand or not. No true poet makes use of a word for nothing. "*Cœrule* stream," says Spenser ; but why *cœrule*, which comes from the Latin, and seems a pedantic word, especially as it signifies *blue*, which he might have had in English ? The reason is, not only that it means *sky-blue*, and therefore shows us how blue the sky was at the time, and the cause why the brook was of such a colour (for if he had wanted a word to express nothing but that circumstance, he might have said *sky-blue* at once, however quaint it might have sounded to modern ears :—he would have cared nothing for that ; it was his business to do justice to nature, and leave modern ears, as they grew poetical, to find it out) ; but the word *cœrule* was also a beautiful word, beautiful for the sound, and expressive of a certain liquid yet neat softness, somewhat resembling the mixture of soft hissing, rumbling, and inward music of the brook.—We beg the reader's

\* "*Rumbling in pebble-stone*" is a pretty enlargement of Virgil's "*susurrantis*" (whispering). *Green as any gourd* is also an improvement as well as an addition. The expression is as fresh as the colour.



indulgence for thus stopping him by the way, to dwell on the beauty of a word ; but poets' words are miniature creations, as curious, after their degree, as the insects and the brooks themselves ; and when companions find themselves in pleasant spots, it is natural to wander both in feet and talk.

So much for the agreeable sounds of which the sight of a common stone may remind us (for we have not chosen to go so far back as the poetry of Orpheus, who is said to have made the materials of stone-walls answer to his lyre, and dance themselves into shape without troubling the mason). We shall come to grander echoes by-and-by. Let us see, meanwhile, how pleasant the sight itself may be rendered. Mr. Wordsworth shall do it for us in his exquisite little poem on the fair maiden who died by the river Dove. Our volume is not at hand, but we remember the passage we more particularly allude to. It is where he compares his modest, artless, and sequestered beauty with

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye ;  
Fair as the star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

Is not that beautiful ? Can anything express a lovelier loneliness, than the violet half hidden by the mossy stone—the delicate blue-eyed flower against the country green ? And then the loving imagination of this fine poet, exalting the object of his earthly worship to her divine birth-place and future abode, suddenly raises his eyes to the firmament, and sees her there, the solitary star of his heaven.

But stone does not want even moss to render him interesting. Here is another stone, and another solitary evening star, as beautifully introduced as the others, but for a different purpose. It is in the opening words of Mr. Keats's poem of Hyperion, where he describes the dethroned monarch of the gods, sitting in his exile :—

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,  
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,  
Far from the fiery noon, and Eve's one star,  
Sate grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone.

Quiet as a stone ! Nothing certainly can be more quiet than that. Not a syllable or a sigh will a stone utter, though you watch and bear him company for a whole week on the most desolate moor in Cumberland. Thus silent, thus unmoved, thus insensible to whatever circumstances might be taking place, or spectators might think of him, was the soul-stunned old patriarch of the gods. We may picture to ourselves a large, or a small stone, as we please—Stone-henge, or a pebble. The simplicity and grandeur of truth do not care which. The silence is the thing,—its intensity, its unalterableness.

Our friend Pebble is here in grand company, and you may think him (though we hope not) unduly bettered by it. But see what Shak-

speare will do for him in his hardest shape and in no finer company than a peasant's :—

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard.

Sleeping on hard stone would have been words strong enough for a common poet ; or perhaps he would have said, "resting," or "profoundly reposing ;" or that he could have made his "bed of the bare floor ;" and the last saying would not have been the worst ; but Shakspeare must have the very strongest words and really profoundest expressions, and he finds them in the homeliest and most primitive. He does not mince the matter, but goes to the root of both sleep and stone—can *snore* upon the *flint*. We see the fellow hard at it—*bent* upon it—deeply drinking of the forgetful draught.

To conclude our quotations from the poets, we will give another line or two from Shakspeare, not inapplicable to our proposed speculations in general, and still less so to the one in hand.

Green, a minor poet, author of the "Spleen," an effusion full of wit and good sense, gives pleasant advice to the sick who want exercise, and who are frightened with hypochondria :

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

And this reminds us of a pleasant story connected with the flinging of stones, in one of the Italian novels. Two waggish painters persuade a simple brother of theirs, that there is a plant which renders the finder of it invisible, and they all set out to look for it. They pretend suddenly to miss him, as if he had gone away ; and to his great joy, while throwing stones about in his absence, give him great knocks in the ribs, and horrible bruises, he hugging himself all the while at these manifest proofs of his success, and the little suspicion which they have of it. It is amusing to picture him to one's fancy, growing happier as the blows grow worse, rubbing his sore knuckles with delight, and hardly able to ejaculate a triumphant Hah ! at some excessive thump in the back.

But setting aside the wonders of the poets and the novelists, Pebble, in his own person and by his own family alliances, includes wonders far beyond the most wonderful things they have imagined. Wrongly is Flint compared with the miser. You cannot, to be sure, skin him, but you can melt him ; ay, make him absolutely flow into a liquid ;—flow too for use and beauty ; and become light unto your eyes goblets to your table, and a mirror to your beloved. Bring two friends of his about him, called Potash and Soda, and Flint runs into melting tenderness, and is no longer Flint ; he is Glass. You look through him ; you drink out of him ; he furnishes you beautiful and transparent shutters against the rain and cold ; you shave by him ; protect pictures with him,

and watches, and books ; are assisted by him in a thousand curious philosophies ; are helped over the sea by him ; and he makes your cathedral windows divine ; and enables your mistress to wear your portrait in her bosom.

But we must hasten to close our article, and bring his most precious riches down in a shower surpassing the rainbow. *Stone* is the humble relation, nay, the stock and parent of *Precious Stone* ! Ruby, Emerald, and Sapphire, are of his family ! of the family of the Flints—and Flint is more in them than anything else ! That the habitations and secret bosoms of the precious *metals* are stone, is also true ; but it is little compared with this. Precious stone, for the most part, is stone itself—is flint—with some wonderful circumstance of addition, nobody knows what ; but without the flint, the preciousness would not be. Here is wealth and honour for the poor Pebble ! Look at him, and think what splendours issue from his loins :

Fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,  
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,  
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,  
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,  
As one of them, indifferently rated,  
Might serve in peril of calamity,  
To ransom great kings from captivity.

MARLOWE.

"Sparkling diamonds" are not properly in our list of pebbles ; for diamond, the most brilliant mystery of all, is a *charcoal* !

What now remains for *stone*, thus filling the coffers of wealth, glorifying the crowns of sultans, and adding beams to beauty itself ? One thing greater than all. The oldest and stoniest of stone is granite, and granite (as far as we know) is the chief material of the earth itself—the bones of the world—the substance of our *star*.

Honoured therefore be thou, thou small pebble lying in the lane ; and whenever any one looks at thee, may he think of the beautiful and noble world he lives in, and all of which it is capable.

### III.—SPRING.

THIS morning as we sat at breakfast, thinking of our present subject, with our eyes fixed on a set of the British Poets, which stand us in stead of a prospect, there came by the window, from a child's voice, a cry of "Wall-flowers." There had just been a shower ; sunshine had followed it ; and the rain, the sun, the boy's voice, and the flowers, came all so prettily together upon the subject we were thinking of, that in taking one of his roots, we could not help fancying we had received a present from Nature herself,—with a penny for the bearer. There were thirty lumps of buds on this penny root ; their beauty was yet to come ; but the promise was there,—the new

life,—the Spring,—and the rain-drops were on them, as if the sweet goddess had dipped her hand in some fountain, and sprinkled them for us by way of message ; as who should say, "April and I are coming."

What a beautiful word is *Spring* ! At least one fancies so, knowing the meaning of it, and being used to identify it with so many pleasant things. An Italian might find it harsh ; and object to the *Sp* and the terminating consonant ; but if he were a proper Italian, a man of fancy, the worthy countryman of Petrarch and Ariosto, we would convince him that the word was an excellent good word, crammed as full of beauty as a bud,—and that *S* had the whistling of the brooks in it, *p* and *r* the force and roughness of whatsoever is animated and picturesque, *ing* the singing of the birds, and the whole word the suddenness and salience of all that is lively, sprouting, and new—Spring, Spring-time, a Spring-green, a Spring of water—to Spring—Springal, a word for a young man, in old (that is, ever new) English poetry, which with many other words has gone out, because the youthfulness of our hearts has gone out,—to come back with better times, and the nine-hundredth number of the work before us.

If our Italian, being very unlike an Italian, ill-natured and not open to pleasant conviction, should still object to our word, we would grow uncourteous in turn, and swear it was a better word than his *Prima-vera*,—which is what he calls Spring—*Prima-vera*, that is to say, the *first Vera*, or *Ver* of the Latins, the *Veer* (*Sn*p Ionice) or *Ear* of the Greeks ; and what that means, nobody very well knows. But why *Prima-Vera* ? and what is *Seconda*, or second *Vera* ? The word is too long and lazy, as well as obscure, compared with our brisk, little, potent, obvious, and leaping *Spring*,—full of all fountains, buds, birds, sweet briars, and sunbeams.

"Leaping, like wanton kids in pleasant spring,"

says the poet, speaking of the "wood-born people" that flocked about fair Serena. How much better the word *spring* suits here with the word *leaping*, than if it had been *prima-vera* ! How much more sudden and starting, like the boundings of the kids ! *Prima-vera* is a beautiful word ; let us not gainsay it ; but it is more suitable to the maturity, than to the very *springing* of *spring*, as its first syllable would pretend. So long and comparatively languid a word ought to belong to that side of the season which is next to summer. *Ver*, the Latin word, is better,—or rather Greek word ; for as we have shown before, it comes from the Greek,—like almost every good thing in Latin. It is a pity one does not know what it means ; for the Greeks had "good meanings" (as Sir Hugh Evans would say) ; and their *Ver*, *Feer*, or *Ear*, we may be sure, meant something pleasant,—possibly the rising of the sap ; or something connected with the new air ; or with love ; for



etymologists, with their happy facilities, might bring it from the roots of such words. Ben Jonson has made a beautiful name of its adjective (Earinos, vernal) for the heroine of his 'Sad Shepherd,'—

" Earine,

Who had her very being, and her name,  
With the first knots, or buddings of the Spring;  
Born with the primrose and the violet,  
Or earliest roses blown; when Cupid smiled,  
And Venus led the Graces out to dance;  
And all the flowers and sweets in Nature's lap  
Leap'd out."

The lightest thoughts have their roots in gravity, and the most fugitive colours of the world are set off by the mighty back-ground of eternity. One of the greatest pleasures of so light and airy a thing as the vernal season arises from the consciousness that the world is young again; that the spring has come round, that we shall not all cease, and be no world. Nature has begun again, and not begun for nothing. One fancies somehow that she could not have the heart to put a stop to us in April or May. She may pluck away a poor little life here and there; nay, many blossoms of youth,—but not all,—not the whole garden of life. She prunes, but does not destroy. If she did,—if she were in the mind to have done with us,—to look upon us as an experiment not worth going on with, as a set of ungenial and obstinate compounds which refused to co-operate in her sweet designs, and could not be made to answer in the working,—depend upon it she would take pity on our incapability and bad humours, and conveniently quash us in some dismal, sullen winter's day, just at the natural dying of the year, most likely in November; for Christmas is a sort of Spring itself, a winter-flowering. We care nothing for arguments about storms, earthquakes, or other apparently unseasonable interruptions of our pleasures:—we imitate, in that respect the magnanimous indifference, or what appears such, of the Great Mother herself, knowing that she means us the best in the *gross*;—and also that we may all get our remedies for these evils in time, if we co-operate as before said. People in South America for instance, may learn from experience, and *build* so as to make a comparative nothing of those rockings of the ground. It is of the *gross* itself that we speak; and sure we are, that with an eye to *that*, Nature does not feel as Pope ventures to say she does, or sees "with equal eye"—

"Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world,"

He may have flattered himself that he should think it a fine thing for his little poetship to sit upon a star, and look grand in his own eyes, from an eye so very dispassionate; but Nature, who is the author of passion, and joy, and sorrow, does not look upon animate and inanimate, depend upon it, with the same want of sympa-

thy. "A world" full of loves, and hopes, and endeavours, and of her own life and loveliness, is a far greater thing in her eyes, rest assured, than a "bubble;" and, *a fortiori*, many worlds, or a "system," far greater than the "atom" talked of with so much complacency by this divine little whipper-snapper. *Ergo*, the moment the kind mother gives promise of a renewed year with these her green and budding signals, be certain she is not going to falsify them; and that being sure of April, we are sure as far as November. As to our existence any further, that, we conceive, depends somewhat upon how we behave ourselves; and therefore we would exhort everybody to do their best for the earth, and all that is upon it, in order that it and they may be thought worth continuance.

What! shall we be put into a beautiful garden, and turn up our noses at it, and call it a "vale of tears," and all sorts of bad names (helping thereby to make it so), and yet confidently reckon that Nature will never shut it up, and have done with it, or set about forming a better stock of inhabitants? Recollect, we beseech you, dear "Lord Worldly Wiseman," and you, "Sir Having," and my lady "Greedy," that there is reason for supposing that man was not always an inhabitant of this very fashionable world, and somewhat larger globe; and that perhaps the chief occupant before him was only of an inferior species to ourselves (odd as you may think it), who could not be brought to only know what a beautiful place he lived in, and so had another chance given him in a different shape. Good heavens! If there were none but *mere* ladies and gentlemen, and city-men, and soldiers, upon earth, and no poets, readers, and milk-maids, to remind us that there was such a thing as Nature, we really should begin to tremble for Almack's and Change Alley about the 20th of next October!

#### IV.—COLOUR.

In this beloved, beautiful, but sometimes foggy, and too often not very brilliant country of ours, we are not fond enough of *colours*,—not fond enough of a beauty, of which Nature herself is evidently *very fond*, and with which, like all the rest of her beauties, it is the business of civilised man to adorn and improve his own well-being. The summer season is a good time for becoming acquainted with them, for it is then we see them best, and may acquire a relish for them against the insipidity of winter. We remember a dyer in Genoa, who used to hang out his silks upon a high wall opposite his shop, where they shone with such lustre under the blue sky (we particularly remember some yellow ones) that it was a treat to pass that way. You hailed them at a distance, like

another sun  
Risen at noonday ;

or as if Nature herself had been making some draperies out of butter-cups, and had just presented the world with the phenomenon. It is the blue sky and clear air of their native land which have made the Italian painters so famous for colouring ; and Rubens and Watteau, like wise men, saw the good of transferring the beauty to the less fortunate climate of Flanders. One of the first things that attracted our notice in Italy was a red cap on the head of a boatman. In England, where nobody else wears such a cap, we should have thought of a butcher ; in Italy the sky set it off to such advantage, that it reminded us of a scarlet bud.

The Puritans, who did us a great deal of good, helped to do this harm for us. They degraded material beauty and gladness, as if essentially hostile to what was spiritually estimable ; whereas the desirable thing is to show the compatibility of both, and vindicate the hues of the creation. Thus the finest colours in men's dresses have at last almost come to be confined to livery servants and soldiers. A soldier's wife, or a market-woman, is the only female that ventures to wear a scarlet cloak ; and we have a favourite epithet of vituperation, *gaudy*, which we bestow upon all colours that do not suit our melancholy. It is sheer want of heart and animal spirits. We were not always so. Puritanism, and wars, and debts, and the Dutch succession, and false ideas of utility, have all conspired to take gladness out of our eyesight, as well as jollity out of our pockets. We shall recover a better taste, and we trust exhibit it to better advantage than before ; but we must begin by having faith in as many good things as possible, and not think ill of any one of heaven's means of making us cheerful, because in itself it is cheerful. "If a merry meeting is to be wished," says the man in Shakspeare, "may God prohibit it." So the more obviously cheerful and desirable anything is, the more we seem to beg the question in its disfavour. Reds, and yellows, and bright blues, are "*gaudy* ;" we must have nothing but browns, and blacks, and drab-colour or stone. Earth is not of this opinion ; nor the heavens either. Gardens do not think so ; nor the fields, nor the skies, nor the mountains, nor dawn, nor sunset, nor light itself, which is made of colours and holds them always ready in its crystal quiver, to shoot forth and divide into loveliness. The beautiful attracts the beautiful. Colours find homes of colour. To red go the red rays, and to purple the purple. The rainbow reads its beauteous lecture in the clouds, showing the sweet division of the hues ; and the mechanical "philosopher," as he calls himself, smiles with an air of superiority, and thinks he knows all about it, because the division is made.

The little child, like the real philosopher,

*knows more*, for his "heart leaps up," and he acknowledges a glad mystery. He feels the immensity of what he does *not* know ; and though the purely mechanical-minded man admits that such immensity exists with regard to himself, he does not feel it as the child or the wiser man does, and therefore he does not truly perceive,—does not thoroughly take it into his consciousness. He talks and acts as if he had come to the extent of his knowledge—and he has so. But beyond the dry line of knowledge lies beauty, and all which is beautiful in hope, and exalting in imagination.

We feel as if there were a moral as well as material beauty in colour,—an inherent gladness,—an intention on the part of nature, to share with us a pleasure felt by herself. Colours are the smiles of nature. When they are extremely smiling, and break forth into other beauty besides, they are her laughs ; as in the flowers. The "*laughing flowers*," says the poet ; and it is the business of the poet to feel truths beyond the proof of the mechanician. Nature at all events, humanly speaking, is manifestly very fond of colour, *for she has made nothing without it*. Her skies are blue ; her fields green ; her waters vary with her skies ; her animals, minerals, vegetables, are all coloured. She paints a great many of them in apparently superfluous hues, as if to show the duller eye how she loves colour. The pride of the peacock, or some stately exhibition of a quality very like pride, is a singular matter of fact, evidently connected with it. Youthful beauty in the human being is partly made up of it. One of the three great arts, with which Providence has adorned and humanised the mind,—Painting, is founded upon the love and imitation of it. And the magnificence of empire can find nothing more precious, either to possess, or be proud of wearing than

Fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,  
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,  
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,  
And sold-seen costly stones of so great price,  
As one of them, indifferently rated,  
May serve in peril of calamity  
To ransom great kings from captivity\*.

#### V.—WINDOWS.

WE have had a special regard for a window, ever since we sat in an old-fashioned one with a low seat to it in our childhood, and read a book. And for a like reason, we never see a door-way in a sequestered corner, with a similar accommodation for the infant student, without nestling to it in imagination, and taking out of our pocket the *Arabian Nights*, or *Philip Quarll*. The same recollection makes us prefer that kind of window to all

\* We had just quoted these lines before, but the reader will doubtless pardon the repetition.



others, and count our daily familiarity with it as by no means among the disservices rendered us by fortune. The very fact of its existence shows a liberality in the dimensions of old-fashioned walls. There is "cut and come again" in them. Had modern houses been made of cheeses, and La Fontaine's mouse found himself in one of them, he would have despised those *rinds* of buildings,—thin and fragile as if a miser had pared them away.

Those modern windows are all of a piece, inside and out. They may make a show of having some thickness of wall at the sides, but it is only a hollow pretence for the convenience of the shutters; and even when the opportunity of forming a recess is thus offered them, it is not taken. It is seldom they contain a seat even in the parlour; and the drawing-room windows in such houses cannot comfortably have any, because, for the benefit of one's feet in this cold climate, they are cut down to the floor; a veranda being probably overhead to intercept any superfluity of sunshine. "If a merry meeting is to be wished," says the man in Shakspeare, "may God prohibit it." If there is any sunshine to be had, stave it off; especially if you have been grumbling for its absence all the rest of the year.

"Would you have us sit then and be *baked*, Mr. Seer?"

Dear madam, you ask the question with so pleasant a voice, and such a pretty good-natured exaggeration, that you are evidently one of those who may do, or not do, just what you please. We shall not find fault with you, if you close every shutter in the room, let the sun be never so smiling. Besides, we give up the hottest days in July and August. But grant us at any rate, that to have verandas *always*, as we see them in some houses, is hardly more reasonable, than having windows down to the floor at *any time*; and that the horror of a sunshine, by no means too abundant in this region, has more to do with the fear of discoloured curtains and carpets than it ought to have, especially among the rich. What signifies the flying of a few colours, easily replaced, compared with the giving a proper welcome to the great colourer himself,—the sun that makes all things beautiful? There are few sights in your town-house more cheerful than a sudden burst of sun into the room, smiting the floor into so many windows, and making the roses on the very carpet look as if they felt it. Let them fade in good season as the others do; and make up for the expense, dear fashionable people, by staying a little more at home, keeping better hours, and saving the roses on your cheeks.

Verandas have one good effect. They are an ornament to the house outside, and serve to hide the shabby cut of the windows. Still more is to be said for them, where they and the balcony include flowers. Yet windows

down to the floor we hold to be a nuisance always—unnecessary, uncomfortable, absurd—to say nothing of perils of broken panes and scolded children. They let draughts of air in across the floor, where nobody wants them; they admit superfluous light,—from earthwards instead of from heaven; they render a seat in the window impossible or disagreeable; they hinder the fire from sufficiently warming the room in winter-time; and they make windows partake too much of out-of-doors, showing the inhabitants at full length as they walk about, and contradicting the sense of snugness and seclusion. Lastly, when they have no veil or other ornament outside, they look gawky and out of proportion. But the outside cut of windows in this country is almost universally an eyesore. We have denounced them before, and shall denounce them again, in the hopes that house-builders may be brought to show some proofs of being the "architects" they call themselves, and dare to go to an expense of nine and sixpence for a little wood or plaster, to make a border with. Look at the windows down the streets, at the west-end of the town, and they are almost all mere cuts in the wall, just such as they make for barracks and work-houses. The windows of an Irish cabin are as good, as far as architecture is concerned. The port-holes of a man-of-war have as much merit. There is no pediment, nor border; seldom even one visible variety of any sort, not a coloured brick. And it is the same with the streets that contain shops, except, in some instances, those of the latest construction; which if not in the best taste otherwise, are built with a little more generosity, and that is a good step towards taste. When we meet with windows of a better sort, the effect is like quitting the sight of a stupid miser for that of a liberal genius. Such are the windows in some of the nobler squares; and you may see them occasionally over shops in the Strand and Piccadilly. Observe for instance the windows of Messrs. Greensill and Co. the lamp-oil manufacturers in the Strand, compared with those of the neighbours; and see what a superiority is given to them by the mere fact of their having borders, and something like architectural design. We will venture to say it is serviceable even in a business point of view; for such houses look wealthier; and it is notorious, that the reputation of money brings money. Where there is no elegance of this kind, (and of course also where there is,) a box of flowers along the windows gives a liberal look to a house, still more creditable to the occupants, from the certainty we have of its being their own work. See in Piccadilly, the houses of Messrs. Rickards the spirit-merchants, near Regent Street, and Messrs. Meyer and Co. the wax-chandlers, near the Park end. We never pass the latter without being grateful for the beauti-

ful show of nasturtiums,—a plant which it is an elegance itself to have so much regard for. There is also something very agreeable in the good-natured kind of intercourse thus kept up between the inmates of a house and those who pass it. The former appeal to one's good opinion in the best manner, by complimenting us with a share of their elegances; and the latter are happy to acknowledge the appeal, for their own sakes as well as that of the flowers. Imagine (what perhaps will one day be the case) whole streets adorned in this manner, right and left; and multitudes proceeding on their tasks through avenues of lilies and geraniums. Why should they not? Nature has given us the means, and they are innocent, animating, and contribute to our piety towards her. We do not half enough avail ourselves of the cheap riches wherewith she adorns the earth. We also get the most trivial mistakes in our head, and think them refinements, and are afraid of being "vulgar!" A few seeds, for instance, and a little trouble, would clothe our houses every summer, as high as we chose, with draperies of green and scarlet; and after admiring the beauty, we might eat the produce. But then this produce is a *bean*; and because beans are found at poor tables, we despise them! Nobody despises a vine in front of a house; for vines are polite, and the grapes seldom good enough to be of any use. Well; use, we grant, is not the only thing, but surely we have no right to think ourselves unbogoted to it, when it teaches us to despise beauty. In Italy, where the drink is not common, people have a great respect for *beer*, and would perhaps rather see a drapery of hops at the front of a house, than vine-leaves. Hops are like vines; yet who thinks of adorning his house with them in England? No: they remind us of the ale-house instead of nature and her beauties; and therefore they are "vulgar." But is it not we who are vulgar, in thinking of the ale-house, when nature and her beauties are the greater idea?

It is objected to vegetation against walls and windows, that it harbours insects; and good housewives declare they shall be "overrun." If this be the fact, care should be taken against the consequences; and should the care prove unavailing, everything must be sacrificed to cleanliness. But is the charge well-founded? and if well-founded in respect to some sorts of vegetation, is it equally so with all? we mean, with regard to the inability to keep out the insects. There is a prejudice against ivy on houses, on the score of its harbouring wet, and making the houses damp; yet this opinion has been discovered to be so groundless that the very contrary is the fact. Ivy is found to be a remedy for damp walls. It wards off the rain, and secures to them a remarkable state of dryness; as any one may see for himself by

turning a bush of it aside, and observing the singular drought and dustiness prevailing between the brick or mortar and the back of the leaves.

Plate-glass has a beautiful look in windows; but it is too costly to become general. We remember when the late Mrs. Orby Hunter lived in Grosvenor Place, it was quite a treat to pass by her parlour window, which was an arch, full of large panes of plate-glass, with a box of brilliant flowers underneath it, and jessamine and other creepers making a bower of the wall. Perhaps the house has the same aspect still; but we thought the female name on the door was particularly suited it, and had a just ostentation.

Painted glass is still finer; but we have never seen it used in the front windows of a house except in narrow strips, or over doorways; which is a pity, for its loveliness is extreme. A good portion of the upper part of a window or windows might be allotted to it with great effect, in houses where there is light to spare; and it might be turned to elegant and otherwise useful account, by means of devices, and even regular pictures. A beautiful art, little known, might thus be restored. But we must have a separate article on painted windows; which are a kind of passion of ours. They make us loath to speak of them, without stopping, and receiving on our admiring eyes the beauty of their blessing. For such is the feeling they always give us. They seem, beyond any other inanimate object, except the finest pictures by the great masters (which can hardly be called such), to unite something celestial, with the most gorgeous charm of the senses. There are more reasons than one for this feeling; but we must not be tempted to enter upon them here. The window must have us to itself, as in the rich quiet of a cathedral aisle.

We will conclude this *outside* consideration of windows (for we must have another and longer one for the inside), by dropping from a very heavenly to a very earthly picture, though it be one still suspended in the air. It is that of the gallant footman in one of Steele's comedies, making love to the maid-servant, while they are both occupied in cleaning the windows of their master's house. He does not make love as his honest-hearted brother Dodsley would have done (who from a footman became a man of letters); still less in the style of his illustrious brother Rousseau (for he too was once a footman); though there is one passage in the incident, which the ultra-sensitive lackey of the "Confessions" (who afterwards shook the earth with the very strength of his weakness) would have turned to fine sentimental account. The language also is a little too good even for a fine gentleman's gentleman; but the "exquisite" airs the fellow gives himself, are not so much beyond the reach of brisk foot-



man-imitation, as not to have an essence of truth in them, pleasantly showing the natural likeness between fops of all conditions ; and they are as happily responded to by those of the lady. The combination of the unsophisticated picture at the close of the extract, with the languishing comment made upon it, is extremely ludicrous.

*Enter Tom, meeting PHILLIS.*

*Tom.* Well, Phillis !—What ! with a face as if you had never seen me before?—What a work have I to do now ! She has seen some new visitant at their house whose airs she has caught, and is resolved to practise them upon me. Numberless are the changes she'll dance through before she'll answer this plain question, *videlicet*, Have you delivered my master's letter to your lady ? Nay, I know her too well to ask an account of it in an ordinary way ; I'll be in my airs as well as she. (*Aside.*) Well, madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleased to make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am ; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this instant. (*Looking steadfastly at her.*)

*Phil.* Did ever anybody doubt, Master Thomas, that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self ?

*Tom.* I am indeed. The thing I have least reason to be satisfied with is my fortune, and I am glad of my poverty ; perhaps, if I were rich, I should overlook the finest woman in the world, that wants nothing but riches to be thought so.

*Phil.* How prettily was that said ! But I'll have a great deal more before I say one word. (*Aside.*)

*Tom.* I should perhaps have been stupidly above her had I not been her equal, and by not being her equal never had an opportunity of being her slave. I am my master's servant from hire,—I am my mistress's servant from choice, would she but approve my passion.

*Phil.* I think it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it with any sense of anguish, if you really suffer any.

*Tom.* Ah, Phillis ! can you doubt after what you have seen ?

*Phil.* I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard ; but since I am at leisure, you may tell me when you fell in love with me, how you fell in love with me, and what you have suffered, or are ready to suffer, for me.

*Tom.* Oh ! the unmerciful jade ! when I am in haste about my master's letter :—But I must go through it (*aside*). Ah ! Too well I remember when, and on what occasion, and how I was first surprised. It was on the First of April one thousand seven hundred and fifteen I came into Mr. Sealand's service ; I was then

a little hobble-de-hoy, and you a little tight girl, a favourite handmaid of the house-keeper. At that time we neither one of us knew what was in us. I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean—the person employed on the inner side was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

*Phil.* I think I remember the silly accident. What made you, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street ?

*Tom.* You know not, I warrant you ; you could not guess what surprised me—you took no delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close and breathed upon the glass, and when my lips approached, a dirty cloth you rubbed against my face, and hid your beauteous form ; when I again drew near, you spit and rubbed, and smiled at my undoing.

## VI.—WINDOWS, CONSIDERED FROM INSIDE.

THE other day a butterfly came into our room and began beating himself against the upper panes of a window half open, thinking to get back. It is a nice point—relieving your butterfly—he is a creature so delicate. If you handle him without ceremony, you bring away on your fingers, something which you take to be down, but which is plumes of feathers ; and as there are no fairies at hand, two atoms high, to make pens of the quills, and write “articles” on the invisible, there would be a loss. Mr. Bentham's ghost would visit us, shaking his venerable locks at such unnecessary-pain-producing and reasonable-pleasure-preventing heedlessness. Then if you brush him downwards, you stand a chance of hurting his antennæ, or feelers, and of not knowing what mischief you may do to his eyes, or his sense of touch, or his instruments of dialogue ; for some philosophers hold that insects talk with their feelers, as dumb people do with their fingers. However, some suffering must be hazarded in order to prevent worse, even to the least and most delicate of heaven's creatures, who would not know pleasure if they did not know pain ; and perhaps the merrier and happier they are in general, the greater the lumps of pain they can bear. Besides, all must have their share, or how would the burden of the great blockish necessity be equally distributed : and finally, what business had little *Papilio* to come into a place unfit for him, and get bothering himself with glass ? Oh, faith !—your butterfly must learn experience, as well as your *Buonaparte*.

There was he, beating, fluttering, flouncing,—wondering that he could not get through so clear a matter (for so glass appears to be to insects, as well as to men), and tearing his

silken little soul out with ineffectual energy. What plumage he must have left upon the pane! What feathers and colours, strewed about, as if some fine lady had gone mad against a ball-room door, for not being let in!

But we had a higher simile for him than that. "Truly," thought we, "little friend, thou art like some of the great German transcendentalists, who in thinking to reach at heaven by an impossible way (such at least it seemeth at present) run the hazard of cracking their brains, and spoiling their wings for ever; whereas, if thou and they would but stoop a little lower, and begin with earth first, there, before thee, lieth open heaven as well as earth; and thou mayest mount high as thou wilt, after thy own happy fashion, thinking less and enjoying all things."

And hereupon we contrived to get him downwards,—and forth, out into the air, sprang he,—first against the lime-trees, and then over them into the blue ether,—as if he had resolved to put our advice into practice.

We have before spoken of the fret and fury into which the common fly seems to put himself against a window. Bees appear to take it more patiently, out of a greater knowledge; and slip about with a strange air of hopelessness. They seem to "give it up." These things, as Mr. Pepys said of the humanities at court, "it is pretty to observe." Glass itself is a phenomenon that might alone serve a reflecting observer with meditation for a whole morning,—so substantial and yet so air-like, so close and compact to keep away the cold, yet so transparent and facile to let in light, the gentlest of all things,—so palpably *something*, and yet to the eye and the perceptions a kind of *nothing*! It seems absolutely to deceive insects in this respect, which is remarkable, considering how closely they handle it, and what microscopic eyes we suppose them to have. We should doubt (as we used to do) whether we did not mistake their ideas on the subject, if we had not so often seen their repeated dashings of themselves against the panes, their stoppings (as if to take breath), and then their recommencement of the same violence. It is difficult to suppose that they do this for mere pleasure, for it looks as if they must hurt themselves. Observe in particular the tremendous thumps given himself by that great hulking fellow of a fly, that Ajax of the Diptera, the blue-bottle. Yet in autumn, in their old age, flies congregate in windows as elsewhere, and will take the matter so quietly as sometimes to stand still for hours together. We suppose they love the warmth, or the light; and that either they have found out the secret as to the rest, or

"Years have brought the philosophic mind."

Why should Fly plague himself any longer with household matters which he cannot alter?

He has tried hard in his time; and now he resigns himself like a wise insect, and will taste whatsoever tranquil pleasures remain for him, without beating his brains or losing his temper any longer. In natural livers, pleasure survives pain. Even the artificial, who keep up their troubles so long by pride, self-will, and the want of stimulants, contrive to get more pleasure than is supposed out of pain itself, especially by means of thinking themselves ill-used, and of grumbling. If the heart (for want of better training) does not much keep up its action with them, the spleen does; and so there is action of some sort: and whenever there is action, there is life; and life is found to have something valuable in it for its own sake, apart from ordinary considerations either of pain or pleasure. But your fly and your philosopher are for pleasure too, to the last, if it be harmless. Give old Musca a grain of sugar, and see how he will put down his proboscis to it, and dot, and pound, and suck it in, and be as happy as an old West India gentleman pondering on his sugar cane and extracting a pleasure out of some dulcet recollection.

Gamblers, for want of a sensation, have been known to start up from their wine, and lay a bet upon two rain drops coming down a pane of glass. How poor are those gentry, even when they win, compared with observers whose resources need never fail them! To the latter, if they please, the rain-drop itself is a world,—a world of beauty and mystery and aboriginal idea, bringing before them a thousand images of proportion, and reflection, and the elements, and light, and colour, and roundness, and delicacy, and fluency, and beneficence, and the refreshed flowers, and the growing corn, and dewdrops on the bushes, and the tears that fall from gentle eyes, and the ocean, and the rainbow, and the origin of all things. In water, we behold one of the old primeval mysteries of which the world was made. Thus, the commonest rain-drop on a pane of glass becomes a visitor from the solitudes of time.

A window, to those who have read a little in Nature's school, thus becomes a book, or a picture, on which her genius may be studied, handicraft though the canvas be, and little as the glazier may have thought of it. Not that we are to predicate ignorance of your glazier now-a-days, any more than of other classes that compose the various readers of penny and three-half-penny philosophy,—cheap visitor, like the sunbeams, of houses of all sorts. The glazier could probably give many a richer man information respecting his glass, and his diamond, and his putty, (no anti-climax in these analytical days,) and let him into a secret or two, besides, respecting the amusement to be derived from it. (We have just got up from our work to inform ourselves of the nature and properties of the said mystery, putty; and



should blush for the confession, if the blush would not imply that a similar ignorance were less common with us than it is.)

But a window is a frame for other pictures besides its own ; sometimes for moving ones, as in the instance of a cloud going along, or a bird, or a flash of lightning ; sometimes for the distant landscape, sometimes the nearer one, or the trees that are close to it, with their lights and shades ; often for the passing multitude. A picture, a harmony, is observable, even in the drapery of the curtains that invest it ; much more in the sunny vine-leaves or roses that may be visible on the borders, or that are trailed against it, and which render many a poor casement so pleasant. The other day, in a very humble cottage window in the suburbs, we saw that beautiful plant, the nasturtium, trained over it on several strings ; which must have furnished the inmates with a screen as they sate at their work or at their tea inside, and at the same time permitted them to see through into the road, thus constituting a far better blind than is to be found in many great houses. Sightings like these give a favourable impression of the dispositions and habits of the people within,—show how superior they are to their sophistications, if rich, and how possessed of natural refinement, if among the poorer classes. Oh ! the human mind is a fine graceful thing everywhere, if the music of nature does but seize its attention, and throw it into its natural attitude. But so little has the “schoolmaster” yet got hold of this point, or made way with it, and so occupied are men with digging gold out of the ground, and neglecting the other treasures which they toss about in profusion during the operation (as if the clay were better than the flowers which it produced), that few make the most of the means and appliances for enjoyment that lie round about them, even in their very walls and rooms. Look at the windows down a street, and generally speaking they are all barren. The inmates might see through roses and geraniums, if they would ; but they do not think of it, or not with loving knowledge enough to take the trouble. Those who have the advantage of living in the country or the suburbs, are led in many instances to do better, though their necessity for agreeable sights is not so great. But the presence of nature tempts them to imitate her. There are few windows anywhere which might not be used to better advantage than they are, if we have a little money, or can procure even a few seeds. We have read an art of blowing the fire. There is an art even in the shutting and opening of windows. People might close them more against dull objects, and open them more to pleasant ones, and to the air. For a few pence, they might have beautiful colours and odours, and a pleasing task, emulous of the showers of April, beneficent as May ; for they

who cultivate flowers in their windows (as we have hinted before) are led instinctively to cultivate them for others as well as themselves ; nay, in one respect they do it more so ; for you may observe, that wherever there is this “fenestral horticulture,” (as Evelyn would have called your window-gardening,) the flowers are turned with their faces towards the street.

But “there is an art in the shutting and opening of windows.”—Yes, for the sake of air (which ought to be had night as well as day, in reasonable measure, and with precautions), and for the sake of excluding, or admitting, what is to be seen out of doors. Suppose, for example, a house is partly opposite some pleasant, and partly some unpleasant, object ; the one, a tree or garden ; the other, a gin-shop or a squalid lane. The sight of the first should be admitted as constantly as possible, and with open window. That of the other, if you are rich enough, can be shut out with a painted blind, that shall substitute a beautiful landscape for the nuisance ; or a blind of another sort will serve the purpose ; or if even a blind cannot be afforded, the shutters may be partly closed. Shutters should always be divided in two, horizontally as well as otherwise, for purposes of this kind. It is sometimes pleasant to close the lower portion, if only to preserve a greater sense of quiet and seclusion, and to read or write the more to yourself ; light from above having both a softer and stronger effect, than when admitted from all quarters. We have seen shutters, by judicious management in this way, in the house of a poor man who had a taste for nature, contribute to the comfort and even elegance of a room in a surprising manner, and (by the opening of the lower portions and the closure of the upper) at once shut out all the sun that was not wanted, and convert a row of stunted trees into an appearance of interminable foliage, as thick as if it had been in a forest.

“But the *fact* was otherwise ;” cries some fastidious personage, more nice than wise ; “you knew there was *no forest*, and therefore could not have been deceived.”

“Well, my dear Sir, but deception is not necessary to every one’s pleasure ; and *fact*, is not merely what you take it for. The fact of there being no forest might have been the only fact with yourself, and so have prevented the enjoyment ; but to a livelier fancy, there would have been the fact of the imagination of the forest (for everything is a fact which *does anything for us*)\*, and there would also

\* *Facio, factum (Latin)*—to do, done. What is done in imagination, makes a greater or less impression according to the power to receive it ; but it is unquestionably done, if it impresses us at all ; and thus becomes, after its kind, a fact. A stupid fellow, utterly without imagination, requires tickling to make him laugh ; a livelier one laughs at a comedy, or at the bare apprehension of a thing laughable. In both instances there is a real impression though

have been the fact of having cultivated the imagination, and the fact of our willingness to be pleased, and the fact of the books we have read, and above all, the fact of the positive satisfaction. If a man be pleased, it is in vain you tell him he has no cause to be pleased. The cause is proved by the consequence. Whether the cause be rightly or wrongly cultivated, is another matter. The good of it is assumed in the present instance; and it would take more facts than are in the possession of a "mere matter-of-fact man" to disprove it. Matter of fact and spirit of fact must both be appreciated, in order to do justice to the riches of nature. We are made of mind as well as body,—of imagination as well as senses. The same mysterious faculty which sees what is before the eyes, sees also what is suggested to the memory. Matter of fact is only the more palpable world, around which a thousand spirits of fact are playing, like angels in a picture. Not to see both, is to be a poor unattended creature, who walks about in the world conscious of nothing but himself, or at best of what the horse-jockey and the coach-maker has done for him. If his banker fails, he is ruined! Not so those who, in addition to the resources of their industry, have stock in all the *banks* of nature and art, (pardon us this pun for the sake of what grows on it,) and whose consolations cannot wholly fail them, as long as they have a flower to look upon, and a blood not entirely vitiated.

A window high up in a building, and commanding a fine prospect, is a sort of looking out of the air, and gives a sense of power, and of superiority to earth. The higher also you go, the healthier. We speak of such windows as Milton fancied, when he wished that his lamp should be seen at midnight in "some high lonely tower;" a passage, justly admired for the good-nature as well as loftiness of the wish, thus desiring that wayfarers should be the better for his studies, and enjoy the evidence of their fellow-creature's vigils. But elevations of this kind are not readily to be had. As to health, we believe that a very little lift above the ground-floor, and so on as you ascend, grows healthier in proportion. *Malaria* (bad air) in the countries where a plague of that kind is prevalent, is understood to be confined to a certain distance from the earth; and we really believe, that even in the healthiest quarters, where no positive harm is done by nearness to it, the air is better as the houses ascend, and a seat in a window becomes valuable in proportion. By-and-by, perhaps, studies and other favourite sitting-rooms will be built accordingly; and more retrospective reverence be shown to the "garrets" that used to be so

from very different causes, one from "matter of fact," (if you please,) the other from spirit of fact; but in either case the thing is *done*, the fact takes place. The moving cause exists somehow, or how could we be moved?

famous in the annals of authorship. The poor poet in Pope, who lay

High in Drury lane,  
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,

was better off there, than if he had occupied the ground-floor. For our parts, in order that we may save the dignity of our three-half-penny meditations, and at the same time give evidence of practising what we preach, we shall finish by stating, that we have written this article in a floor neither high enough to be so poetical nor low enough for too earthly a prose,—in a little study made healthy by an open window, and partly screened from over-lookers by a bit of the shutter, while our look-out presents us with a world of green leaves, and a red cottage top, a gothic tower of a church in the distance, and a glorious apple-tree close at hand, laden with its yellow balls.

"Studded with apples, a beautiful show."

Some kindness of this sort Fortune has never failed to preserve to us, as if in return for the love we bear to her rolling globe; and now that the sincerity of our good-will has become known, none seem inclined to grudge it us, or to dispute the account to which we may turn it, for others as well as ourselves.

We had something more to say of seats in windows, and a good deal of windows at inns, and of sitting and looking out of windows; but we have other articles to write this week, of more length than usual, and must reserve it for a future number.

## VII.—A FLOWER FOR YOUR WINDOW.

NAMES OF FLOWERS. MYSTERY OF THEIR BEAUTY.

IN the window beside which we are writing this article, there is a geranium shining with its scarlet tops in the sun, the red of it being the more red for a back-ground of lime-trees which are at the same time breathing and panting like airy plenitudes of joy, and developing their shifting depths of light and shade of russet brown and sunny inward gold.

It seems to say "Paint me!" So here it is.

Every now and then some anxious fly comes near it:—we hear the sound of a bee, though we see none; and upon looking closer at the flowers, we observe that some of the petals are transparent with the light, while others are left in shade; the leaves are equally adorned after their opaquer fashion, with those effects of the sky, showing their dark-brown rims; and on one of them a red petal has fallen, where it lies on the brighter half of the shallow green cup, making its own red redder, and the green greener. We perceive, in imagination, the



scent of those good-natured leaves, which allow you to carry off their perfume on your fingers: for good-natured they are, in that respect, above almost all plants, and fittest for the hospitalities of your rooms. The very feel of the leaf has a household warmth in it something analogous to clothing and comfort.

Why does not everybody (who can afford it) have a geranium in his window, or some other flower? It is very cheap; its cheapness is next to nothing if you raise it from seed, or from a slip; and it is a beauty and a companion. It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. And if it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter a hateful thing, even for your neglecting it; for though it is all beauty, it has no vanity: and such being the case, and living as it does purely to do you good and afford you pleasure, how will you be able to neglect it?

But pray, if you choose a geranium, or possess but a few of them, let us persuade you to choose the scarlet kind, the "old original" geranium, and not a variety of it,—not one of the numerous diversities of red and white, blue and white, ivy-leaved, &c. Those are all beautiful, and very fit to vary a large collection; but to prefer them to the originals of the race is to run the hazard of preferring the curious to the beautiful, and costliness to sound taste. It may be taken as a good general rule, that the most popular plants are the best; for otherwise they would not have become such. And what the painters call "pure colours," are preferable to mixed ones, for reasons which Nature herself has given when she painted the sky of one colour, and the fields of another, and divided the rainbow itself into a few distinct hues, and made the red rose the queen of flowers. Variations of flowers are like variations in music, often beautiful as such, but almost always inferior to the theme on which they are founded,—the original air. And the rule holds good in beds of flowers, if they be not very large, or in any other small assemblage of them. Nay, the largest bed will look well, if of one beautiful colour; while the most beautiful varieties may be inharmoniously mixed up. Contrast is a good thing, but we should first get a good sense of the thing to be contrasted, and we shall find this preferable to the contrast if we are not rich enough to have both in due measure. We do not in general love and honour any one single colour enough, and we are instinctively struck with a conviction to this effect when we see it abundantly set forth. The other day we saw a little garden-wall completely covered with nasturtiums, and felt how much more beautiful it was than if anything had been mixed with it. For the leaves, and the light and shade, offer variety enough. The rest is all richness and simplicity united,—which is the triumph of an intense perception. Embower a cottage thickly

and completely with nothing but roses, and nobody would desire the interference of another plant.

Everything is handsome about the geranium, not excepting its name; which cannot be said of all flowers, though we get to love ugly words when associated with pleasing ideas. The word "geranium" is soft and elegant; the meaning is poor, for it comes from a Greek word signifying a crane, the fruit having a form resembling that of a crane's head or bill. Crane's-bill is the English name of Geranium; though the learned appellation has superseded the vernacular. But what a reason for naming the *flower*! as if the fruit were anything in comparison, or any one cared about it. Such distinctions, it is true, are useful to botanists; but as plenty of learned names are sure to be reserved for the free-masonry of the science, it would be better for the world at large to invent joyous and beautiful names for these images of joy and beauty. In some instances, we have them; such as heart's-ease, honeysuckle, marigold, mignonette (little darling), daisy (day's-eye), &c. And many flowers are so lovely, and have associated names otherwise unmeaning so pleasantly with one's memory, that no new ones would sound so well, or seem even to have such proper significations. In pronouncing the words, lilies, roses, pinks, tulips, jonquils, we see the things themselves, and seem to taste all their beauty and sweetness. "Pink" is a harsh petty word in itself, and yet assuredly it does not seem so; for in the word we have the flower. It would be difficult to persuade ourselves that the word *rose* is not very beautiful. "Pea" is a poor Chinese-like monosyllable; and "Briar" is rough and fierce, as it ought to be; but when we think of *Sweet-pea* and *Sweet-briar*, the words appear quite worthy of their epithets. The poor monosyllable becomes rich in sweetness and appropriation; the rough dissyllable also; and the sweeter for its contrast. But what can be said in behalf of liverwort, blood-wort, dragon's head, devil's bit, and devil in a bush? There was a charming line in some verses in last week's London Journal, written by a lady.

I've marr'd your blisses,  
Those sweete kisses  
That the young breeze so loved yesterdays!  
I've seen ye sighing,  
Now ye're dying;—  
*How could I take your prettie lives away?*

But you could not say this to dragon's head  
and devil's bit—

O dragon's head, devil's bit, blood-wort,—say,  
How could I take your pretty lives away?

This would be like Dryden's version of the  
pig-squeaking in Chaucer—

Poor swine! as if their pretty hearts would break.

The names of flowers in general among the

polite, are neither pretty in themselves, nor give us information. The country people are apt to do them more justice. Goldy-locks, ladies'-fingers, bright-eye, rose-a-rubie, shepherd's-clock, shepherd's-purse, sauce-alone, scarlet runners, sops-in-wine, sweet-william, &c. give us some ideas either useful or pleasant. But from the peasantry also come many uncongenial names, as bad as those of the botanists. Some of the latter are handsome as well as learned, have meanings easily found out by a little reading or scholarship, and are taking their place accordingly in popular nomenclatures: as amaranth, adonis, arbutus, asphodel, &c., but many others are as ugly as they are far-fetched, such as colchicum, tagetes, yucca, ixia, mesembryanthemum; and as to the Adansonias, Browallias, Koempferias, John Tomkinsias, or whatever the personal names may be that are bestowed at the botanical font by their proud discoverers or godfathers, we have a respect for botanists and their pursuits, and wish them all sorts of "little immortalities" except these: unless they could unite them with something illustrative of the flower as well as themselves. A few, certainly, we should not like to displace, Browallia for one, which was given to a Peruvian flower by Linnaeus, in honour of a friend of his of the name of Browall; but the name should have included some idea of the thing named. The Browallia is remarkable for its brilliancy. "We cannot," says Mr. Curtis, "do it justice by any colours we have\*." Now why not have called it Browall's Beauty? or Browall's Inimitable? The other day we were *admiring* an enormously beautiful apple, and were told it was called "Kirk's *Admirable*," after the gardener who raised it. We felt the propriety of this name directly. It was altogether to the purpose. There was use and beauty together—the name of the raiser and the excellence of the fruit raised. It is a pity that all fruits and flowers, and animals too, except those with good names, could not be passed in review before somebody with a genius for christening, as the creatures did before Adam in Paradise, and so have new names given them, worthy of their creation.

Suppose flowers themselves were new! Suppose they had just come into the world, a sweet reward for some new goodness: and that we had not yet seen them quite developed; that they were in the act of growing; had just issued with their green stalks out of the ground, and engaged the attention of the curious. Imagine what we should feel when we saw the first lateral stem bearing off from the main one, or putting forth a leaf. How we should watch the leaf gradually unfolding its little graceful hand; then another, then another;

then the main stalk rising and producing more; then one of them giving indications of an astonishing novelty, a bud! then this mysterious, lovely bud gradually unfolding like the leaf, amazing us, enchanting us, almost alarming us with delight, as if we knew not what enchantment were to ensue: till at length, in all its fairy beauty, and odorous voluptuousness, and mysterious elaboration of tender and living sculpture, shone forth

—"the bright consummate flower!"

Yet this phenomenon, to a mind of any thought and lovingness, is what may be said to take place every day; for the commonest objects are only wonders at which habit has made us cease to wonder, and the marvellousness of which we may renew at pleasure, by *taking thought*. Last spring, walking near some cultivated grounds, and seeing a multitude of green stalks peeping forth, we amused ourselves with likening them to the plumes or other head-gear of fairies, and wondering what faces might ensue; and from this exercise of the fancy, we fell to considering how true, and not merely fanciful those speculations were; what a perpetual reproduction of the marvellous was carried on by Nature; how utterly ignorant we were of the causes of the least and most disesteemed of the commonest vegetables; and what a quantity of life, and beauty, and mystery, and use, and enjoyment, was to be found in them, composed out of all sorts of elements, and shaped as if by the hands of fairies. What workmanship, with no apparent workman! What consummate elegance, though the result was to be nothing (as we call it) but a radish or an onion, and these were to be consumed, or thrown away by millions! A rough tree grows up, and at the tips of his rugged and dark fingers he puts forth,—round, smooth, shining, and hanging delicately,—the golden apple, or the cheek-like beauty of the peach. The other day we were in a garden where Indian corn was growing, and some of the cobs were plucked to show us. First one leaf or sheath was picked off, then another, then another, then a fourth, and so on, as if a fruit-seller was unpacking fruit out of papers; and at last we came, inside, to the grains of the corn, packed up into cucumber-shapes of pale gold, and each of them pressed and flattened against each other, as if some human hand had been doing it in the caverns of the earth. BUT WHAT HAND!

The same that made the poor yet rich hand (for is it not his workmanship also?) that is tracing these marvellous lines, and which if it does not tremble to write them, it is because Love sustains, and because the heart also is a flower which has a right to be tranquil in the garden of the All-Wise.

\* We learn this from the *Flora Domestica*, an elegant and poetry-loving book, specially intended for cultivators of flowers at home.



## VIII.—A WORD ON EARLY RISING.

As we are writing this article before breakfast, at an earlier hour than usual, we are inclined to become grand and intolerant on the strength of our virtue, and to look around us and say, "Why is not every body up? How *can* people lie in bed at an hour like this,—the cool, the fragrant?"

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?"

Thus exclaimed good-natured, enjoying Thomson, and lay in bed till twelve; after which he strolled into his garden at Richmond, and ate peaches off a tree, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets! Browsing! A perfect specimen of a poetical elephant or rhinoceros! Thomson, however, left an immortal book behind him, which excused his trespasses. What excuse shall mortality bring for hastening its end by lying in bed, and anticipating the grave? for of all apparently innocent habits lying in bed is perhaps the worst; while on the other hand, amidst all the different habits through which people have attained to a long life, it is said that in this one respect, and this only, they have all *agreed*! No very long-lived man has been a late riser. Judge Holt is said to have been curious respecting longevity, and to have questioned every very old man that came before him, as to his modes of living; and in the matter of early rising there was no variation: every one of them got up betimes. One lived chiefly upon meat, another upon vegetables; one drank no fermented liquors, another did drink them; a fifth took care not to expose himself to the weather, another took no such care; but every one of them was an early riser. All made their appearance at Nature's earliest levee, and she was pleased that they hailed her as soon as she waked, and that they valued her fresh air, and valued her skies, and her birds, and her balmy quiet; or if they thought little of this, she was pleased that they took the first step in life, every day, calculated to make them happiest and most healthy; and so she laid her hands upon their heads, and pronounced them good old boys, and enabled them to run about at wonderful ages, while their poor senior juniors were tumbling in down and gout.

A most pleasant hour it is certainly,—when you are once up. The birds are singing in the trees; everything else is noiseless, except the air, which comes sweeping every now and then through the sunshine, hindering the coming day from being hot. We feel it on our face, as we write. At a distance, far off, a dog occasionally barks; and some huge fly is loud upon the window-pane. It is sweet to drink in at one's ears these innocent sounds, and this very sense of silence, and to say to one's self, "We are up;—we are up, and are doing well;—the beautiful creation is not unseen and unheard for want of us." Oh, it's a prodigious moment when the

vanity and the virtue can go together. We shall not say how early we write this article, lest we should appear immodest, and excite envy and despair. Neither shall we mention how often we thus get up, or the hour at which we generally rise,—leaving our readers to hope the best of us; in return for which we will try to be as little exalted this morning as the sense of advantage over our neighbours will permit, and *not* despise them—a great stretch for an uncommon sense of merit. There for instance is C.;—hard at it, we would swear; as fast asleep as a church:—of what value are his books now, and his subtleties, and his speculations? as dead, poor man! as if they never existed. What proof is there of an immortal soul in that face with its eyes shut, and its mouth open, and not a word to say for itself, any more than the dog's?—And W. there;—what signifies his love for his children and his garden, neither of which he is now alive to, though the child-like birds are calling him, hopping amidst their songs; and his breakfast would have twice the relish?—And the L.'s with *their* garden and their music—the orchard has all the music to itself; they will not arise to join it, though Nature manifestly intends concerts to be of a morning as well as evening, and the animal Spirits are the first that are up in the universe.

Then the streets and squares. Very much do we fear, that, for want of a proper education in these thoughts, the milkman, instead of despising all these shut-up windows, and the sleeping incapables inside, envies them for the riches that keep injuring their diaphragms and digestions, and that will render their breakfast not half so good as his. "Call you these gentle-folks?" said a new maid-servant, in a family of our acquaintance, "why, they get up early in the morning!—Only make *me* a lady, and see if I wouldn't lie a-bed."

Seriously speaking, we believe that there is not a wholesomer thing than early rising, or one which, if persevered in for a very little while, would make a greater difference in the sensations of those who suffer from most causes of ill-health, particularly the besetting disease of these sedentary times, indigestion. We believe it would supersede the supposed necessity of a great deal of nauseous and pernicious medicine, that pretended friend, and ultimately certain foe, of all impatient stomachs. Its utility in other respects everybody acknowledges, though few profit by it as they might. Nothing renders a man so completely master of the day before him; so gets rid of arrears, anticipates the necessity of haste, and insures leisure. Sir Walter Scott is said to have written all his greatest works before breakfast; he thus also procured time for being one of the most social of friends, and kind and attentive of correspondents. One sometimes regrets that experience passes into the shape of proverbs, since those who make

use of them are apt to have no other knowledge, and thus procure for them a worldly character of the lowest order. Franklin did them no good, in this respect, by crowding them together in "Poor Richard's Almanack;" and Cervantes intimated the common-place abuse into which they were turning, by putting them into the mouth of Sancho Panza. Swift completed the ruin of some of them, in this country, by mingling them with the slip-slop of his "Polite Conversation,"—a Tory libel on the talk of the upper ranks, to which nothing comparable is to be found in the Whig or Radical objections of modern times. Yet, for the most part, proverbs are equally true and generous; and there is as much profit for others as for a man's self in believing that "Early to bed and early to rise, will make a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise;" for the voluntary early riser is seldom one who is insensible to the beauty as well as the uses of the spring of day; and in becoming healthy and wise, as well as rich, he becomes good-humoured and considerate, and is disposed to make a handsome use of the wealth he acquires. Mere saving and sparing (which is the ugliest way to wealth) permits a man to lie in bed as long as most other people, especially in winter, when he saves fire by it; but a gallant acquisition should be as stirring in this respect, as it is in others, and thus render its riches a comfort to it, instead of a means of unhealthy care, and a preparation for disappointment. How many rich men do we not see jaundiced and worn, not with necessary care but superfluous, and secretly cursing their riches, as if it were the fault of the money itself, and not of the bad management of their health? These poor, unhappy, rich people, come at length to hug their money out of a sort of spleen and envy at the luckier and less miserable poverty that wants it, and thus lead the lives of dogs in the manger, and are almost tempted to hang themselves: whereas, if they could purify the current of their blood a little, which, perhaps, they might do by early rising alone, without a penny for physic, they might find themselves growing more patient, more cheerful, more liberal, and be astonished and delighted at receiving the praises of the community for their public spirit, and their patronage of noble institutions. Oh, if we could but get half London up at an earlier hour, how they, and our colleges and universities, and royal academies, &c., would all take a start together; and how the quack advertisements in the newspapers would diminish!

But we must not pretend, meanwhile, to be more virtuous ourselves than frail teachers are apt to be. The truth is, that lying in bed is so injurious to our particular state of health, that we are early risers in self-defence; and we were not always such; so that we are qualified to speak to both sides of the question. And as to our present article, it is owing to a relapse! and

we fear is a very dull one in consequence; for we are obliged to begin it earlier than usual, in consequence of being late. We shall conclude it with the sprightliest testimony we can call to mind in favour of early rising, which is that of James the First, the royal poet of Scotland, a worthy disciple of Chaucer, who, when he was kept in unjust captivity during his youth by Henry the Fourth, fell in love with his future excellent queen, in consequence of seeing her through his prison windows walking in a garden at break of day, as Palamon and Arcite did Emilia; which caused him to exclaim, in words that might be often quoted by others out of gratitude to the same hour, though on a different occasion,

"My custom was to rise  
Early as day. Oh happy exercise,  
By thee I came to joy out of torment!"

See the 'King's Quair,' the poem he wrote about it. We quote from memory, but we believe with correctness.

#### IX.—BREAKFAST IN SUMMER.

"BREAKFAST in Summer!" cries a reader, in some narrow street in a city: "that means, I suppose, a breakfast out of doors, among trees; or, at least, in some fine breakfast-room, looking upon a lawn, or into a conservatory. I have no such breakfast-room; the article is not written for me. However, let us see what it says:—let us see whether, according to our friend's recipe,

One can hold  
A silver-fork, and breast of pheasant on't,  
By thinking of sheer tea, and bread and butter.

Nay let us do him justice too. Fancy is a good thing, though pheasant may be better. Come, let us see what he says:—let us look at his Barmecide breakfast;—at all the good things I am to eat and drink without tasting them."

*Editor.* Reader, thou art one of the right sort.—Thy fancy is large, though thy street be narrow. In one thing only do we find thee deficient. Thy faith is not perfect.

*Reader.* How? Am I not prepared to enjoy what I cannot have? And do I not know the Barmecide? Am I not a reader of the Arabian Nights,—a willing visitor of that facetious personage, who set the imaginary feast before the poor hungry devil Shacabac, and made him drunk with invisible wine, till, in the retributive intoxication of the humour, mine host got his ears boxed?

*Editor.* Hallo—what is that you are saying?—Oh you "intend nothing personal." Well, it is luckily added; for, look you—we should otherwise have "heaped coals of fire on your head." The want of faith we complain of is not the want of faith in books and fancies, but in us and our intentions towards thyself; for



how camest thou to suppose that we intended omitting thy breakfast,—thy unsophisticated cup of bohea, and most respectable bread and butter? Why, it is of and to such breakfasts, that we write most. The others, unless their refinement be of the true, universal sort, might fancy they could do without us; whereas those that really can do so, are not unwilling to give us reception, for sympathy's sake, if for nothing else. To enjoy is to reciprocate. We have the honour (in this our paper person) of appearing at some of the most refined breakfast-tables in the kingdom, some of these being at the same time the richest, and some the poorest, that epicure could seek or eschew; that is to say, unintellectual epicure; and when such a man is found at either, we venture to affirm that he misses the best things to be found near him. It does not become us to name names; but we may illustrate the matter by saying, that, had it been written forty years back, we have good reason to think that the intentions of this our set of essays would have procured it no contemptuous welcome at the breakfast-table of Fox with his lords about him, or Burns with his "bonnie Jeanie" at his side. Porcelain, or potter's-clay, silver or pewter, potted meats, oatmeal, or bacon, are all one to us, provided there is a good appetite, and a desire to make the best of what is before us. Without that, who would breakfast with the richest of fools? And with it, who that knows the relish of wit and good-humour, would not sit down to the humblest fare with inspired poverty?

Now the art of making the best of what is before us, (not in forgetfulness of social advancement, but in encouragement of it, and in aid of the requisite activity or patience, as the case may require,) is one of the main objects of this publication; and as the commoner breakfast seems to require it most, it is to such tables the present paper is chiefly addressed,—always supposing that the breakfaster is of an intelligent sort; and not without a hope of suggesting a pleasant fancy or so to the richest tables that may want it. And there are too many such!—perhaps because the table has too many "good things" on it already,—too much potted gout, and twelve-shilling irritability.

Few people, rich or poor, make the most of what they possess. In their anxiety to increase the amount of the means for future enjoyment, they are too apt to lose sight of the capability of them for present. Above all, they overlook the thousand helps to enjoyment which lie round about them, free to everybody, and obtainable by the very willingness to be pleased, assisted by that fancy and imagination which nature has bestowed, more or less, upon all human beings. Some miscalled Utilitarians, incapable of their own master's doctrine, may affect to undervalue fancy and imagination, as though they were not constituent properties of the human mind, and as if they themselves,

the mistakers, did not enjoy even what they do by their very assistance! Why they have fancies for this or that tea-cup, this or that coat, this or that pretty face! They get handsome wives, when they can, as well as other people, and when plain ones would be quite as "useful!" How is that? They pretend to admire the green fields, the blue sky, and would be ashamed to be insensible to the merits of the flowers. How can they take upon them to say where the precise line should be drawn, and at what point it is we are to cease turning these perceptions of pleasure and elegance to account?

The first requisite towards enjoying a breakfast, or anything else, is the willingness to be pleased; and the greatest proof and security of this willingness, is the willingness to please others. "Better" (says a venerable text) "is a dinner of herbs, where peace is, than a stalled ox with contention." Many a breakfast, that has every other means of enjoyment, is turned to bitterness, by unwilling discordant looks, perhaps to the great misery of some persons present, who would give and receive happiness, if at any other table. Now breakfast is a fore-taste of the whole day. Spoil that, and we probably spoil all. Begin it well, and if we are not very silly or ill-taught persons indeed, and at the mercy of every petty impulse of anger and offence, we in all probability make the rest of the day worthy of it. These petty impulses are apt to produce great miseries. And the most provoking part of the business is, that for want of better teaching, or of a little forethought, or imagination, they are sometimes indulged in by people of good hearts, who would be ready to tear their hair for anguish, if they saw you wounded or in a fit, and yet will make your days a heap of wretchedness, by the eternal repetition of these absurdities.

It being premised then that persons must come to breakfast without faces sour enough to turn the milk, (and we begin to think that our cautions on this head are unnecessary to such readers as are likely to patronise us) we have to inform the most unpretending breakfaster—the man the least capable of potted meats, partridges, or preserves,—that in the commonest tea-equipage and fare which is set upon his board, he possesses a treasure of pleasant thoughts; and that if he can command but the addition of a flower, or a green bough, or a book, he may add to them a visible grace and luxury, such as the richest wits in the nation would respect.

"True taste," says one of these very persons, (Mr. Rogers, in his notes to a poem,) "is an excellent economist. She delights in producing great effects by small means." This maxim holds good, we see, even amidst the costliest elegancies; how much more is it precious to those whose means are of necessity small, while their hearts are large? Suppose the reader is forced to be an economist, and to have nothing

on his breakfast table but plain tea and bread and butter. Well ; he is not forced also to be sordid, or wretched, or without fancy, love, or intelligence. Neither are his tea-cups forced to be ill shaped, nor his bread and butter ill cut, nor his table-cloth dirty : and shapeliness and cleanliness are in themselves elegancies, and of no mean order. The spirit of all other elegance is in them,—that of selectness,—of the superiority to what is unfit and superfluous. Besides, a breakfast of this kind is the preference, or good old custom, of thousands who could afford a richer one. It may be called the staple breakfast of England ; and he who cannot make an excellent meal of it, would be in no very good way with the luxuries of a George the Fourth, still less with the robust meats of a huntsman. Delicate appetites may reasonably be stimulated a little, till regularity and exercise put them in better order ; and nothing is to be said against the innocencies of honeys and marmalades. But strong meats of a morning are only for those who take strong exercise, or who have made up their minds to defy the chances of gout and corpulence, or the undermining pre-digestion of pill-taking.

If the man of taste is able to choose his mode of breakfasting in summer time, he will of course invest it with all the natural luxuries within his reach. He will have it in a room, looking upon grass and trees, hung with paintings, and furnished with books. He will sit with a beautiful portrait beside him, and the air shall breathe freshly into his room, the sun shall colour the foliage at his window, and shine betwixt their chequering shadows upon the table ; and the bee shall come to partake the honey he has made for him.

But suppose that a man capable of relishing all these good things does not possess one of them,—at least can command none that require riches. Nay, suppose him destitute of everything but the plainest fare, in the plainest room, and in the least accommodating part of the city. What does he do ? Or what, upon reflection, may he be led to do ? Why, his taste will have recourse to its own natural and acquired riches, and make the utmost it can out of the materials before it. It will show itself superior to that of thousands of ignorant rich men, and make its good-will and its knowledge open sources of entertainment to him unknown to treasures which they want the wit to unlock. Be willing to be pleased, and the power will come. Be a reader, getting all the information you can ; and every fresh information will paint some common-place article for you with brightness. Such a man as we have described will soon learn not to look upon the commonest table or chair without deriving pleasure from its shape or shape-ability ; nor on the cheapest and most ordinary tea-cup, without increasing that gratification with fifty amusing recollections of books and

plants and colours, and strange birds, and the quaint domesticities of the Chinese.

For instance, if he breakfasts in a room of the kind just mentioned, (which is putting the case as strongly as we can, and implies all the greater comforts that can be drawn from situations of a better kind,) he will select the snuggest or least cheerless part of the room, to set his table in. If he can catch a glimpse of a tree from any part of a window, (and a great many more such glimpses are to be had in the city than people would suppose) he will plant his chair, if possible, within view of it ; or if no tree is to be had, perhaps the morning sun comes into his room, and he will contrive that his table shall have a slice of that. He will not be unamused even with the Jack-o'-lantern which strikes up to the ceiling, and dances with the stirring of his tea, glancing and twinkling like some chuckling elfin eye, or reminding him of some wit making his brilliant reflections, and casting a light upon common-places. The sun is ever beautiful and noble, and brings a cheerfulness out of heaven itself into the humblest apartment, if we have but the spirit to welcome it.

But if we have neither tree nor sun, and nobody with us to make amends, suppose it winter time, and that we have a fire. This is sun and company too, and such an associate as will either talk with us, if we choose to hear it : or leave us alone, and give us comfort unheard. It is now summer time, however, and we had better reserve our talk of fires for cold weather. Our present object is rather to point out some new modes of making the best of imaginary wants, than to dilate upon luxuries recognised by all.

Suppose then, that neither a fire, the great friend in-doors, nor sunshine, the great friend out-of-doors, be found with us in our breakfast room,—that we could neither receive pleasure from the one, if we had it, nor can command a room into which the other makes its way,—what ornament is there,—what supply of light or beauty could we discover, at once exquisite and cheap,—that should furnish our humble board with a grace, precious in the eyes of the most intelligent among the rich ? Flowers.—Set flowers on your table, a whole nosegay if you can get it,—or but two or three,—or a single flower,—a rose, a pink, nay a daisy. Bring a few daisies and butter-cups from your last field walk, and keep them alive in a little water ; ay, preserve but a bunch of clover, or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant as well as cheap of nature's productions,—and you have something on your table that reminds you of the beauties of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets and sages that have done it most honour. Put but a rose, or a lily, or a violet, on your table, and *you and Lord Bacon* have a custom in common ; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having



the flowers in season set upon his table,—morning, we believe, noon, and night ; that is to say, at all his meals ; for dinner, in his time, was taken at noon ; and why should he not have flowers at all his meals, seeing that they were growing all day ? Now here is a fashion that shall last you for ever, if you please ; never changing with silks, and velvets, and silver forks, nor dependent upon the caprice of some fine gentleman or lady, who have nothing but caprice and change to give them importance and a sensation. The fashion of the garments of heaven and earth endures for ever, and you may adorn your table with specimens of their drapery,—with flowers out of the fields, and golden beams out of the blue ether.

Flowers on a morning table are specially suitable to the time. They look like the happy wakening of the creation ; they bring the perfumes of the breath of nature into your room ; they seem the representations and embodiments of the very smiles of your home, the graces of its good-morrow, proofs that some intellectual beauty is in ourselves, or those about us ; some house Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweets, or in ourselves some masculine mildness not unworthy to possess such a companion, or unlikely to gain her.

Even a few leaves, if we can get no flowers, are far better than no such ornament,—a branch from the next tree, or the next herb-market, or some twigs that have been plucked from a flowering hedge. They are often, nay always, beautiful, particularly in spring, when their green is tenderest. The first new boughs in spring, plucked and put into a water-bottle, have often an effect that may compete with flowers themselves, considering their novelty ; and indeed

Leaves would be counted flowers, if earth had none.

(There is a verse for the reader, and not a bad one, considering its truth.) We often have vines (such as they are,—better than none) growing upon the walls of our city houses,—or clematis, or jessamine,—perhaps ivy on a bit of an old garden-wall, or a tree in a court. We should pluck a sprig of it, and plant it on our breakfast table. It would show that the cheap elegancies of earth, the universal gifts of the beauty of nature, are not thrown away upon us. They shadow prettily over the clean table-cloth or the pastoral milk, like a piece of nature brought in-doors. The tender bodies of the young vernal shoots above-mentioned, put into water, might be almost fancied clustering together with a sort of virgin delicacy, like young nymphs, mute-struck, in a fountain. Nay, any leaves, not quite faded, look well, as a substitute for the want of flowers,—those of the common elm, or the plane, or the rough oak, especially when it has become gentle with its acorn tassels, or the lime, which is tasseled in a

more flowery manner, and has a breath as beautiful. Ivy, which is seldom or never brought in-doors, greatly deserves to be better treated, especially the young shoots of it, which point in a most elegant manner over the margin of a glass or decanter, seeming to have been newly scissared forth by some fairy hand, or by its own invisible quaint spirit, as if conscious of the tendency within it. Even the green tips of the fir-trees, which seem to have been brushed by the golden pencil of the sun, when he resumes his painting, bring a sort of light and vernal joy into a room, in default of brighter visitors. But it is not necessary to a loving and reflecting spirit to have anything so good as those. A bit of elm-tree or poplar would do, in the absence of anything rarer. For our parts, as far as ourself alone is concerned, it seems to us that we could not be mastered by the blackest storm of existence, in the worst pass that our pilgrimage could bring us to, as long as we had shelter over our heads, a table with bread and a cup of tea upon it, and a single one of these green smiles upon the board, to show us that good-natured Nature was alive.

Does any reader misgive himself, and fancy that to help himself to such comforts as these would be “trifling ?” Oh, let him not so condescend to the ignorance of the proud or envious. If this were trifling, then was Bacon a trifler, then was the great Condé a trifler, and the old Republican Ludlow, and all the great and good spirits that have loved flowers, and Milton’s Adam himself, nay, heaven itself ; for heaven made these harmless elegancies, and blessed them with the universal good-will of the wise and innocent. To trifle is not to make use of small pleasures for the help and refreshment of our duties, but to be incapable of that real estimation of either, which enables us the better to appreciate and assist both. The same mighty energy which whirls the earth round the sun, and crashes the heavens with thunderbolts, produces the lilies of the valley, and the gentle dew-drops that keep them fair.

To return then to our flowers and our breakfast-table,—were time and place so cruel as not to grant us even a twig, still there is a last resource, and a rich one too,—not quite so cheap as the other, but obtainable now-a-days by a few pence, and which may be said to grow also on the public walls,—a book. We read, in old stories, of enchanters who drew gardens out of snow, and of tents no bigger than a nut-shell, which opened out over a whole army. Of a like nature is the magic of a book,—a casket, from which you may draw out, at will, bowers to sit under, and affectionate beauties to sit by, and have trees, flowers, and an exquisite friend, all at one spell. We see it now before us, standing among the cups, edgeways, plain-looking, perhaps poor and battered, per-

haps bought of some dull huckster in a lane for a few pence. On its back we read, in old worn-out letters of enchantment, the word "Milton;" and upon opening it, lo! we are breakfasting forthwith

—Betwixt two aged oaks  
On herbs and other country messes  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,

in a place which they call "Allegro." Or the word on the back of the casket is "Pope," and instantly a beauty in a "negligé" makes breakfast for us, and we have twenty sylphs instead of butterflies, tickling the air round about us, and comparing colours with the flowers, or pouncing upon the crumbs that threaten to fall upon her stomacher. Or "Thomson" is the magic name; and a friend still sweeter sits beside us, with her eyes on ours, and tells us with a pressure on the hand and soft low words, that our cup awaits us. Or we cry aloud "Theocritus!" plunging into the sweetest depths of the country, and lo! we breakfast down in a thick valley of leaves and brooks and the brown summer-time, upon creams and honey-combs, the guest of bearded Pan and the Nymphs; while at a distance on his mountain-top, poor overgrown Polyphemus, tamed and made mild with the terrible sweet face of love, which has frightened him with a sense of new thoughts, and of changes which cannot be, sits overshadowing half of the vineyards below him; and with his brow in tears, blows his harsh reeds over the sea.

Such has been many a breakfast of our own, dear readers, with poverty on one side of us, and these riches on the other. Such must be many of yours; and as far as the riches are concerned, such may be all.—But how is this? We have left out the milk, and the bread, and the tea itself! We must have another breakfast with the reader, in order to do them justice.

#### X.—BREAKFAST CONTINUED.—

##### TEA-DRINKING.

A BREAKFAST-TABLE in the morning, clean and white with its table-cloth, coloured with the cups and saucers, and glittering with the tea-pot,—is it not a cheerful object, reader? And are you not always glad to see it?

We know not any inanimate sight more pleasant, unless it be a very fine painting, or a whole abode snugly pitched; and even then, one of the best things to fancy in it, is the morning meal.

The yellow or mellow-coloured butter, (which softens the effect of the other hues,) the milk, the bread, the sugar,—all have a simple, temperate look, very relishing however to a hungry man. Perhaps the morning is sunny; at any rate the day is a new one, and

the hour its freshest; we have been invigorated by sleep; the sound of the shaken canister prepares us for the fragrant beverage that is coming; in a few minutes it is poured out; we quaff the odorous refreshment, perhaps chatting with dear kindred, or loving and laughing with the "morning faces" of children,—or, if alone, reading one of the volumes mentioned in our last, and taking tea, book, and bread-and-butter all at once,—no "inelegant" pleasure, as Sir Walter Scott saith of the eating of tarts\*.

Dear reader, male or female (very dear, if the latter), do you know how to make good tea? Because if you do not (and we have known many otherwise accomplished persons fail in that desideratum) here is a recipe for you, furnished by a mistress of the art:—

In the first place, the tea-pot is found by experience to be best, when it is made of metal. But whether metal or ware, take care that it be thoroughly clean, and the water thoroughly boiling. There should not be a leaf of the stale tea left from the last meal. The tests of boiling are various with different people; but there can be no uncertainty, if the steam come out of the lid of the kettle; and it is best therefore to be sure of that evidence. No good tea can be depended upon from an urn, because an urn cannot be kept boiling; and water should never be put upon the tea but in a thoroughly and *immediately* boiling state. If it has done boiling, it should be made to boil again. Boiling, proportion, and attention, are the three magic words of tea-making. The water should also be soft, hard water being sure to spoil the best tea; and it is advisable to prepare the tea-pot against a chill, by letting a small quantity of hot water stand in it before you begin; emptying it out of course, when you do so. These premises being taken care of, excellent tea may be made for one person by putting into the pot three teaspoonfuls, and as much water as will cover the quantity. Let this stand five minutes, and then add as much more as will twice fill the cup you are going to use. Leave this additional water another five minutes, and then, *first* putting the sugar and milk into the cup, pour out the tea; making sure to put in another cup of boiling water *directly*.

Of tea made for a party, a spoonful for each and one over must be used, taking care *never* to drain the tea-pot, and always to add the

\* In his *Life of Dryden*. Original edition, p. 86. "Even for some time after his connexion with the theatre, we learn, from a contemporary, that his dress was plain at least, if not mean, and his pleasures moderate, though not inelegant. 'I remember,' says a correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1745, 'plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich-drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the Mulberry-gardens, when our author advanced to a sword and a Chadreux wig.'"



requisite quantity of boiling water as just mentioned.

The most exquisite tea is not perhaps the wholesomest. The more green there is in it, certainly the less wholesome it is; though green adds to the palatableness. And drinking tea very hot is a pernicious custom. Green tea and hot tea make up the two causes which produce perhaps all the injurious results attributed to tea-drinking. Their united effects, in particular, are sometimes formidable to the "nerves," and to persons liable to be kept awake at night. Excellent tea may be made, by judicious management, of black tea alone; and this is unquestionably the most wholesome. Yet a little green is hardly to be omitted.

Now have a cup of tea thus well made, and you will find it a very different thing from the insipid dilution which some call tea, watery at the edges, and transparent half way down; or the syrup into which some convert their tea, who are no tea-drinkers, but should take treacle for their breakfast; or the mere strength of tea, without any due qualification from other materials,—a thing no better than melted tea-leaves, or than those which it is said were actually served up at dinner, like greens, when tea was first got hold of by people in remote country parts, who had not heard of the way of using it,—a dish of acrid bitterness. In tea, properly so called, you should slightly taste the sugar, be sensible of a balmy softness in the milk, and enjoy at once a solidity, a delicacy, a relish, and a fragrance in the tea. Thus compounded, it is at once a refreshment and an elegance, and, we believe, the most innocent of cordials; for we think we can say from experience, that when tea does harm, it is either from the unmitigated strength just mentioned, or from its being taken too hot,—a common and most pernicious custom. The inside of a man, dear people, is not a kitchen copper.

But good tea, many of you may say, is dear. Tea of all sorts is a great deal too dear; but we have known very costly tea turn out poor in the drinking, and comparatively poor tea become precious. Out of very bad tea it is perhaps impossible to make a good cup; but skill and patience are famous for converting ordinary materials into something valuable. And it should be added, that it is better to have one cup of good tea, than half-a-dozen of bad. Nevertheless we are not for despising the worst of all, if the drinker finds any kind of refreshment in it, and can procure no better. The very names of tea and tea-time are worth something.

And this brings us to an association of ideas, which, however common with us at the breakfast-table, and doubtless with hundreds of other people, we never experience without finding them amusing. We allude to China and the Chinese. The very word *tea*, so petty,

so infantine, so winking-eyed, so expressive somehow or other of something inexpressibly minute and satisfied with a little (*tee!*), resembles the idea one has (perhaps a very mistaken one) of that extraordinary people, of whom Europeans know little or nothing, except that they sell us this preparation, bow back again our ambassadors, have a language consisting only of a few hundred words, gave us *China-ware* and the strange pictures on our tea-cups, made a certain progress in civilisation long before we did, mysteriously stopped at it and would go no further, and, if numbers, and the customs of "venerable ancestors," are to carry the day, are at once the most populous and the most respectable nation on the face of the earth. As a population, they certainly are a most enormous and wonderful body; but, as individuals, their ceremonies, their trifling edicts, their jealousy of foreigners, and their tea-cup representations of themselves (which are the only ones popularly known) impress us irresistibly with a fancy, that they are a people all toddling, little-eyed, little-footed, little-bearded, little-minded, quaint, overweening, pig-tailed, bald-headed, cone-capped or pagoda-hatted, having childish houses and temples with bells at every corner and story, and shuffling about in blue landscapes, over "nine-inch bridges," with little mysteries of bell-hung whips in their hands,—a boat, or a house, or a tree made of a pattern, being over their heads or underneath them (as the case may happen), and a bird as large as the boat, always having a circular white space to fly in. Such are the Chinese of the tea-cups and the grocers' windows, and partly of their own novels too, in which everything seems as little as their eyes, little odes, little wine-parties, and a series of little satisfactions. However, it must be owned, that from these novels one gradually acquires a notion that there is a great deal more good sense and even good poetry among them, than one had fancied from the accounts of embassies and the autobiographical paintings on the China-ware; and this is the most probable supposition. An ancient and great nation, as civilised as they, is not likely to be so much behind-hand with us in the art of living, as our self-complacency leads us to imagine. If their contempt of us amounts to the barbarous, perhaps there is a greater share of barbarism than we suspect in our scorn of them.

At all events, it becomes us to be grateful for their tea. What a curious thing it was, that all of a sudden the remotest nation of the East, otherwise unknown, and foreign to all our habits, should convey to us a domestic custom, which changed the face of our morning refreshments; and that, instead of ale and meat, or wine, all the polite part of England should be drinking a Chinese infusion, and setting up earthen-ware in their houses, painted

with preposterous scenery! We shall not speak contemptuously, for our parts, of any such changes in the history of a nation's habits, any more than of the changes of the wind, which now comes from the west, and now from the east, doubtless for some good purpose. It may be noted, that the introduction of tea-drinking followed the diffusion of books among us, and the growth of more sedentary modes of life. The breakfasters upon cold beef and "cool tankards," were an active, horse-riding generation. Tea-drinking times are more in-door, given to reading, and are riders in carriages, or manufacturers at the loom or the steam-engine. It may be taken as an axiom, —the more sedentary, the more tea-drinking. The conjunction is not the best in the world; but it is natural, till something better be found. Tea-drinking is better than dram-drinking: a practice which, if our memory does not deceive us, was creeping in among the politest and even the fairest circles, during the transition from ales to teas. When the late Mr. Hazlitt, by an effort worthy of him, suddenly left off the stiff glasses of brandy-and-water, by which he had been tempted to prop up his disappointments, or rather to loosen his tongue at the pleasant hour of supper, he took to tea-drinking; and it must be owned, was latterly tempted to make himself as much amends as he could for his loss of excitement, in the quantity he allowed himself; but it left his mind free to exercise its powers;—it "kept," as Waller beautifully says of it,

"The palace of the soul serene;"

not, to be sure, the quantity, but the tea itself, compared with the other drink. The prince of tea-drinkers was Dr. Johnson, one of the most sedentary of men, and the most unhealthy. It is to be feared his quantity suited him still worse; though the cups, of which we hear such multitudinous stories about him, were very small in his time. It was he that wrote, or rather *effused*, the humorous request for tea, in ridicule of the style of the old ballads (things, be it said without irreverence, which he did not understand so well as "his cups"). The verses were extempore, and addressed to Mrs. Thrale:—

And now, I pray thee, Hetty dear,  
That thou wilt give to me,  
With cream and sugar soften'd well,  
Another dish of tea.

But hear, alas! this mournful truth,  
Nor hear it with a frown,—  
Thou canst not make the tea so fast,  
As I can gulp it down.

Now this is among the pleasures of reading and reflecting men over their breakfast, or on any other occasion. The sight of what is a tiresome nothing to others, shall suggest to them a hundred agreeable recollections and speculations. There is a tea-cup, for example.

"Well, what is a tea-cup!" a simpleton might cry;—"it holds my tea—that's all." Yes, that's all to you and your poverty-stricken brain; we hope you are rich and prosperous, to make up for it as well as you can. But to the right tea-drinker, the cup, we see, contains not only recollections of eminent brethren of the bohea, but the whole Chinese nation, with all its history, Lord Macartney included; nay, for that matter, Ariosto and his beautiful story of Angelica and Medoro; for Angelica was a Chinese; and then collaterally come in, the Chinese neighbours and conquerors from Tartary, with Chaucer's

—Story of Cambuscan bold,

and the travels of Marco Polo and others, and the Jesuit missionaries, and the Japanese with our friend Golownin, and the Loo Choo people, and Confucius, whom Voltaire (to show his learning) delights to call by his proper native appellation of Kong-foo-tsee (reminding us of Congo tea); and then we have the Chinese Tales, and Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, and Goldsmith brings you back to Johnson again and the tea-drinkings of old times; and then we have the Rape of the Lock before us with Belinda at breakfast, and Lady Wortley Montague's tea-table eclogue, and the domestic pictures in the Tatler and Spectator, with the passions existing in those times for china-ware, and Horace Walpole, who was an old woman in that respect; and, in short, a thousand other memories, grave and gay, poetical and prosaical, all ready to wait upon anybody who chooses to read books, like spirits at the command of the book-readers of old, who, for the advantages they had over the rest of the world, got the title of Magicians.

Yea, pleasant and rich is thy sight, little tea-cup (large though, at breakfast) round, smooth, and coloured;—composed of delicate earth,—like the earth, producing flowers, and birds, and men; and containing within thee thy Lilliputian ocean, which we, after sending our fancy sailing over it, past islands of foam called "sixpences," and mysterious bubbles from below, will, giant-like, engulf;—

But hold!—there's a fly in.

Now why could not this inconsiderate monster of the air be content with the whole space of the heavens round about him, but he must needs plunge into this scalding pool? Did he scent the sugar? or was it a fascination of terror from the heat? "Hadst thou my three kingdoms to range in," said James the First to a fly, "and yet must needs get into my eye?" It was a good-natured speech, and a natural. It shows that the monarch did his best to get the fly out again; at least we hope so; and therefore we follow the royal example in extricating the little winged wretch, who has struggled hard with his unavailing pinions, and become drenched and lax with the soaking.



He is on the dry clean cloth. Is he dead? No:—the tea was not so hot as we supposed it:—see, he gives a heave of himself forward; then endeavours to drag a leg up, then another, then stops, and sinks down, saturated and overborne with wateriness; and assuredly, from the inmost soul of him, he sighs (if flies sigh,—which we think they must do sometimes, after attempting in vain, for half-an-hour, to get through a pane of glass). However, his sigh is as much mixed with joy, as fright and astonishment and a horrible hot bath can let it be; and the heat has not been too much for him; a similar case would have been worse for one of us with our fleshy bodies;—for see! after dragging himself along the dry cloth, he is fairly on his legs; he smoothes himself, like a cat, first one side, then the other, only with his legs instead of his tongue; then rubs the legs together, partly to disengage them of their burthen, and partly as if he congratulated himself on his escape; and now, finally, opening his wings (beautiful privilege! for all wings, except the bat's, seem beautiful, and a privilege, and fit for envy) he is off again into the air, as if nothing had happened.

He may forget it, being an inconsiderate and giddy fly; but it is to us, be it remembered by our conscience, that he owes all which he is hereafter to enjoy. His suction of sugar, his flights, his dances on the window, his children, yea, the whole House of Fly, as far as it depends on him their ancestor, will be owing to us. We have been his providence, his guardian angel, the invisible being that rescued him without his knowing it. What shall we add, reader? Wilt thou laugh, or look placid and content,—humble, and yet in some sort proud withal, and not consider it as an unbecoming meeting of ideas in these our most mixed and reflective papers,—if we argue from rescued flies to rescued human beings, and take occasion to hope, that in the midst of the struggling endeavours of such of us as have to wrestle with fault or misfortune, invisible pity may look down with a helping eye upon ourselves, and that what it is humane to do in the man, it is divine to do in that which made humanity.

#### XI.—BREAKFAST CONCLUDED.

TEA, AND COFFEE, MILK, BREAD, &c.

We have said nothing of coffee and chocolate at breakfast, though a good example has been set us in that respect in the pleasant pages of Mr. D'Israeli. We confined ourselves to tea, because it is the staple drink. A cheap coffee, however, or imitation of it, has taken place of tea with many; and the poor have now their "coffee houses," as the rich used to have. We say "used," because coffee-drinking in such places among the rich is fast

going out, in consequence of the later hours of dinner and the attractions of the club-houses. Coffee, like tea, used to form a refreshment by itself, some hours after dinner. It is now taken as a digester, right upon that meal or the wine; and sometimes does not even close it; for the digester itself is digested by a liqueur of some sort, called a *chasse-café* (coffee-chaser.) We do not, however, pretend to be learned in these matters. If we find ourselves at a rich table, it is but as a stranger in the land, to all but its humanities. A custom may change next year, and find us as ignorant of it, as the footman is otherwise\*.

As we claim the familiar intimacy of the reader in this our most private-public miscellany, and have had it cordially responded to by fair and brown (who will not cry out as a critic did against Montaigne, for saying he liked sherry, "Who the devil cares whether he liked sherry or not?"), we shall venture to observe in comment upon the thousand *inaudible* remarks on this question which we hear on all sides of us, that for our parts we like coffee better than tea, for the taste, but tea "for a constancy." And one after the other makes a "pretty" variety (as Dr. Johnson, or Mr. Pepys, would phrase it). To be perfect in point of relish (we do not say of wholesomeness) coffee should be strong, and hot, with little sugar and milk. In the East they drink it without either; which, we should think, must be intolerable to any palates that do not begin with it in childhood, or are not in want of as severe stimulants as those of sailors (though by the way, we understand that tobacco-chewing is coming into fashion!) It has been drunk after this mode in some parts of Europe; but the public have nowhere (we believe) adopted it. The favourite way of taking it as a meal, abroad, is with a great superfluity of milk,—very properly called in France, *Café-au-lait*, Coffee to the milk. One of the pleasures we receive in drinking coffee is, that, being the universal drink in the East, it reminds of that region of the Arabian Nights; as smoking does, for the same reason: though neither of these refreshments, which are now identified with Oriental manners, is to be found in that enchanting work. They had not been discovered when it was written. The drink was sherbet, and its accompaniments cakes and fruit. One can hardly fancy, what a Turk or a Persian could have done without coffee and a pipe, any more than the English ladies and gentlemen before the civil wars,

\* We advert to the knowledge of this personage, out of no undue feeling either towards himself, or those whom he serves. Both classes comprise natures of all sorts like others. But fashion, in itself, is a poor business, everlastingly shifting its customs because it has nothing but change to go upon; and with all our respect for good people who wear its liveries, whether master or footman, we own we have no sort of veneration for the *phases* of neckcloths and coats, and the vicissitudes of the modes of dining.

without tea for breakfast. As for chocolate, its richness, if made good, renders it rather a food than a drink. Linnæus seems to have been fond of it; for it was he, we believe, who gave it its generic name of Theobroma, or food of the gods. It is said to be extremely nourishing\*, but heavy for weak stomachs. Cocoa (cacao) is a lighter kind of it, made of the shell instead of the nut. They make German flutes of the wood of the chocolate-tree. An Italian wit who flourished when tea, coffee, and chocolate had not long been introduced into his country, treats them all three with great contempt, and no less humour;—

Non fia già, che il Cioccolatte  
V'adopassi, ovvero il Tè :  
Medicine così fatte  
Non saran giammai per me.  
Beveri prima il veleno,  
Che un bicchier che fosse pieno  
Del amaro e reo Caffè.  
Colà tra gli Arabi  
E tra i Giannizzeri  
Liquor sì ostico,  
Sì nero e torbido,  
Gli schiavi ingollino.  
Giù nel Tartaro,  
Giù nell' Erebo,  
L'empie Belidi l'inventarono.  
E Tesifone, e l'altre Furie,  
A Proserpina il ministrarono.  
E se in Asia il Musulmanno  
Se lo cionca a precipizio,  
Mostra aver poco giudizio.

REDI. *Bacco in Toscana.*

Talk of Chocolate ! Talk of Tea !  
Medicines made, ye Gods, as they are,  
Are no medicines made for me !  
I would sooner take to poison  
Than a single cup set eyes on  
Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye  
Talk of by the name of Coffee.  
Let the Arabs and the Turks  
Count it 'mongst their cruel works.  
Foe of mankind, black and turbid,  
Let the throats of slaves absorb it.  
Down in Tartarus,  
Down in Erebus,  
'Twas the detestable Fifty† invented it;  
The Furies then took it,  
To grind and to cook it,  
And to Proserpina all three presented it.  
If the Mussulman in Asia  
Doats on a beverage so unseemly,  
I differ with the man extremely.

These vituperations, however, are put into the mouth of the god of wine; who may justly have resented the introduction of

“ the cups

Which cheer but not inebriate.”

\* “ An acquaintance, on whose veracity we can rely,” says Mr. Phillips, in his *History of Fruits*, “ informed us, that during the retreat of Napoleon's army from the North he fortunately had a small quantity of little chocolate cakes in his pocket, which preserved the life of himself and a friend for several days, when they could procure no other food whatever, and many of their brother officers perished for want.”—*Pomarium Britannicum, or Historical and Botanical Account of Fruits known in Great Britain*. Third Edition, p. 67. Colburn.

† The daughters of Danaus, who killed their husbands.

Chocolate is a common refreshment in Italy, in a solid shape. The pastry-cooks sell sweetmeats of it, wrapped up in little papers with printed mottos, containing some couplet of humour or gallantry. They have made their appearance of late years in England, owing, we believe, to the patronage of George the Fourth, who is said to have given an order to a Paris manufacturer, to the value of £500.

Off, ye inferior goods, ye comparative sophistications, perhaps fleeting fashions, and let us bethink ourselves of the everlasting virtues of beautiful milk and bread !

“ Milk,” says a venerable text, “ is fit for children.” It is too often unfit for men, not because their stomachs are stronger than those of children, but because they are weaker. Causes of various sorts, sorrow, too much thinking, dissipation, shall render a man unable to digest the good wholesome milk-bowl, that delighted him when a child. He must content himself with his experience, and with turning it to the best account, especially for others. A child over a milk-bowl is a pleasant object. He seems to belong to everything that is young and innocent,—the morning, the fields, the dairies. And no fear of indigestion has he, nor of a spoiled complexion. He does not sit up till twelve at night; nor is a beauty tight-lacing herself; nor does he suspend his stomach in breathlessness, with writing “ articles,” and thinking of good and evil.

Pleasant object also, nevertheless, is the milk-jug to the grown man, whether sick or well, provided he have “ an eye.” White milk in a white jug, or cream in a cream-coloured, presents one of these sympathies of colour, which are sometimes of higher taste than any contrast, however delicate. Drummond of Hawthornden has lit it, with a relishing pencil:—

In petticoat of green  
With hair about her eine\*,  
Phillis, beneath an oak,  
Sat milking her fair flock :  
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture (rare delight)  
Her hand seem'd milk, in milk it was so white,

Anacreon beautifully compares a finely tinted cheek, to milk with roses in it. There is a richness of colouring, as well as of substance, in the happy scriptural designation of an abundant country,—“ A land overflowing with milk and honey.” Milk and honey suit admirably on the breakfast table. Their colours, their simplicity, their country associations, all harmonise. We have a dairy and a bee-hive before us,—the breath of cows, and the buzzing over the garden. By the way there is a very pretty design in Cooke's edition of Parnell's *Poems*, of a girl milking a cow, by Kirk, a young Scotch artist of great promise, who died

\* *Eine*—een—Scotch and old English for *eyes*.

† See Cunningham's edition of Drummond, lately published, p. 249.



prematurely, which has wandered to the tea-cups, and is to be found on some of the cheapest of them. We happened to meet with it in Italy, and felt all our old landscapes before us,—the meadows, the trees, and the village church; all which the artist has put into the back-ground. The face is not quite so good on the tea-cup as in the engraving. In that, it is eminently beautiful,—at least in the work now before us. We cannot answer for re-prints. It is one of those faces of sweetness and natural refinement, which are to be met with in the humblest as well as highest classes, where the parentage has been genial, and the bringing up not discordant. The passage illustrated is the pretty exordium of the poet's Eclogue entitled *Health* :—

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,  
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass :  
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,  
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

Is it not better to occupy the fancy with such recollections as these over a common breakfast, than to be lamenting that we have not an uncommon one? which perhaps also would do us a mischief, and for the gain of a little tickling of the palate take health and good temper out of us for the rest of the day. Besides, a palate unspoilt has a relish of milks and teas, and other simple foods, which a Nabob, hot from his mulligatawny and his megrims, would envy.

We look upon it as a blessing, for our parts, that we retain a liking for a very crust. We were educated at a school, where the food was poorer than the learning; but the monks had lived in its cloisters, and left us a spring of delicious water. Hence we have the pleasure of enjoying a crust of bread and a draught of water to this day. Oftentimes have we "spoil our dinner," when it has not come up in time, with a "hunk" of bread, choosing rather to spoil our dinner than our spirits: and sweet have been those mouthfuls of the pure staff of life, and relishing of the corn. To our apprehensions there is a sort of *white* taste in bread, analogous to the colour, and reminding us of the white milkiness of the wheat. We have a respect, both of self-love and sympathy, with the poor light-hearted player in *Gil Blas*, who went singing along the country road, dipping his crust in the stream. Sorrow had no hold on him, with ninety-nine out of her hundred arms. Carelessly along went he, safe from her worst handling, in his freedom from wants. She might have peered out of her old den, and grown softened at his chant. But he went alone too: he had none to care for; which was a pleasure also. It would be none to us, —one thing provided. There are pains, when you get heartily acquainted with them, which out-value the reverse pleasures. Besides, we must all get through our tasks, as manfully and cheerfully as we can; losing, if possible, no

handsome pleasure by the way, and sustaining ourselves by the thought that all will be for the best, provided we do our best for all. It is not the existence of pain that spoils the relish of the world; but the not knowing how to make the most of pleasures, and thereby reducing the pains to their most reasonable size and their most useful account.

You may make a landscape, if you will, out of your breakfast-table, better than Mr. Kirk's picture. Here where the bread stands, is its father, the field of corn, glowing in the sun, cut by the tawny reapers, and presenting a path for lovers. The village-church (where they are to be married) is on a leafy slope on one side; and on the other is a woody hill, with fountains. There, far over the water, (for this basin of water, with island lumps of butter in it, shall be a sea) are our friends the Chinese, picking the leaves of their tea-trees,—a beautiful plant; or the Arabs plucking the berries of the coffee-tree, a still more beautiful one, with a profusion of white blossoms, and an odour like jessamine. For the sugar (instead of a bitterer thought, not so harmonious to our purpose, but not to be forgotten at due times) you may think of Waller's *Saccharissa*\*, so named from the Latin word for sugar (*saccharum*) a poor compliment to the lady; but the lady shall sweeten the sugar, instead of the sugar doing honour to the lady; and she was a very knowing as well as beautiful woman, and saw farther into love and sweetness than the sophisticated court poet; so she would not have him notwithstanding his sugary verses, but married a higher nature.

Bread, milk, and butter are of venerable antiquity. They taste of the morning of the world. Jael, to entertain her guest, "brought forth butter in a lordly dish." Homer speaks of a nation of milk-eaters, whom he calls the "justest of men." To "break bread" was from time immemorial the Eastern signal of hospitality and confidence. We need not add reasons for respecting it, still more reverend. Bread is the "staff of life" throughout the greater part of the civilised world; and so accordant is its taste with the human palate, that nature, in some places, seems to have grown it ready-made on purpose, in the shape of the Bread Fruit Tree. There is also a milk-tree; but we nowhere find a carniferous, or flesh-bearing tree; nor has the city yet been

\* *Saccharissa* was Lady Dorothy Sidney, of the great and truly noble family of the Sidneys. She married a sincere, affectionate, and courageous man, Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who was killed four years afterwards, in a cause for which he thought himself bound to quit the arms of the woman he loved. Her second husband was of the Smythe family. In her old age, meeting Waller at a card-table, Lady Sunderland asked him, in good-humoured and not ungrateful recollection of his fine verses, when he would write any more such upon her; to which the "polite" poet, either from spite or want of address, had the poverty of spirit to reply, "Oh, madam! when your ladyship is as young again."

discovered in which "the pigs run through the streets ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in their sides." Civilised nations eat meat, but they can also do without it, living upon milk, grain, and vegetables alone, as in India. None but savages live without those. And common breakfasts, without any meat in them, have this advantage over others, that you can recollect them without any sort of doubt or disgust; nor are their leavings offensive to the eye. It is one of the perplexities of man's present condition, that he is at once carnivorous, and has very good reason for being so, and relishing his chop and his steak, and yet cannot always reconcile it to the rest of his nature. He would fain eat his lamb, and pity it too; which is puzzling. However, there are worse perplexities than these; and the lambs lead pleasant flowery lives while they do live. Nor could they have had this taste of existence, if they were not bred for the table. Let us all do our best to get the world forward, and we shall see. We shall either do away all we think wrong, or see better reasons for thinking it right. Meanwhile, let us dine and breakfast, like good-humoured people; and not "quarrel with our bread and butter."

## XII.—ANACREON.

It has been said of ladies when they write letters, that they put their minds in their postscripts—let out the real object of their writing, as if it were a second thought, or a thing comparatively indifferent. You very often know the amount of a man's knowledge of an author by the remark he makes on him, *after* he has made the one which he thinks proper and *authorised*. As for example, you will mention Anacreon to your friend A. in a tone which implies that you wish to know his opinion of him, and he shall say—

"Delightful poet, Anacreon—breathes the very spirit of love and wine. *His Greek is very easy.*"

All the real opinion of this gentleman respecting Anacreon lies in what he says in these last words. His Greek is easy; that is, our scholar has had less trouble in learning to read him than with other Greek poets. This is all he really thinks or feels about the "delightful Anacreon."

So with B. You imply a question to B. in the same tone, and he answers, "Anacreon! Oh! a most delightful poet Anacreon—charming—all love and wine. *The best edition of him is Spaletti's.*"

This is all that B. knows of Anacreon's "love and wine." "The best edition of it is Spaletti's;" that is to say, Spaletti is the Anacreon wine-merchant most in repute.

So again with C. as to his knowledge of the translations of the "delightful poet."

"Translations of Anacreon! Delightful poet—too delightful, too natural and peculiar to be translated—simplicity—naïveté—Fawkes's translation is elegant—Moore's very elegant but diffuse.—Nobody can translate Anacreon. Impossible to give any idea of the exquisite simplicity of the Greek."

This gentleman has never read Cowley's translations from Anacreon; and if he had, he would not have known which part of them was truly Anacreontic and which not. He makes up his mind that it is impossible to give "any idea of the exquisite simplicity of the Greek;" meaning, by that assertion, that he himself cannot, and therefore nobody else can. His sole idea of Anacreon is, that he is a writer famous for certain beauties which it is impossible to translate. As to supposing that the spirit of Anacreon may occasionally be met with in poets who have not translated him, and that you may thus get an idea of him without recurring to the Greek at all, this is what never entered his head: for Nature has nothing to do with his head; it is only books and translations. Love, nature, myrtles, roses, wine, have existed ever since the days of Anacreon; yet he thinks nobody ever chanced to look at these things with the same eyes.

Thus there is one class of scholars who have no idea of Anacreon except that he is easy to read; another, who confine their notions of him to a particular edition; and a third, who look upon him as consisting in a certain elegant impossibility to translate. There are more absurdities of pretended scholarship, on this and all other writers, which the truly learned laugh at, and know to be no scholarship at all. Our present business is to attempt to give some idea of what *they* think and feel with regard to Anacreon, and what all intelligent men would think and feel, if they understood Greek terms for natural impressions. To be unaffectedly charmed with the loveliness of a cheek, and the beauty of a flower, are the first steps to a knowledge of Anacreon. Those are the grammar of his Greek, and pretty nearly the dictionary too.

Little is known of the life of Anacreon. There is reason to believe that he was born among the richer classes; that he was a visitor at the courts of princes; and that, agreeably to a genius which was great enough and has given enough delight to the world, to warrant such a devotion of itself to its enjoyments, he kept aloof from the troubles of his time, or made the best of them, and tempted them to spare his door. It may be concluded of him, that his existence (so to speak) was passed in a garden; for he lived to be old; which in a man of his sensibility and indolence, implies a life pretty free from care. It is said that he died at the age of eighty-five, and was then choked with



a grape-stone; a fate generally thought to be a little too allegorical to be likely. He was born on the coast of Ionia (part of the modern Turkey), at Teos, a town south of Smyrna, in the midst of a country of wine, oil, and sunshine; and thus partook strongly of those influences of climate which undoubtedly occasion varieties in genius, as in other productions of nature. As to the objectionable parts of his morals, they belonged to his age, and have no essential or inseparable connexion with his poetry. We are therefore glad to be warranted in saying nothing about them. All the objectionable passages might be taken out of Anacreon, and he would still be Anacreon; and the most virtuous might read him as safely as they read of flowers and butterflies. Cowley, one of the best of men, translated some of his most Anacreontic poems. We profess to breathe his air in the same spirit as Cowley, and shall assuredly bring no poison out of it to our readers. The truly virtuous are as safe in these pages, as they can be in their own homes and gardens. But cheerfulness is a part of our religion, and we choose to omit not even grapes in it, any more than nature has omitted them.

Imagine then a good-humoured old man, with silver locks, but a healthy and cheerful face, sitting in the delightful climate of Smyrna, under his vine or his olive, with his lute by his side, a cup of his native wine before him, and a pretty peasant girl standing near him, who has perhaps brought him a basket of figs, or a bottle of milk corked with vine leaves, and to whom he is giving a rose, or pretending to make love.

For we are not, with the gross literality of dull or vicious understandings, to take for granted everything that a poet says on all occasions, especially when he is old. It is mere gratuitous and suspicious assumption in critics who tell us, that such men as Anacreon passed "whole lives" in the indulgence of "every excess and debauchery." They must have had, in the first place, prodigious constitutions, if they did, to live to be near ninety; and secondly, it does not follow that because a poet speaks like a poet, it has therefore taken such a vast deal to give him a taste, greater than other men's, for what he enjoys. Redi, the author of the most famous Bacchanalian poem in Italy, drank little but water. St. Evremond, the French wit, an epicure professed, was too good an epicure not to be temperate and preserve his relish. Debauchees, who are fox-hunters, live to be old, because they take a great deal of exercise; but it is not likely that inactive men should; unless they combined a relish for pleasure with some very particular kinds of temperance.

There is generally, in Anacreon's earnest, a touch of something which is *not* in earnest,—which plays with the subject, as a good-humoured old man plays with children. There

is a perpetual smile on his face between enthusiasm and levity. He truly likes the objects he looks upon (otherwise he could not have painted them truly), and he will retain as much of his youthful regard for them as he can. He does retain much, and he pleasantly pretends more. He loves wine, beauty, flowers, pictures, sculptures, dances, birds, brooks, kind and open natures, everything that can be indolently enjoyed; not, it must be confessed, with the deepest innermost perception of their beauty (which is more a characteristic of modern poetry than of ancient, owing to the difference of their creeds) but with the most elegant of material perceptions,—of what lies in the surface and tangibility of objects,—and with an admirable exemption from whatsoever does not belong to them,—from all false taste and the mixture of impertinences. With regard to the rest, he had all the sentiment which good-nature implies, and nothing more.

Upon those two points of luxury and good taste, the character of Anacreon, as a poet, wholly turns. He is the poet of indolent enjoyment, in the best possible taste, and with the least possible trouble. He will enjoy as much as he can, but he will take no more pains about it than he can help, not even to praise it. He would probably talk about it, half the day long; for talking would cost him nothing, and it is natural to old age; but when he comes to write about it, he will say no more than the impulse of the moment incites him to put down, and he will say it in the very best manner, both because the truth of his perception requires it, and because an affected style and superfluous words would give him trouble. He would, it is true, take just so much trouble, if necessary, as should make his style completely suitable to his truth; and if his poems were not so short, it would be difficult to a modern writer to think that they could flow into such excessive ease and spirit as they do, if he had not taken the greatest pains to make them. But besides his impulses, he had the habit of a life upon him. Hence the compositions of Anacreon are remarkable above all others in the world, for being "short and sweet." They are the very thing, and nothing more, required by the occasion; for the animal spirits, which would be natural in other men, and might lead them into superfluities, would not be equally so to one, who adds the indolence of old age to the niceties of natural taste: and therefore, as people boast, on other occasions, of calling things by their right names, and "a spade, a spade," so when Anacreon describes a beauty or a banquet, or wishes to convey his sense to you of a flower, or a grasshopper, or a head of hair, *there it is*; as true and as free from everything foreign to it, as *the thing itself*.

Look at a myrtle-tree, or a hyacinth, inhale its fragrance, admire its leaves or blossom,

then shut your eyes, and think how exquisitely the myrtle tree *is what it is*, and how beautifully unlike everything else,—how pure in simple yet cultivated grace. Such is one of the odes of Anacreon.

This may not be a very scholastic description; but we wish it to be something better; and we write to genial apprehensions. We would have them conceive a taste of Anacreon, as they would that of his grapes; and know him by his flavour.

It must be conceded to one of our would-be scholarly friends above mentioned, that there is no translation, not even of any one ode of Anacreon's, in the English language, which gives you an entirely right notion of it. The common-place elegancies of Fawkes (who was best when he was humblest, as in his ballad of "Dear Tom, this brown jug;") are out of the question. They are as bad as Hoole's Ariosto. Mr. Moore's translation is masterly of its kind, but its kind is not Anacreon's; as he would, perhaps, be the first to say, now; for it was a work of his youth. It is too oriental, diffuse, and ornamented; an Anacreon in Persia. The best English translations are those which Cowley has given us, although diffuseness is their fault also; but they have more of Anacreon's real animal spirits, and his contentment with objects themselves, apart from what he can say about them. Cowley is most in earnest. He thinks most of what his original was thinking and least of what is expected from his translator.

We will give a specimen of him presently. But it is not to be supposed that we have no passages in the writings of English poets, that convey to an unlearned reader a thorough idea of Anacreon. Prose cannot do it, though far better sometimes as a translation of verse, than verse itself, since the latter may destroy the original both in spirit and medium too. But prose, as a translation of verse, wants, of necessity, that sustained enthusiasm of poetry, which presents the perpetual charm of a triumph over the obstacle of metre, and turns it to an accompaniment and a dance. Readers, therefore, must not expect a right idea of Anacreon from the best prose versions; though, keeping in mind their inevitable deficiencies, they may be of great service and pleasure to him, especially if he can superadd the vivacity which they want. And he is pretty sure not to meet in them with any of the impertinences of the translations in verse; that is to say (not to use the word offensively) any of the matter which does not *belong* to the original; for an impertinence, in the literal, unoffensive sense of the word, signifies that which does not belong to, or form a part of, anything\*.

The following passage about Cupid bathing

\* The reader will be good enough to bear in mind that this paper on Anacreon was originally addressed to the uneducated.

and pruning his wings under the eyes of a weeping beauty (the production either of Spenser, or of a friend worthy of him) appears to us to be thoroughly Anacreontic in one respect, and without contradiction; that is to say, in clearness and delicacy of *fancy*.

The blinded archer-boy, like larke in shower of raine,  
Sat bathing of his wings; and glad the time did spend  
Under those cristall drops, which fell from her faire eyes,  
And at their brightest beams, him proyned in lovely wise.

Milton's address to May-morning would have been Anacreontic, but for a certain something of heaviness or stateliness which he has mingled with it, and the differential changes of the measure.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

The *dancing* of the star, the leading flowery May, the green lap, and the straightforward simple style of the words, are all Anacreontic; but the measure is too stately and serious. The poet has instinctively changed it in the lines that follow these, which are altogether in the taste of our author:

Hail bounteous May! that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Then a long line comes too seriously in—

Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

We will here observe by the way, that Anacreon's measures are always short and dancing. One of these somewhat resembles the shorter ones of the above poem.

Woods and groves are of thy dressing;  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Every syllable, observe, is pronounced.

Dote moi lyren Homerou  
Phonies aneuthe chordes.

The *o's* in the second line of the next are all pronounced long, as in the word *rose*.

Hyacinthine me rhabdo  
Chalepos Eros badizon  
Ekeleuse syntrochazein.

There is a poet of the time of Charles the First, Herrick, who is generally called, but on little grounds, the English Anacreon, though he now and then has no unhappy imitation of his manner. We wish we had him by us, to give a specimen. There is one beautiful song of his, (which has been exquisitely translated, by the way, into Latin, by one of the now leading political writers,\*) the opening measure of

\* See a periodical publication in two volumes called the *Reflector*, which contained some of the first public essays of several eminent living writers.



which, that is, of the first couplet, is the same as the other common measure of Anacreon:—

Their eyes the glowworms lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee,  
And the elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

He ge melaina pinei,  
Pinei de dendre auten,  
Pinei thalassa d'auras,  
Ho d'Helios thalassan.

Suckling, a charming off-hand writer, who stood between the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, and partook of the sentiment of the one and the levity of the other, would have translated Anacreon admirably. And had Anacreon been a fine gentleman of the age of Charles the First, instead of an ancient Greek, he would have written Suckling's ballad on a wedding. There is a touch in it, describing a beautiful pair of lips, which, though perfectly original, is in the highest Anacreontic taste:—

Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
Compared with that was next her chin,  
Some bee had stung it newly.

Beauty, the country, a picture, the taste and scent of honey, are all in that passage. And yet Anacreon, in the happy comprehensiveness of his words, has beaten it. The thought has become somewhat hackneyed since his time, the hard, though unavoidable fate of many an exquisite fancy; yet stated in his simple words, and accompanied with an image, the very perfection of eloquence, it may still be read with a new delight. In a direction to a painter about a portrait of his mistress he tells him to give her "a lip like *Persuasion's*,"

Prokaloumenon philema—  
*Provoking a kiss.*

The word is somewhat spoilt in English, by the very piquancy which time has added to it; because it makes it look less in earnest, too much like the common language of gallantry. But *provoking* literally means *calling for*—asking—forcing us, in common gratitude for our delight, to give what is so exquisitely deserved. And in that better sense, the word *provoking* is still the right one.

Shakespeare's serenade in *Cymbeline* might have been written by Anacreon, except that he would have given us some luxurious image of a young female, instead of the word "lady."

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings  
And Phœbus' gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies,  
And winking mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes:  
With everything that pretty been,  
My lady sweet, arise.

Lilly, a writer of Shakespeare's age, who perverted a naturally fine genius to the purposes

of conceit and fashion, has a little poem beginning—

Cupid and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses,

which Anacreon might have written, had cards existed in his time. But we have it not by us to quote. Many passages in Burns's songs are Anacreontic, inasmuch as they are simple, enjoying, and full of the elegance of the senses; but they have more passion than the old Greek's, and less of his perfection of grace. Anacreon never *suffers*, but from old age, or the want of wine. Burns suffers desperately, and as desperately struggles with his suffering, till we know not which is the greater, he or his passion. There is nothing of this robust-handed work in the delicate Ionian. Nature is strong and sovereign in him, but always in accommodating unison with his indolence and old age. He says that he is transported, and he is so; but somehow you always fancy him in the same place, never quite carried out of himself.

Of Anacreon's drinking songs, we do not find it so easy to give a counterpart notion from the English poets, who, though of a drinking country, have not exhibited much of the hilarity of wine. Their port is heavy, compared with Anacreon's Teian. Shakespeare's

Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne

will not do at all; for Anacreon's Bacchus is the perfection of elegant mythology, particularly *comme il faut* in the waist, a graceful dancer, and beautiful as Cheerfulness. In all Anacreon's manners, and turn of thinking, you recognise what is called "the gentleman." He evidently had a delicate hand. The "cares" that he talks about, consisted in his not having had cares enough. A turn at the plough, or a few wants, would have given him pathos. He would not have thought all the cares of life to consist in its being short, and swift, and taking him away from his pleasures. If he partook however of the effeminacy of his caste, he was superior to its love of wealth and domination. The sole business of his life, he said, was to drink and sing, perfume his beard, and crown his head with roses; and he appears to have stuck religiously to his profession. "Business," he thought, "must be attended to." Plato calls him "wise;" as Milton calls the luxurious Spenser "sage and serious." The greatest poets and philosophers sometimes "let the cat out of the bag," when they are tired of conventional secrets.

This bottle's the sun of our table,  
His beams are rosy wine;  
We, planets that are not able  
Without his help to shine.

These verses of Sheridan's are Anacreontic. So is that couplet of Burns's,—exquisitely

so, except for the homeliness of the last word :

Care, mad to see a man so happy,  
E'en down'd himself amidst the nappy.

One taste, like this, of the wine of the feelings gives a better idea of Anacreon's drinking songs than hundreds of ordinary specimens.

But we must hasten to close this long article with the best Anacreontic piece of translation we are acquainted with;—that of the famous ode to the Grasshopper, by Cowley. Anacreon's Grasshopper, it is to be observed, is not properly a Grasshopper, but the *Tettix*, as the Greeks called it from its cry,—the *Cicada* of the Roman poet, and *Cicala* of modern Italy, where it sings or *cricks* in the trees in summertime, as the grasshopper does with us in the grass. It is a species of beetle. But Cowley very properly translated his Greek insect, as well as ode, into English, knowing well that the poet's object is to be sympathised with, and that if Anacreon had written in England, he would have addressed the grasshopper instead of the *tettix*.

We have marked in italics the expressions which, though original in Cowley's version, are purely Anacreontic, and such as the Grecian would have delighted to write. The whole poem is much longer than Anacreon's, double the size; but this, perhaps, only justly makes up for the prolongation afforded to all ancient poems, by the music which accompanied them. There is not a Cowleian conceit in the whole of it, unless the thought about "farmer and landlord" be one, which is quickly forgiven for its naturalness in an English landscape; and the whole, from beginning to end, though not so perfectly melodious, runs on with that natural yet regulated and elegant enthusiasm, betwixt delight in the object and indolent enjoyment in the spectator, which has been noticed as characteristic of the sprightly old bard. The repetition of the word *all* is quite in the poet's manner; who loved thus to cram much into little, and to pretend to himself that he was luxuriously expatiating;—as in fact he was, in his feelings; though, as to composition, he did not choose to make "a toil of a pleasure."

Happy insect! what can be  
In happiness compared to thee?  
Fed with nourishment divine,  
*The dewy morning's gentle wine.*  
Nature waits upon thee still,  
And thy verdant cup does fill;  
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,  
Nature's self thy Ganymede.  
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,  
*Happier than the happiest king.*  
*All* the fields which thou dost see,  
*All* the plants belong to thee;  
*All* that summer hours produce,  
Fertile made with early juice,  
Man for thee does sow and plow,  
Farmer he, and landlord thou!  
Thou dost innocently joy;  
Nor does thy luxury destroy;

The shepherd gladly heareth thee,  
More harmonious than he.  
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,  
*Prophet of the ripen'd year!*  
Phœbus is himself thy sire;  
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;  
To thee, of all things upon earth,  
*Life is no longer than thy mirth.*  
Happy insect! happy thou!  
Dost neither age nor winter know;  
*But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung*  
*Thy fill the flowery leaves among,*  
(*Voluptuous and wise withal,*  
*Epicurean animal!*)  
*Sated with thy summer feast,*  
*Thou retirest to endless rest.*



### XIII.—THE WRONG SIDES OF SCHOLARSHIP AND NO SCHOLARSHIP.

THERE are two supposed (for they are not real) extremes of pretension, upon the strange question whether a knowledge of the learned languages is or is not of use, against which it behoves an uneducated man of sense and modesty to be on his guard. One is the pretension of those who say that a man can have no idea of the ancient writers, without a deep intimacy with their language: the other, of those who affirm, with equal vehemence, that there is no necessity to know the language at all, and that translations do quite as well as the originals for giving you all that you need be acquainted with of the author's genius.

The former of these pretenders is generally a shallower man than the other, though sometimes it is pure vanity and self-will that makes him talk as he does; he has an over-estimation of his advantages, simply because they are his. He is as proud of his learning as another pompous man might be of his park and his mansion. Such is the case, when he really has anything like an intimacy with his authors; but in both instances he would fain make out his possession to be unapproachable, by all who have not had the same golden key. The common run of the class consists of men who really know nothing of their authors but the words, and who unconsciously feel that, on that account, they must make the best of their knowledge, and pretend it is a wonderful matter. Such a man smiles when you speak of getting some insight into the character of Homer's genius, or Virgil's, by dint of some happy bit of version or some masterly criticism. He says, triumphantly, that "even Pope" is acknowledged not to give a right idea of him, much less Chapman, and those other "old quaint writers?" for "old," observe, is a term of contempt with him; though "ancient," he thinks, comprises everything that is respectable. But "old" means a man who lived only a few hundred years back, and who did not write either in Latin or Greek; whereas "ancient" means a man who lived upwards of a thousand, and wrote perhaps a dull book in one of those lan-



guages, which has contrived to come down to us, owing to some curious things it contains relative to customs and manners, or to the influence of a succession of these sort of critics, and the long fashion they have kept up by dint of the connexion that has hitherto subsisted between the power of receiving a classical education and the advantages of wealth and rank. When all the world come to share in that education, some singular questions will take place, both as to the genius of the ancient writers, and the moral benefits derivable from portions of them. If our friend, of the above class, is a man of consequence, he looks upon his learning as forming an additional barrier between him and the uneducated. He quotes Greek in parliament, and takes it for an argument. Or he forgets both his Greek and Latin, but thinks he could recover it when he pleased, and that is the same thing. If he is a professed scholar, he is ignorant of everything in the world but scholarship, and therefore ignorant of that too. He is a pompous schoolmaster, or a *captious* verbal critic, or, in his most respectable capacity, a harmless and dreaming pedant,—a Dominie Sampson. If England had existed before Greece, he would have been an idolater of Shakspeare and Milton, at the expense of Homer and Euripides; or he would have known just as much of the former as he does of the latter! that is to say, nothing. In short, you may describe him as a man who knows that there is another man living on the upper side of his town, of the name of Ancient; and a very wonderful gentleman he takes Ancient to be, because he is rich, and has a large library, and has given him access to it; but what sort of a man Ancient really is, what is the solidity of his understanding, the subtlety of his imagination, or the contents of the books in his library, except that they are printed in certain kinds of type,—of all that our learned friend knows nothing, and therefore he concludes, that nobody else can know.

Of the other extreme of pretenders who dogmatise on this subject, that is to say, who pronounce peremptory judgments of Yes and No, and Possible and Impossible, without a due knowledge of the subject,—the best and most intelligent portion sometimes contains persons who know so much on other points, that they ought to know better on this; but out of a resentment of the very want of the other's advantages, affect to despise them. For herein the exalters of a classical education, as the only thing needful, and the decriers of it as a thing altogether unnecessary, set out from precisely the same ground of self-sufficiency. The former unduly trumpet up the education, merely because they have had it, (or think they have,) and the latter as rudely decry it, merely because they have not. These latter argue, that you may know all that is useful in ancient books, by means of translations; and that the poetry "and all that" may be got equally out of

them, or is of no consequence. Their own poetry, meanwhile, such as it is, that is to say, their caprices, their imaginary advantages, and the colouring which their humour and passions give to everything near them, is in full blossom.

To cut short this question, which we feel more loth to touch upon in the latter instance than in the former, (because more sympathy is due to the resentment of a want than to the arrogance of a possession,) we may, perhaps, illustrate the point at once to the reader's satisfaction, by the help of no greater a passage than a jest out of "Joe Miller."

It is related of Archbishop Herring, that when he was at college, he fell one day into a gutter, and that a wag exclaimed as he got up, "Ah, *Herring*, you're in a pretty *pickle*!" Upon which a dull fellow went away, and said, "So-and-so has been bantering poor Herring. Herring fell into the gutter, and so, says Dick, says he, Ah, Herring, my boy, you're in a pretty *situation*."

Now the pedant, who is all for the original language, and is of opinion that no version of their writers or account of them can give you the least idea of their spirit, is bound to maintain, on the same principle, that it would be impossible to convey the smallest real taste of this joke out of English into Latin or Greek; while every real scholar knows that the thing is very possible.

On the other side the bigoted no-scholar is bound to insist, that the stupid version of the joke is quite as good as the original, or at any rate supplies us with all that is really wanted of it,—that the word situation is as good as the word pickle, and that, therefore, no utility is lost sight of—no real information. It is true, the whole joke is lost, the whole spirit of the thing, but that is no matter. As to confining the notion of utility to matters of information, useful in the ordinary sense of the word, however important, we will not waste our room upon it at this time of day, after all which has been said and understood to the contrary. The more we really know of anything, languages included, the more, as it has been finely said, do we "discipline" our "humanity;" that is, teach our common nature to know what others have thought, felt, and known, before us, and so enable our modesty and information to keep pace with each other.

It will not be supposed by the reflecting reader that we mean to compare the sufficiency of a translation in the above instance with its being all that might be wanted in others, or that the spirit and peculiar fragrance (so to speak) of such poetry as Shakspeare's, could be transferred through a Greek medium without losing anything by the way; unless a Shakspeare himself were the operator, or even then. Undoubtedly the peculiarity of the medium itself, the vessel, will make a difference. All

that we mean to say is, that *some* real taste of the essence of ancient genius, far better than what is afforded by the specimens generally on sale, can be given by means of great care and lovingness ; and that those who are so insanely learned as to take the vessel itself for the whole merit of the contents, have no taste of it at all.

#### XIV.—CRICKET.

AND EXERCISE IN GENERAL. (WRITTEN IN MAY.)

THE fine, hard, flat, verdant floors are now preparing in the cricket-grounds for this manly and graceful game, and the village-greens (where they can) are no less getting ready, though not quite so perfect. No matter for that. A true cricketer is not the man to be put out by a trifle. He serves an apprenticeship to patience after her handsomest fashion. Henry the Fourth wished a time might arrive in France, when every man should have a pullet in his kettle. We should like to see a time when every man played at cricket, and had a sound sleep after it, and health, work, and leisure. It would be a pretty world, if we all had something to do, just to make leisure the pleasanter, and green merry England were sprinkled all over, "of afternoons," with gallant fellows in white sleeves, who threshed the earth and air of their cricket-grounds into a crop of health and spirits ; after which they should read, laugh, love, and be honourable and happy beings, bringing God's work to its perfection, and suiting the divine creation they live in.

But to speak in this manner is to mix serious things with mirthful. Well ; and what true joy does not ? Joy, if you did but know him thoroughly, is a very serious fellow,—on occasion ; and knows that happiness is a very solid thing, and is zealous for nature's honour and glory. The power to be grave is the proper foundation for levity itself to rejoice on. You must have floor for your dancing,—good solid earth on which to bother your cricket-balls.

The Spring is monstrously said to be a sickly time of the year ! Yes, for the sickly ; or rather (not to speak irreverently of sickness which cannot be helped) for those who have suffered themselves to become so for want of stirring their bloods, and preparing for the general movement in Nature's merry veins. People stop in doors, and render themselves liable to all "the skiey influences," and then out of the same thoughtless effeminacy of self-indulgence, they expose themselves to the catching of colds and fevers, and the beautiful Spring is blamed, and "fine Mays make fat church-yards." The gipsies, we will be bound, have no such proverbs. The cricketer has none such. He is a sensible, hearty fellow, too wise not to take proper precautions, but above all, too wise not to take

the best of all precautions ; which is, to take care of his health, and be stirring. Nature is stirring, and so is he. Nature is healthy, and so is he. Nature, in a hundred thousand parts to a fraction, is made up of air, and fields, and country, and out-of-doors, and a strong teeming earth, and a good-natured sky ; and so is the strong heart of the cricketer.

Do we then blame any of the sick, even those who are "blameable ?" Not we ; we blame nobody ; what is the use of it ? Besides, we don't like to be blamed ourselves, especially when we are in the wrong. We like to be coaxed and called sensible, and to have people wonder good-naturedly (not spitefully) how people so very shrewd can do anything erroneous ; and then we love them, and wish to be led right by people so very intelligent, and know no bounds to our wish to please them. So the measure which we like ourselves we would fain deal out to others. You may do it without any insincerity, if the patient have but one good or sensible quality, or one sweet drop in his heart, from which comfort is to be squeezed into the cup of advice. And who has not this ? But it may be said, it is not to be found. No ? Then the eyesight is very bad, or the patient is not to be mended,—a case luckily as rare as it is melancholy, and to be looked upon as a madness. The best step to be taken in that instance is, to give him as little advice, and see that he does as little harm as possible. For all reasonable care is to be taken of the comfort even of those who give none. They are a part of the human race.

As to our sickly friends before mentioned, all we shall say to them is, what was said by an abrupt but benevolent friend of ours, to the startled ears of a fine lady—"Get out."

"Well, I never !" exclaimed the lady.

The reader knows the perfection of meaning implied by that imperfect sentence, "Well, I never !" However the lady was not only a fine lady, but a shrewd woman ; so she "got out," and was a goer out afterwards, and lived happily enough to benefit others by her example.

Many people take no exercise at all, because they cannot take, or think they cannot take, a great deal. At least this is the reason they give their consciences. It is not always a sincere one. They had better say to themselves at once "I am too idle," or "I am too accustomed to sit still, to make exercise pleasant." Where the fault is aware of itself, there is better hope of its mending. But the least bit of exercise is better than none. A walk, five minutes before dinner in a garden, or down a street, is better than no walk at all. It is some break, however small a one, into the mere habit of sitting still and growing stagnant of blood, or corpulent of body. A little tiny bit of the sense of doing one's duty is kept up by



it. A glimpse of a reverence is retained for sprightliness of mind and shapeliness of person; and thus the case is not rendered hopeless, should circumstances arise that tempt the patient into a more active system. A fair kinswoman of ours, once reckoned among the fairest of her native city,—a very intelligent woman as far as books went, and *latterly* a very sharp observer into the faults of other people, by dint of a certain exasperation of her own,—literally fell a sacrifice to sitting in-doors, and never quitting her favourite pastime of reading. The pastime was at once her bane and her antidote. It would have been nothing but a blessing had she varied it. But her misfortune was, that her self-will was still greater than her sense, and that being able to fill up her moments as pleasantly as she wished during health, she had persuaded herself that she could go on filling them up as pleasantly by the same process, when she grew older; and this “wouldn’t do!” For our bodies are changing, while our minds are thinking nothing of the matter; and people in vain attribute the new pains and weaknesses which come upon them to this and that petty cause,—a cold, or a heat, or an apple; thinking they shall “be better to-morrow,” and as healthy as they were before. Time will not palter with the real state of the case, for all our self-will and our over-weening confidence. The person we speak of literally rusted in her chair; lost the use of her limbs, and died paralytic and ghastly to look upon, of premature old age. The physicians said it was a clear case. On the other hand, we heard some years ago of a gentleman of seventy, a medical man, (now most probably alive and merry—we hope he will read this,) who, meeting a kinsman of ours in the street, and being congratulated on the singular youthfulness of his aspect, said that he was never better or more active in his life; that it was all owing to his having walked sixteen miles a day, on an average, for the greater part of it; and that at the age of seventy, he felt all the lightness and cheerfulness of seventeen! This is an extreme case, owing to peculiar circumstances; but it shows of what our nature is capable, where favourable circumstances are not contradicted. This gentleman had cultivated a cheerful benevolence of mind, as well as activity of body, and the two together were irresistible, even to old Time. The death of such a man must be like going to sleep after a good journey.

The instinct which sets people in exercise is one of the most natural of all instincts, and where it is totally stopped, must have been hurt by some very injudicious circumstances in the bringing up, either of pampered will or prevented activity. The restlessness felt by nervous people is Nature’s kindly intimation that they should bestir themselves. Motion, as far as hitherto has been known, is the first

law of the universe. The air, the rivers, the world move; the very “fixed stars,” as we call them, are moving towards some unknown point; the substance, apparently the most unmoving, the table in your room, or the wall of the opposite house, is gaining or losing particles: if you had eyes fine enough, you would see its surface stirring: some philosophers even hold that every substance is made up of vital atoms. As to oneself, one must either move away from death and disease, and so keep pleasantly putting them off, or they will move *us* with a vengeance, ay, in the midst of our most sedentary forgetfulness, or while we flatter ourselves we are as still and as sound as marble. Time is all the while drawing lines in our faces, clogging our limbs, putting ditch-water into our blood;—preparing us to mingle with the grave and the rolling earth, since we will not obey the great law, and move of our own accord.

Come, dear readers, now is the season for such of you as are virtuous in this matter to pride and rejoice yourselves; and for such of you as have omitted the virtue in your list, to put it there. It will grace and gladden all the rest. A cricketer is a sort of glorifier of exercise, and we respect him accordingly: but it is not in every one’s power to be a cricketer; and respect attends a man in proportion as he does what he is able. Come then, be respectable in this matter as far as you can;—have a whole mile’s respectability, if possible,—or two miles, or four: let our homage wait upon you into the fields, thinking of all the good you are doing to yourselves, to your kindred, to your offspring, born or not born, and to all friends who love you, and would be grieved to lose you. Healthy and graceful example makes healthy and graceful children, makes cheerful tempers, makes grateful and loving friends. We know but of one inconvenience resulting from the sight of such virtue; and that is, that it sometimes makes one love it too much, and long to know it, and show our gratitude. A poet has said, that he never could travel through different places and think how many agreeable people they probably contained, without feeling a sort of impatience at not being able to make their acquaintance. But he was a rich poet, and his benevolence was a little pampered and self-willed. It is enough for us that we sometimes resent our inability to know those whom we behold,—who charm us visibly, or of whose existence, somehow or other, we are made pleasantly certain, without going so far as to raise up exquisite causes of distress after his fashion. Now, as we never behold the cricketer, or the horseman, or the field-stroller (provided we can suppose him bound on his task with a liking of it) without a feeling of something like respect and gratitude (for the twofold pleasurable idea he gives us of nature and himself), so we cannot look upon all those fair

creatures, blooming or otherwise, who walk abroad with their friends or children, whether in village or town, fine square or common street, without feeling something like a bit of love, and wishing that the world were in such condition as to let people evince what they feel, and be more like good, honest folks, and chatty companions. If we sometimes admire maid-servants instead of their mistresses, it is not our fault, but that of the latter, who will not come abroad. Besides, a real good-humoured maid-servant, with a pretty face, playing over the sward of a green square with her mistress's children, is a very respectable, as well as pleasant object. May no inferior of the other sex, under pretence of being a *gentleman*, deceive her, and render her less so.

#### XV.—A DUSTY DAY.

AMONG the "Miseries of Human Life," as a wit pleasantly entitled them, there are few, while the rascal is about it, worse than a Great Cloud of Dust, coming upon you in street or road, you having no means of escape, and the carriages, or flock of sheep, evidently being bent on imparting to you a full share of their besetting horror. The road is too narrow to leave you a choice, even if it had two pathways, which it has not :—the day is hot ; the wind is whisking ; you have come out in stockings instead of boots, not being aware that you were occasionally to have two feet depth of dust to walk in :—*now*, now the dust is on you,—you are enveloped,—you are blind ; you have to hold your hat on against the wind : the carriages grind by, or the sheep go pattering along, baaing through all the notes of their poor gamut ; perhaps carriages and sheep are together, the latter eschewing the horses' legs, and the shepherd's dog driving against your own, and careering over the woolly backs :—Whew ! what a dusting ! What a blinding ! What a whirl ! The noise decreases ; you stop ; you look about you ; gathering up your hat, coat, and faculties, after apologising to the gentleman against whom you have "lumped," and who does not look a bit the happier for your apology. The dust is in your eyes, in your hair, in your shoes and stockings, in your neck-cloth, in your mouth. You grind your teeth in dismay, and find them gritty.

Perhaps another carriage is coming ; and you, finding yourself in the middle of the road, and being resolved to be master of, at least, this inferior horror, turn about towards the wall or paling, and propose to make your way accordingly, and have the dust behind your back instead of in front ; when lo ! you begin sneezing, and cannot see. You have taken involuntary snuff.

Or you suddenly discern a street, down which you can turn, which you do with rap-

ture, thinking to get out of wind and dust at once ; when, unfortunately, you discover that the wind is veering to all points of the compass, and that, instead of avoiding the dust, there is a ready-made and intense collection of it, then in the act of being swept into your eyes by the attendants on a——dust-cart !

The reader knows what sort of a day we speak of. It is all dusty ;—the windows are dusty ; the people are dusty ; the hedges in the roads are horribly dusty,—pitifully,—you think they must feel it ; shoes and boots are like a baker's : men on horseback eat and drink dust ; coachmen sit screwing up their eyes ; the gardener finds his spade slip into the ground, fetching up smooth portions of earth, all made of dust. What is the poor pedestrian to do ?

To think of something *superior* to the dust,—whether grave or gay. This is the secret of being master of any ordinary, and of much extraordinary trouble :—bring a better idea upon it, and it is hard if the greater thought does not do something against the less. When we meet with any very unpleasant person, to whose ways we cannot suddenly reconcile ourselves, we think of some delightful friend, perhaps two hundred miles off,—in Northumberland, or in Wales. When dust threatens to blind us, we shut our eyes to the disaster, and contrive to philosophise a bit even then.

"Oh, but it is not worth while doing that."

Good. If so, there is nothing to do but to be as jovial as the dust itself, and take all gaily. Indeed, this is the philosophy we speak of.

"And yet the dust is annoying too."

Well—take then just as much good sense as you require for the occasion. Think of a jest ; think of a bit of verse ; think of the dog you saw just now, coming out of the pond, and frightening the dandy in his new trousers. But at all events don't let your temper be mastered by such a thing as a cloud of dust. It will show, either that you have a very infirm temper indeed, or no ideas in your head.

On all occasions in life, great or small, you may be the worse for them, or the better. You may be made the weaker or the stronger by them ; ay, even by so small a thing as a little dust.

When the famous Arbuthnot was getting into his carriage one day, he was beset with dust. What did he do ? Damn the dust or the coachman ? No ; that was not his fashion. He was a wit, and a good-natured man ; so he fell to making an epigram, which he sent to his friends. It was founded on scientific knowledge, and consisted of the following pleasant exaggeration :—

#### ON A DUSTY DAY.

The dust in smaller particles arose,  
Than those which fluid bodies do compose.  
Contraries in extremes do often meet ;  
*It was so dry, that you might call it wet.*



Dust at a distance sometimes takes a bur-nished or tawny aspect in the sun, almost as handsome as the great yellow smoke out of breweries; and you may amuse your fancy with thinking of the clouds that precede armies in the old books of poetry,—the spears gleaming out,—the noise of the throng growing on the ear,—and, at length, horses emerging, and helmets and flags,—the Lion of King Richard, or the Lilies of France.

Or you may think of some better and more harmless palm of victory, “not without dust” (*palma non sine pulvere*); dust, such as Horace says the horsemen of antiquity liked to kick up at the Olympic games, or as he more elegantly phrases it, “collect” (*collegisse jurat*;—which a punster of our acquaintance translated, “kicking up a dust at college”); or if you are in a very philosophic vein indeed, you may think of man’s derivation from dust, and his return to it, redeeming your thoughts from gloom by the hopes beyond dust, and by the graces which poetry and the affections have shed upon it in this life, like flowers upon graves,—lamenting with the tender Petrarch, that “those eyes of which he spoke so warmly,” and that golden hair, and “the lightning of that angel smile,” and all those other beauties which made him a lover “marked out from among men”—a being abstracted “from the rest of his species,”—are now “a little dust, without a feeling”—

*“Poca polvere son che nulla sente”*—

or repeating that beautiful lyric of the last of the Shakspearian men, Shirley, which they say touched even the thoughtless bosom of Charles the Second :—

#### DEATH’S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things :  
There is no armour against fate ;

*Death lays his icy hand on kings :  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.*

Some men with swords may reap the field  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill :  
But their strong nerves at last must yield,  
*They tame but one another still.*

Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
*When they, pale captives, creep to death.*

The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
Upon death’s purple altar now  
See where the victor-victim bleeds :  
All heads must come  
To the cold tomb :

*Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.*

Most true ; but with the leave of the fine poet (which he would gladly have conceded to us), Death’s conquest is not “final ;” for Heaven triumphs over him, and Love too, and

Poetry ; and thus we can get through the cloud even of his dust, and shake it, in aspiration, from our wings. Besides, we know not, with any exactitude, what or who Death is, or whether there is any such personage, even in his negative sense, except inasmuch as he is a gentle voice, calling upon us to go some journey ; for the very dust that he is supposed to deal in, is alive ; is the cradle of other beings and vegetation ; nay, its least particle belongs to a mighty life ;—is planetary,—is part of our star,—is the stuff of which the worlds are made, that roll and rejoice round the sun.

Of these or the like reflections, serious or otherwise, are the cogitations of the true pedestrian composed ;—such are the weapons with which he triumphs over the most hostile of his clouds, whether material or metaphorical ; and, at the end of his dusty walk, he beholdeth, in beautiful perspective, the towel, and the basin and water, with which he will render his eyes, cheeks, and faculties, as cool and fresh, as if no dust had touched them ; nay, more so, *for the contrast*. Never forget that secret of the reconcilements of this life. To sit down, newly washed and dressed, after a dusty journey, and hear that dinner is to be ready “in ten minutes,” is a satisfaction—a crowning and “measureless content”—which we hope no one will enjoy who does not allow fair play between the harmless lights and shadows of existence, and treat his dust with respect. We defy him to enjoy it, at any rate, like those who do. His ill-temper, somehow or other, will rise in retribution against him, and find dust on his saddle of mutton.

#### XVI.—BRICKLAYERS, AND AN OLD BOOK.

It is a very hot day and a “dusty day ;” you are passing through a street in which there is no shade,—a new street, only half-built and half-paved—the areas unfinished as you advance (it is to be hoped no drunken man will stray there)—the floors of the houses only raftered (you can’t go in and sit down)—broken glass, at the turnings, on the bits of garden wall—the time, noon—the month, August—the whole place glaring with the sun, and coloured with yellow brick, chalk, and lime. Occasionally you stumble upon the bottom of an old saucepan, or kick a baked shoe.

In this very hot passage through life, you are longing for soda-water, or for the sound of a pump, when suddenly you

“Hear a trowel tick against a brick,”

and down a ladder by your side, which bends at every step, comes dancing, with hod on shoulder, a bricklayer, who looks as dry as his vocation,—his eyes winking, his mouth gaping ; his beard grim with a week’s growth,

the rest of his hair like a badger's. You then for the first time see a little water by the way-side, thick and white with chalk; and are doubting whether to admire it as a liquid or detest it for its colour, when a quantity of lime is dashed against the sieve, and you receive in your eyes and mouth a taste of the dry and burning elements of mortar, without the refreshment of the wet. Finally, your shoe is burned; and as the bricklayer says something to his fellow in Irish, who laughs, you fancy that he is witty at your expense, and has made some ingenious bull.

"A pretty picture, Mr. Seer! and very refreshing, this hot weather!"

Oh, but you are only a chance-acquaintance of us, my dear Sir; you don't know what philosophies we writers and readers of "The Seer" possess, which render us "lords of ourselves," unencumbered even with the mighty misery of a hot day, and the hod on another man's shoulder. You, unfortunate easy man, have been thinking of nothing but the "aggravations" of the street all this while, and are ready to enter your house after the walk, in a temper to kick off your shoes into the servant's face. We, besides being in the street, have been in all sorts of pleasant and remote places; have been at Babylon; have been at Bagdad; have bathed in the river Tigris, the river of that city of the "Arabian Nights;" nay, have been in Paradise itself! led by old Bochart and his undeniable maps, where you see the place as "graphically set forth" as though it had never vanished, and Adam and Eve walking in it, taller than the trees. We are writing upon the very book this moment instead of a desk, a fond custom of ours; though, for dignity's sake, we beg to say we *have* a desk; but we like an old folio to write upon, written by some happy believing hand, no matter whether we go all lengths or not with *his* sort of proof, provided he be in earnest and a good fellow\*.

Let us indulge ourselves a moment, during this hot subject, with the map in question. It is now before us, the river Euphrates running up through it in dark fulness, and appearing through the paper on which we are writing like rich veins. Occasionally we take up the paper to see it better; the garden of Eden, however, always remaining visible below, and the mountains of Armenia at top. The map is a small folio size, darkly printed, with thick letters; a good stout sprinkle of mountains; a great tower to mark the site of Babylon; trees, as formal as a park in those days, to shadow forth the terrestrial paradise, with Adam and Eve, as before mentioned; Greek and Hebrew names here and there mingled with the Latin; a lion, towards the north-west, sitting in Armenia, and

bigger than a mountain; some other beast, "stepping west" from the Caspian sea; and a great tablet in the south-west corner, presenting the title of the map, the site of Eden, or the Terrestrial Paradise (Edenis, seu Paradisi Terrestris Situs), surmounted with a tree, and formidable with the Serpent; who, suddenly appearing from one side of it with the apple in his mouth, is startling a traveller on the other. These old maps are as good to study as pictures and books: and the region before us is specially rich—reverend with memories of scripture, pompous with Alexander's cities, and delightful with the "Arabian Nights." You go up from the Persian Gulf at the foot, passing (like Sindbad) the city of Caiphat, where "bdellium" is to be had, and the island of Bahrim, famous for its pearl fishery (Bahrim Insula Margaritarum Piscat. celebris); then penetrate the garden of Eden, with the river Euphrates, as straight as a canal; pass the Cypress-grove, which furnished the wood of which the ark was made; Mousal, one of our old friends in the "Arabian Nights;" Babylon, famous for a hundred fanes, the sublime of *brick-building*; בחרצא the "Naarda of Ptolemy," a "celebrated school of the Jews;" Ur (of the Chaldees), the country of Abraham; Noah's city, Χαμὶ Θαμαρων, the city of Eight, so called from the eight persons that came out of the ark; Omar's Island, where there is a mosque (says the map) made out of the relics of the ark; Mount Ararat, on the top of which it rested; and thence you pass the springs of the Tigris and the Euphrates into Colchis with its Golden Fleece, leaving the Caspian sea on one side, and the Euxine on the other, with Phasis the country of pheasants, and Cappadocia, where you see the mild light shining on the early Christian church; and you have come all this way through the famous names of Persia, and Arabia, and Armenia, and Mesopotamia, and Syria, and Assyria, with Arbela on the right hand, where Darius was overthrown, and Damascus on the left, rich, from time immemorial to this day, with almost every Eastern association of ideas, sacred and profane.

In regions of this nature, did sincere, book-loving, scholarly Bochart spend *the days of his mind*,—by far the greater portion of the actual days of such a man's life; and for that reason we, who, though not so scholarly, love books as well as he did, love to have the folio of such a man under our paper for a desk,—making his venerable mixture of truth and fiction a foundation, as it were, for our own love of both, and rendering the dream of his existence, in some measure, as tangible to us as it was to himself, in the shape of one of his works of love.—Do people now-a-days,—do even we ourselves,—love books as they did in those times? It is hardly possible, seeing how the volumes have multiplied to distract choice and

\* Our volume is the *Geographia Sacra*, followed by his commentary on Stephen of Byzantium, the treatise *De Jure Regum*, &c. &c. The Leyden Edition, 1707.



passion, and also how small in size they have become,—octavos and duodecimos. A little book is indeed “a love,” (to use a modern phrase,)—and fitted to carry about with us in our walks and pockets : but then a great book, —a folio,—was a thing to look up to,—to build, —a new and lawful Babel,—and therefore it had an aspect more like a religion.—Well ; love is religion too, and of the best ; and so we will return to our common task.

Now observe, O casual reader of “The Seer,” what such of us as are habituated to it found in our half-built street. You take a brick perhaps for an ordinary bit of burnt clay, fit only to build No. 9, Golf-street, Little Meadows ; and to become a brick-bat, and be kicked to pieces in an old alley. O thou of littlebookstall ! Why, the very manufacture is illustrious with antiquity—with the morning beams that touched the house-tops of Shinaar ;—there is a clatter of brick-making in the fields of Accad ; and the work looks almost as ancient to this day, with its straw-built tents and its earthy landscape. Not desolate therefore, or unrefreshed, were we in our new and hot street ; for the first brick, like a talisman, transported us into old Babylon, with its tower and its gardens ; and there we drove our chariot on the walls, and conversed with Herodotus, and got out of the way of Semiramis, and read, as men try to read at this day, the arrow-headed letters on the bricks,—as easy to us at that time as A. B. C. ; though what they mean now, neither we nor Mr. Rich can tell. The said brick, as our readers have seen, thence took us into paradise, and so through all the regions of Mesopotamia and the Arabian Nights, with our friends Bochart and Bedreddin Hassan ; and returning home, what do we descry ? The street itself alone ! No : Ben Jonson, the most illustrious of bricklayers, handling his trowel on the walls of Chancery-lane, and the obstinate remnants of Roman brick and mortar lurking still about London, and Spenser’s celebration of—

“ Those *brick* towers,  
The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ride,  
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowres ; ”

to wit, the Temple ; and then we think of our old and picture-learned friend, our lamented Hazlitt, who first taught us not to think white cottages better than red, especially among trees, noting to us the finer harmony of the contrast—to which we can bear instant and curious testimony ; for passing the other day through the gate that leads from St. James’s Park into the old court, betwixt Sutherland and Marlborough Houses, we marvelled at what seemed to our near-sighted eyes a shower of red colours in a tree to the right of us, at the corner ; which colours, upon inspection, proved to be nothing better than those of the very red bricks, that bordered the windows of the building behind the trees. We smiled at the mistake ; but it

was with pleasure ; for it reminded us that even defects of vision may have their compensations ; and it looked like a symbol of the pleasures with which fancy, and common-place, may conspire to enrich an observer willing to be pleased.

The most elegant houses in the world, generally speaking, are built of clay. You have riches inside,—costliness and beauty on the internal walls,—paintings, papers, fine draperies,—themselves compounded of the homeliest growths of the earth ; but pierce an inch or two outwards, and you come to the stuff of which the hovel is made. It is nothing but *mind* at last which throws elegance upon the richest as well as the poorest materials. Let a rich man give a hundred guineas for a *daub*, and people laugh at him and his daub together. The inside of his wall is no better than his out. But let him put Titian or Correggio upon it, and he puts *mind* there,—visible mind, and therefore the most precious to all ; his own mind too, as well as the painter’s, for love partakes of what it loves ; and yet the painter’s visible mind is not a bit different, except in degree, from the mind with which every lover of the graceful and the *possible* may adorn whatsoever it looks upon. The object will be perhaps rich in itself, but if not, it will be rich, somehow or other, in association ! and it cannot be too often repeated, as a truth in strictest logic, that every impression is real which is actually made upon us, whether by fact or fancy. No minds entirely divorce the two, or can divorce them, even if they evince the spiritual part of their faculties in doing nothing better than *taking a fancy* to a tea-cup or a hat ; and Nature, we may be assured, *intended* that we should receive pleasure from the associations of ideas, as well as from images tangible ; for *all mankind, more or less, do so*. The great art is to cultivate impressions of the pleasant sort, just as a man will raise wholesome plants in his garden, and not poisonous ones.

A bricklayer’s tools may illustrate a passage in Shakspeare. One of them is called a *bevel*, and is used to cut the under-side of bricks to a required angle. “Bevel” is a sort of irregular square.

“ They that level  
At my abuses, reckon up their own.  
I may be straight, though they themselves be *bevel*.”  
Sonnet CXXI.

We shall conclude this paper with two brick-laying anecdotes, one of which has more manner than matter ; but there is an *ease* in it, very comforting, when we reflect upon the laboriousness of the occupation in a hot day. And this reminds us, that in considering the bricklayer, we must not forget how many of his hours he passes in a world of his own, though in the streets,—pacing on scaffolding, descending and ascending ladders, living on the outsides of houses, betwixt ground-floors and garrets, or

the sun, now catching a breeze unknown to us prisoners of the pavement. We have heard of a bricklayer who was a somnambulist by day-time, and used to go on with his work in that state, along the precipices of parapet walls, overlooking us from the top—now burning in and the nice points of tops of ladders. But to our anecdotes :—

An acquaintance of ours was passing a street in which Irish bricklayers were at work, when he heard one of them address, from below, another who was sending him baskets down by a rope. "*Lour asy*, wou'd you?" said he; meaning that his friend was to *lower* the baskets in a style less hasty and inconvenient. "*Lour asy!*" exclaimed the other, in a tone indignant at having the quiet perfection of his movements called in question, and in the very phraseology of which we seem to *hear* the Hibernian elevation of his eyebrows, as well as the rough lightness of his voice, "I *lour* so *asy*, I don't know *how* I *lour*."

The other story appears to us to exhibit the very prince of bulls—the prize animal in that species of cattle.—An Irish labourer laid a wager with another, that the latter could not carry him up the ladder to the top of a house in his hod, without letting him fall. Agreed. The hod is occupied, the ladder ascended, there is peril at every step. Above all, there is life and the loss of the wager at the top of the ladder, death and success below! The house-top is reached in safety; the wagerer looks humbled and disappointed. "Well," said he, "you have won; there is no doubt of that; worse luck to you another time; but at the third story *I had hopes*."

#### XVII.—A RAINY DAY.

"*Pour! pour! pour!* There is no hope of its *leaving off*,"—says a lady, turning away from the window; "you must make up your mind, Louisa, to stay at home, and lose your romps, and have a whole frock to sit in at dinner, and be very unhappy with mamma."

"No, mamma, not that; but don't you think it will *hold up*? Look, the kennels are not quite so bad; and those clouds—they are not so heavy as they were. It is getting quite light in the sky."

"I am afraid not," says the lady, at once grave and smiling; "but you are a good girl, Louisa; give me a kiss. We will make the day as happy as we can at home. I am not a very bad play-fellow, you know, for all I am so much bigger and older."

"Oh mamma, you know I never enjoy my cousin's company half so much, if you don't go with me; but (here two or three kisses are given and taken, the lady's hands holding the little girl's cheeks, and her eyes looking fondly into hers, which are a little wet)—but—but

don't you think we *really* shall be able to go—don't you think it will *hold up*?" And here the child returns to the window.

"No, my darling; it is *set* in for a rainy day. It has been raining all the morning; it is now afternoon, and we have, I fear, no chance whatever."

"The puddles don't dance quite as fast as they did," says the little girl.

"But hark!" says the lady; "*there's* a furious dash of water against the panes."

"*T! t!*" quoth the little girl against her teeth; "dear me! It's very bad indeed; I wonder what Charles and Mary are thinking of it."

"Why, they are thinking just as you are, I dare say; and doing just as you are, very likely,—making their noses flat and numb against the glass."

The little girl laughs, with a tear in her eye, and mamma laughs and kisses her, and says, "Come; as you cannot go to see your cousins, you shall have a visitor yourself. You shall invite *me* and Miss Nayler to dinner, and sit at the head of the table in the little room, and we will have your favourite pudding, and no servant to wait on us. We will wait on ourselves; little child, and behave well; and you shall tell papa, when he comes home, what a nice and I will try to be a very great, good, big girl I was."

"Oh dear mamma, that will be very pleasant—What a nice, kind mamma you are, and how afraid I am to vex you, though you do play and romp with me."

"Good girl! But—Ah, you need not look at the window any more, my poor Louisa. Go, and tell cook about the pudding, and we will get you to give us a glass of wine after it, and drink the health of your cousins, so as to fancy them partaking it with us; and Miss Nayler and I will make fine speeches, and return you their thanks; and then you can tell them about it, when you go next time."

"Oh dear, dear, *dear* mamma, so I can; and how very nice that will be; and I'll go this instant about the pudding; and I don't think we could go as far as Welland's now, if the rain did hold up; and the puddles are worse than ever."

And so, off runs little fond-heart and bright-eyes, happy at dining in fancy with her mother and cousins all at once, and almost feeling as if she had but exchanged one holiday for another.

The sight of mother and daughter has made us forget our rainy day.—Alas! the lady was right, and the little child wrong, for there is no chance of to-day's clearing up. The long-watched and interesting puddles are not indeed "worse than ever"—not suddenly hurried and exasperated, as if dancing with rage at the flogging given them: they are worse even than that, for they are everlastingly the same:



—the same full, twittering, dancing, circle-making overflowings of gutter, which they have been ever since five in the morning, and which they mean to be, apparently, till five to-morrow.

Wash! wash! wash! The window-panes, weltering, and dreary, and rapid, and misty with the rain, are like the face of a crying child who is afraid to make a noise, but who is resolved to be as “aggravating” as possible with the piteous ostentation of his wet cheeks,—weeping with all his might, and breathing, with wide-open mouth, a sort of huge, wilful, everlasting sigh, by way of accompaniment. Occasionally he puts his hand over to his ear,—hollow,—as though he feared to touch it, his master having given him a gentle pinch: and at the same moment, he stoops with bent head and shrugged shoulders, and one lifted knee, as if in the endurance of a writhing anguish.

You involuntarily rub one of the panes, thinking to see the better into the street, and forgetting that the mist is made by the rain on the other side.—On goes the wet as ever, rushing, streaming, running down, mingling its soft and washy channels; and now and then comes a clatter of drops against the glass, made by a gust of wind.

Clack, meantime, goes the sound of pattens; and when you do see, you see the street almost deserted,—a sort of lay Sunday. The rare carriages drive as fast as they can; the hackney-coaches lumber along, glossy (on such occasions only) with the wet, and looking as old and rheumatic as the poor coachmen, whose hats and legs are bound with straw; the rain-spouts are sputtering torrents; messengers dart along in oil-skin capes; the cry of the old shrimp-seller is hoarse; the postman’s knock is ferocious.

If you are out of doors, woe betide you, should you have gone out unprepared, or relying on a coach. Your shoes and stockings are wet through, the latter almost as muddy as the dog that ran by just now without an owner; the rain washes your face, gets into the nape of your neck, makes a spout of your hat. Close by your ears comes roaring an umbrella, the face underneath it looking astonished at you. A butcher’s boy dashes along, and contrives to come with his heel plump upon the exact spot of a loose piece of pavement, requisite for giving you a splash that shall embrace the whole of your left leg. To stand up under a gateway is impossible, because in the state you are in, you will catch your “death o’ cold;” and the people underneath it look at you amazed, to think how you could have come out “such a day, in such a state.” Many of those who are standing up, have umbrellas; but the very umbrellas are wet through. Those who pass by the spot, with their oil or silk skins roaring as above (a sound particularly distressing to

the non-possessors) show that they have not been out of doors so long. Nobody puts his hand out from under the gate-way to feel whether it is still raining. There can be no question of it. The only voluntary person visible in the street is a little errand-boy, who because his mother has told him to make great haste, and not get wet feet, is amusing himself with double zest, by kicking something along through the gutter.

In private streets, the pavement is washed clean; and so it is for the moment in public; but horrible will be the mud to-morrow. Horses are splashed up to the mane; the legs of the rider’s overalls are as if he had been sitting in a ditch; poor girls with handboxes trip patiently along, with their wet curls over their eyes, and a weight of skirt. A carriage is coming down a narrow street; there is a plenitude of mud between you and the wheels, not to be eschewed; on dash they, and give you three beauty spots, one right on the nose.

Swift has described such a day as this in lines which first appeared in the “Tatler,” and which hearty, unenvying Steele introduces as written by one, “who treats of every subject after a manner that no other author has done, and better than any other can do.” [In transcribing such words, one’s pen seems to partake the pleasure of the writer.] Swift availing himself of the licence of a different age, is apt to bring less pleasant images among his pleasant ones, than suit everybody now: but here follows the greater part of his verses:—

“Careful observers may foretell the hour,  
By sure prognostics, when to dread a shower:  
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o’er  
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.  
If you be wise, then go not far to dine,  
You’ll spend in coach hire more than save in wine.—  
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,  
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.  
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;  
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,  
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings.

\* \* \* \*

Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,  
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;  
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean  
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean.  
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop  
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.—  
Not yet the dust had shunn’d the unequal strife,  
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life;  
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,  
’Twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust.  
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,  
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?—  
His only coat,—where dust confused with rain,  
Roughens the nap, and leaves a mingled stain?

“Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,  
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.  
To shops in crowds the draggled females fly,  
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.  
The Templar spruce, while every spout’s abroach,  
Stays till ’tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.

The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,  
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.  
There various kinds, by various fortunes led,  
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.  
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs  
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.  
Box'd in a chair\*, the beau impatient sits,  
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits ;  
And ever and anon with frightful din,  
The leather sounds ; he trembles from within.  
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,  
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed,  
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,  
Instead of paying chairmen ran them through),  
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,  
And each imprison'd hero quaked for fear."

The description concludes with a triumphant account of a gutter, more civic than urbane.

How to make the best of a bad day has been taught by implication in various pages throughout our writings, especially in those where we have studied the art of making everything out of nothing, and have delivered immense observations on rain-drops. It may be learned in the remarks which appeared in our No. XV. on a "Dusty Day." The secret is short and comprehensive, and fit for trying occasions of all sorts. *Think of something superior to it* ;—make it yield entertaining and useful reflection, as the rain itself brings out the flowers. Think of it as a benignant enemy, who keeps you indoors, or otherwise puts your philosophy to a trial, for the best of purposes,—to fertilise your fields, to purify your streets against contagion, —to freshen your air and put sweets upon your table, to furnish life with variety, your light with a shadow that sets it off, your poets with similes and descriptions. When the summer rains, Heaven is watering your plants. Fancy an insect growling at it under his umbrella of rose-leaf. No wiser is the man who grumbles under his gateway ; much less over his port wine. Very high-bred ladies would be startled to learn that they are doing a very vulgar thing (and hurting their tempers to boot) when they stand at a window, peevishly objecting to the rain, with such phrases as "Dear me ! how tiresome !" —My lady's maid is not a bit less polite, when she vows and "purtests," that it is "*quite contrary* ;"—as if heaven had sent it on purpose to thwart her ladyship and her waiting-woman ! By complaint we dwindle and subject ourselves, make ourselves little-minded, and the slaves of circumstance. By rising above an evil, we set it at a distance from us, render it a small object, and live in a nobler air.

A wit, not unworthy to be named in the same page with the Dean of St. Patrick's, has given a good lesson on the subject,—Green, in his poem on the "Spleen,"—a teacher the fittest in the world to be heard upon it, because he was subject to what he writes about, and overcame it by the cultivation of sense and good-

\* A sedan.

temper. Some bookseller with a taste, who deals in that species of publication, should give us a new edition of this poem, with engravings. Wilkie, Mulready, and others, might find subjects enough to furnish a design to every page.

"In rainy days keep double guard,  
Or spleen will surely be too hard ;  
Which like those fish by sailors met,  
Fly highest when their wings are wet.  
In such dull weather so unfit  
To enterprise a work of wit,  
When clouds one yard of azure sky  
That's fit for simile deny,  
I dress my face with studious looks,  
And shorten tedious hours with books ;  
But if dull fogs invade the head,  
That mem'ry minds not what is read,  
I sit in windows dry as ark,  
And on the drowning world remark :  
Or to some coffee-house I stray  
For news, the *manna of the day*,  
And from the hipp'd discourses gather  
That politics go by the weather ;  
Then seek good-humour'd tavern-chums,  
And play at cards, but for small sums ;  
Or with the merry fellows quaff,  
And laugh aloud with them that laugh,  
Or drink a joco-serious cup  
*With souls who've took their freedom up*,  
And let my mind, beguiled by talk,  
In Epicurus' garden walk,  
Who thought it heaven to be serene ;  
Pain, hell ; and purgatory, spleen."

#### XVIII.—THE EAST-WIND.

DID anybody ever hear of the East-Wind when he was a boy ? We remember no such thing. We never heard a word about it, all the time we were at school. There was the schoolmaster with his *ferula*, but there was no East-Wind. Our elders might have talked about it, but such calamities of theirs are inaudible in the ears of the juvenile. A fine day was a fine day, let the wind be in what quarter it might. While writing this article, we hear everybody complaining, that the fine weather is polluted by the presence of the East-Wind. It has lasted so long as to force itself upon people's attention. The ladies confess their exasperation with it, for making free without being agreeable ; and as ladies' quarrels are to be taken up, and there is no other way of grappling with this invisible enemy, we have put ourselves in a state of Editorial resentment, and have resolved to write an article against it.

The winds are among the most mysterious of the operations of the elements. We know not whence they come, or whither they go,—how they spring up, or how fall,—why they prevail so long, after such and such a fashion, in certain quarters ; nor, above all, why some of them should be at once so lasting and apparently so pernicious. We know some of their uses ; but there is a great deal about them we do not know, and it is difficult to put them to the question. As the sailor said of the ghosts,



"we do not understand their tackle." What is very curious is, there seems to be one of them which prevails in some particular quarter, and has a character for malignity. In the South there is the *Scirocco*, an ugly customer, dark, close, suffocating, making melancholy; which blots the sky, and dejects the spirits of the most lively. In the Oriental parts of the Earth, there is the Tifoon, supposed by some to be the Typhon, or Evil Principle of the ancients; and in Europe we have the East-Wind, whom the ancients reckoned among the Sons of Typhon. The winds, Mr. Keightley tells us, were divided by the Greeks into "*wholesome and notorious* ; the former of which, Boreas (North-Wind), Zephyrus (West-Wind), and Notus (South-Wind), were, according to Hesiod, the children of Astræus (*Starry*) and Eos (*Dawn*). The other winds, he says (probably meaning only those who blow from the East), are the race of Typhœus, whom he describes as the last and most terrible child of Earth. In Greece, as over the rest of Europe, the East-Wind was pernicious."

In England, the East-Wind is accounted pernicious if it last long; and it is calculated, we believe, that it blows during three parts even of our fine weather. We have known a single blast of it blight a long row of plants in a greenhouse. Its effects upon the vegetable creation are sure to be visible if it last any time; and it puts invalids into a very unpleasant state, by drying the pores of the skin, and thus giving activity to those numerous internal disorders, of which none are more painful than what the moderns call nervousness, and our fathers understood by the name of the Vapours or the "Spleen," which, as Shenstone observed, is often little else than obstructed perspiration. An irritable poet exclaimed—

"Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge  
Our melting clime, except the baleful East  
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks  
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk'd  
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene:  
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes  
This dismal change?"

This terrible question we shall answer presently. Meantime, the suffering poet may be allowed to have been a little irritated. It is certainly provoking to have this invisible enemy invading a whole nation at his will, and sending among us, for weeks together, his impertinent and cutting influence, drying up our skins, blowing dust in our eyes, contradicting our sunshine, smoking our suburbs, behaving boisterously to our women, aggravating our scolds, withering up our old gentlemen and ladies, nullifying the respite from smoke at Bow, perplexing our rooms between hot and cold, closing up our windows, exasperating our rheumatisms, basely treating the wounds of our old soldiers, spoiling our gardens, preventing our voyages, assisting thereby

our Bow-street runners, hurting our tempers, increasing our melancholies, deteriorating our night-airs, showing our wives' ankles, disordering our little children, not being good for our beasts, perplexing our pantaloons (to know which to put on), deranging our ringlets, scarifying our eyes, thinning our apple-tarts, endangering our dances, getting damned our weathercocks, barbarizing our creditors, incapacitating our debtors, obstructing all moist processes in the arts, hindering our astronomers\*, tiring our editors, and endangering our sales.

The poet asks what crimes could have brought upon us the evils of our climate? He should ask the school-boy that runs about, the gipsy who laughs at the climate, or the ghost of some old English yeoman, before taxes and sedentary living abounded. An East-Wind, like every other evil, except folly and ill intention, is found, when properly grappled with, to be not only no evil, but a good, at least a negative one, sometimes a positive; and even folly and ill intention are but the mistakes of a community in its progress from bad to good. How evil comes at all, we cannot say. It suffices us to believe, that it is in its nature fugitive; and that it is the nature of good, when good returns, to outlast it beyond all calculation. If we led the natural lives to which we hope and believe that the advance of knowledge and comfort will bring us round, we should feel the East-Wind as little as the gipsies do: it would be the same refreshment to us that it is to the glowing school-boy, after his exercise; and as to nipping our fruits and flowers, some living creature makes a dish of them, if we do not. With these considerations, we should be well content to recognise the *concordia discors* that harmonizes the inanimate creation. If it were not for the East-Wind in this country, we should probably have too much wet. Our winters would not dry up; our June fields would be unpassable: we should not be able to enjoy the West-Wind itself, the Zephyr with his lap full of flowers. And upon the supposition that there is no peril in the East-Wind that may not ultimately be nullified, we need not trouble ourselves with the question, why the danger of excessive moisture must be counteracted by a wind full of dryness. All the excesses of the elements will one day be pastime, for the healthy arms and discerning faculties of discovering man.

And so we finish our vituperations in the way in which such things ought generally to be finished, with a discovery that the fault objected to is in ourselves, and renewed admiration of the abundance of promise in all the works of nature.

\* During East-Winds astronomers are unable to pursue their observations, on account of a certain hazy motion in the air.

## XIX.—STRAWBERRIES.

WRITTEN IN JUNE.

If our article on this subject should be worth little (especially as we are obliged to be brief, and cannot bring to our assistance much quotation or other helps) we beg leave to say, that we mean to do little more in it than congratulate the reader on the strawberry-season, and imply those pleasant interchanges of conventional sympathy, which give rise to the common expressions about the weather or the state of the harvest,—things which everybody knows what everybody else will say about them, and yet upon which everybody speaks. Such a charm has sympathy, even in its commonest aspect.

A.—A fine day to-day.

B.—Very fine day.

A.—But I think we shall have rain.

B.—I think we shall.

And so the two speakers part, all the better pleased with one another merely for having uttered a few words, and those words such as either of them could have reckoned upon beforehand, and has interchanged a thousand times. And justly are they pleased. They are fellow-creatures living in the same world, and all its phases are of importance to them, and themselves to one another. The meaning of the words is—"I feel as you do"—or "I am interested in the same subject, and it is a pleasure to me to let you see it." What a pity that mankind do not vent the same feelings of good-will and a mutual understanding on fifty other subjects! And many do ;—but all might ;—and as Bentham says, "with how little trouble!"

There is *strawberry weather*, for instance, which is as good a point of the weather to talk about, as rain, or sun. If the phrase seems a little forced, it is perhaps not so much as it seems ; for the weather, and fruit, and colour, and the birds, &c. &c., all hang together ; and for our parts, we would fain think, and can easily believe, that without this special degree of heat (while we are writing), or mixture of heat and fresh air, the strawberries would not have their special degree of colour and fragrance. The world answers to the spirit that plays upon it, as musical instruments to musician ; and if cloud, sunshine, and breeze (the fine playing of nature) did not descend upon earth precisely as they do at this moment, there is good reason to conclude, that neither fruit, nor anything else, would be precisely what it is. The cuckoo would want tone, and the strawberries relish.

Do you not like, reader, the *potile* of strawberries? And is it not manifest, from old habit and association, that no other sort of basket would do as well for their first arrival? It "carries" well: it lies on your arm like a length of freshness ; then there is the slight paper covering, the slighter rush tie, the inner covering of leaves ; and when all these give

place, fresh, and fragrant, and red lie the berries,—the best, it is to be feared, at the top. Now and then comes a half-mashed one, sweet in its over-ripeness ; and when the fingers cannot conveniently descend further, the rest, urged by a beat on the flat end, are poured out on a plate ; and perhaps agreeably surprise us with the amount.—Meantime the fingers and nails have got coloured as with wine.

What matter of fact is this! And how everybody knows it! And yet for that very reason, it is welcome ; like the antiquities about the weather. So abundant is Nature in supplying us with entertainment, even by means of simply stating that anything is what it is! Paint a strawberry in oil, and provided the representation be true, how willing is everybody to like it! And observe, even in a smaller matter, how Nature heaps our resources one upon another,—first giving us the thing, then the representation of it, or power of painting it, (for art is nature also,) then the power of writing about it, the power of thinking, the power of giving, of receiving, and fifty others. Nobles put the leaves in their coronets. Poets make them grow for ever, where they are no longer to be found. We never pass by Ely-place, in Holborn, without seeing the street there converted into a garden, and the pavement to rows of strawberries.

"My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;  
I do beseech you send for some of them!"

quoth Richard the Third to the Bishop, in that scene of frightful calmness and smooth-speaking, which precedes his burst of thunder against Hastings. Richard is gone with his bad passions, and the garden is gone ; but the tyrant is converted into poetry, and the strawberries also ; and here we have them both, equally harmless.

Sir John Suckling, in his richly-coloured portrait of a beautiful girl, in the tragedy of *Brennoralt*, has made their dying leaves precious :—

"Eyes full and quick,  
With breath as sweet as double violets,  
And wholesome as dying leaves of strawberries."

Strawberries deserve all the good things that can be said of them. They are beautiful to look at, delicious to eat, have a fine odour, and are so wholesome, that they are said to agree with the weakest digestions, and to be excellent against gout, fever, and all sorts of ailments. It is recorded of Fontenelle that he attributed his longevity to them, in consequence of their having regularly cooled a fever which he had every spring ; and that he used to say, "If I can but reach the season of strawberries!" Boerhaave (Mr. Phillips tells us in his "History of Fruits,") looked upon their continued use as one of the principal remedies in cases of obstruction and viscosity, and in



putrid disorders : Hoffman furnished instances of obstinate disorders cured by them, even consumptions ; and Linnæus says that by eating plentifully of them, he kept himself free from the gout. They are good even for the teeth.

A fruit so very useful and delightful deserves a better name ; though the old one is now so identified with its beauty, that it would be a pity to get rid of it. Nobody thinks of *straw*, when uttering the word strawberry, but only of colour, fragrance and sweetness. The Italian name is *Fragola*,—fragrant. The English one originated in the custom of putting straw between the fruit and the ground, to keep it dry and clean ; or perhaps, as Mr. Phillips thinks, from an ill older practice among children, of threading the wild berries upon straws of grass. He says, that this is still a custom in parts of England where they abound, and that so many “straws of berries” are sold for a penny.

One of the most luxurious of simple dishes is *strawberries and cream*. The very sound of the words seems to set one's page floating like a bowl. But there is an Italian poet, who has written a whole poem upon strawberries, and who, with all his love of them, will not hear of them without sugar. He invokes them before him in all their beauty, which he acknowledges with enthusiasm, and then tells them, like some capricious sultan, that he does not choose to see their faces. They must hide them, he says :—put on their veils,—to wit, of sugar. “Strawberries and sugar” are to him what “sack and sugar” was to Falstaff, the indispensable companions, the sovereign remedy for all evil—the climax of good. He finds fault with Molière's “Imaginary sick Man” for not hating them ; since, if he had eaten them, they would have cured his hypochondria. As to himself, he talks of them as Fontenelle would have talked, had he written Italian verse :—

Io per me d'esse, a boccon ricchi e doppi  
Spesso rignofio, e rinconforto il seno ;  
E brontolando per dispetto scoppi  
Quel vecchio d' Ippocrasso e di Galeno,  
Che i giulebbi, l' essenzie, ed i sciloppì  
Abborro, come l' ostico veleno ;  
E di Fragole un' avida satolla  
Mi purga il sangue, e avviva ogni midolla,

For my part, I confess I fairly swill  
And stuff myself with strawberries : and abuse  
The doctors all the while, draught, powder, and pill,  
And wonder how any sane head can choose  
To have their nauseous jalaps, and their bill,  
All which, like so much poison, I refuse.  
Give me a glut of strawberries : and lo !  
Sweet through my blood, and very bones, they go.

Almost all the writers of Italy who have been worth anything, have been writers of verse at one time or another.—Prose-writers, historians, philosophers, doctors of law and medicine, clergymen,—all have contributed their quota to the sweet art. The poet of the strawberries was a Jesuit, a very honest man too, notwithstanding the odium upon his order's

name, and a grave, eloquent, and truly christian theologian, of a life recorded as “evangelical.” It is delightful to see what playfulness such a man thought not inconsistent with the most sacred aspirations. The strawberry to him had its merits in the creation, as well as the star ; and he knew how to give each its due. Nay, he runs the joke down, like a humourist who could do nothing else but joke if he pleased, but gracefully withal, and with a sense of Nature above his Art, like a true lover of poetry. His poem is in two cantos, and contains upwards of nine hundred lines, ending in the following bridal climax, which the good Jesuit seems to have considered the highest one possible, and the very cream even of strawberries and sugar. He has been apostrophising two young friends of his, newly married, of the celebrated Venetian families Mocenigo and Loredano, and this is the blessing with which he concludes, pleasantly smiling at the end of his gravity :—

A questa coppia la serena pace  
Eternamente intorno scherzi e voli :  
E la ridente sanità vivace  
La sua vita longhissima consoli ;  
E la felicità pura e verace,  
Non dal suo fianco un solo di s' involi ;  
E a dire che ogni cosa lieta vada,  
Su le Fragole il zucchero le cada.

Around this loving pair may joy serene  
On wings of balm for ever wind and play ;  
And laughing Health her roses shake between,  
Making their life one long, sweet, flowery way ;  
May bliss, true bliss, pure, self-possess'd of mien,  
Be absent from their side, no, not a day ;  
In short, to sum up all that earth can prize,  
May they have sugar to their strawberries.

## XX.—THE WAITER.

GOING into the City the other day upon business, we took a chop at a tavern, and renewed our acquaintance, after years of interruption, with that swift and untiring personage, yclept a waiter. We mention this long interval of acquaintance, in order to account for any deficiencies that may be found in our description of him. Our readers perhaps will favour us with a better. He is a character before the public : thousands are acquainted with him, and can fill up the outline. But we felt irresistibly impelled to sketch him ; like a portrait-painter who comes suddenly upon an old friend, or upon an old servant of the family.

We speak of the waiter properly and generally so called,—the representative of the whole, real, official race,—and not of the humourist or other eccentric genius occasionally to be found in it,—moving out of the orbit of tranquil but fiery waiting,—not absorbed,—not devout towards us,—not silent or monosyllabical ;—fellows that affect a character beyond that of

waiter, and get spoiled in club-rooms, and places of theatrical resort.

Your thorough waiter has no ideas out of the sphere of his duty and the business; and yet he is not narrow-minded either. He sees too much variety of character for that, and has to exercise too much consideration for the "drunken gentleman." But his world is the tavern, and all mankind but its visitors. His female sex are the maid-servants and his young mistress, or the widow. If he is ambitious, he aspires to marry one of the two latter: if otherwise, and Molly is prudent, he does not know but he may carry her off some day to be mistress of the Golden Lion at Chinksford, where he will "show off" in the eyes of Betty Laxon who refused him. He has no feeling of noise itself but as the sound of dining, or of silence but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf; it is so many "breads." His longest speech is the making out of a bill *à la voce*—"Two beefs—one potatoes—three ales—two wines—six and twopence"—which he does with an indifferent celerity, amusing to newcomers who have been relishing their fare, and not considering it as a mere set of items. He attributes all virtues to everybody, provided they are civil and liberal; and of the existence of some vices he has no notion. Gluttony, for instance, with him, is not only inconceivable, but looks very like a virtue. He sees in it only so many more "beefs," and a generous scorn of the bill. As to wine, or almost any other liquor, it is out of your power to astonish him with the quantity you call for. His "Yes Sir" is as swift, indifferent, and official, at the fifth bottle as at the first. Reform and other public events he looks upon purely as things in the newspaper, and the newspaper as a thing taken in at taverns, for gentlemen to read. His own reading is confined to "Accidents and Offences," and the advertisements for Butlers, which latter he peruses with an admiring fear, not choosing to give up "a certainty." When young, he was always in a hurry, and exasperated his mistress by running against the other waiters, and breaking the "neguses." As he gets older, he learns to unite swiftness with caution; declines wasting his breath in immediate answers to calls; and knows, with a slight turn of his face, and elevation of his voice, into what precise corner of the room to pitch his "Coming, Sir." If you told him that, in Shakspeare's time, waiters said "Anon, anon, Sir," he would be astonished at the repetition of the same word in one answer, and at the use of three words instead of two; and he would justly infer, that London could not have been so large, nor the chop-houses so busy, in those days. He would drop one of the two syllables of his "Yes, Sir," if he could; but business and civility will not allow it; and therefore he does what he can by running them together in the swift sufficiency of his "Yezzir."

"Thomas!"

"Yezzir."

"Is my steak coming?"

"Yezzir."

"And the pint of port?"

"Yezzir."

"You'll not forget the postman?"

"Yezzir."

For in the habit of his acquiescence Thomas not seldom says "Yes, Sir," for "No, Sir," the habit itself rendering him intelligible.

His morning dress is a waistcoat or jacket; his coat is for afternoons. If the establishment is flourishing, he likes to get into black as he grows elderly; by which time also he is generally a little corpulent, and wears hair-powder, dressing somewhat laxly about the waist, for convenience of movement. Not however that he draws much upon that part of his body, except as a poise to what he carries; for you may observe that a waiter, in walking, uses only his lowest limbs, from his knees downwards. The movement of all the rest of him is negative, and modified solely by what he bears in his hands. At this period he has a little money in the funds, and his nieces look up to him. He still carries however a napkin under his arm, as well as a corkscrew in his pocket; nor, for all his long habit, can he help feeling a satisfaction at the noise he makes in drawing a cork. He thinks that no man can do it better; and that Mr. Smith, who understands wine, is thinking so too, though he does not take his eyes off the plate. In his right waistcoat pocket is a snuff-box, with which he supplies gentlemen late at night, after the shops are shut up, and when they are in desperate want of another fillip to their sensations, after the devil and toasted cheese. If particularly required, he will laugh at a joke, especially at that time of night, justly thinking that gentlemen towards one in the morning "*will* be facetious." He is of opinion it is in "human nature" to be a little fresh at that period, and to want to be put into a coach.

He announces his acquisition of property by a bunch of seals to his watch, and perhaps rings on his fingers; one of them a mourning ring left him by his late master, the other a present, either from his nieces' father, or from some ultra-good-natured old gentleman whom he helped into a coach one night, and who had no silver about him.

To see him dine, somehow, hardly seems natural. And he appears to do it as if he had no right. You catch him at his dinner in a corner,—huddled apart,—"Thomas dining!" instead of helping dinner. One fancies that the stewed and hot meats and the constant smoke, ought to be too much for him, and that he should have neither appetite nor time for such a meal.

Once a year (for he has few holidays) a couple of pedestrians meet him on a Sunday



in the fields, and cannot conceive for the life of them who it is ; till the startling recollection occurs—" Good God ! It's the waiter at the Grogam !"

XXI.—"THE BUTCHER."

BUTCHERS AND JURIES.—BUTLER'S DEFENCE OF THE ENGLISH  
DRAMA, &c.

It was observed by us the other day in a journal that " butchers are wisely forbidden to be upon juries ; not because they are not as good as other men by nature, and often as truly kind ; but because the habit of taking away the lives of sheep and oxen inures them to the sight of blood, and violence, and mortal pangs."

The "Times," in noticing this passage, corrected our error. There neither is, nor ever was, it seems, a law forbidding butchers to be upon juries ; though the reverse opinion has so prevailed among all classes, that Locke takes it for granted in his "Treatise on Education," and our own authority was the author of "Hudibras," a man of very exact and universal knowledge. The passage that was in our mind is in his "Posthumous Works," and is worth quoting on other accounts. He is speaking of those pedantic and would-be classical critics who judge the poets of one nation by those of another. Butler's resistance of their pretensions is the more honourable to him, inasmuch as the prejudices of his own education, and even the propensity of his genius, lay on the learned and anti-impulsive side. But his judgment was thorough-going and candid.—The style is of the off-hand careless order, after the fashion of the old satires and epistles, though not so rough :—

"An English poet should be tried by his peers,  
And not by pedants and philosophers,  
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,  
As butchers are forbid to be of a jury,  
Besides the most intolerable wrong  
To try their masters in a foreign tongue,  
By foreign jurymen like Sophocles,  
Or *tales*\* falser than Euripides,  
When not an English native dares appear  
To be a witness for the prisoner,—  
When all the laws they use to arraign and try  
The innocent, and wrong'd delinquent by,  
Were made by a foreign lawyer and his pupils,  
To put an end to all poetic scruples ;  
And by the advice of virtuosi Tuscans,  
Determined all the doubts of socks and buskins,—

\* *Tales* (Latin) persons chosen to supply the place of men impannelled upon a jury or inquest, and not appearing when called. [We copy this from a very useful and pregnant volume, called the "Treasury of Knowledge," full of such heaps of information as are looked for in lists and vocabularies, and occupying the very margins with proverbs. Mr. Disraeli, sen., objects to this last overflow of contents, but not, we think, with his usual good sense and gratitude, as a lover of books. These proverbial sayings, which are the most universal things in the world, appear to us to have a particularly good effect in thus coming in to refresh one among the technicalities of knowledge.]

Gave judgment on all past and future plays,  
As is apparent by Speroni's case†,  
Which Lope Vega first began to steal,  
And after him the French *filou*‡ Corneille ;  
And since, our English plagiaries *nim*  
And steal their far-fetch'd criticisms from him,  
And by an action, falsely laid of *trover*§,  
The lumber for their proper goods recover,  
Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers  
Of witty Beaumont's poetry and Fletcher's,  
Who for a few *misprisions of wit*,  
Are charged by those who ten times worse commit,  
And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,  
Are censured for it with more *unlucky sense* :

(How happily said !)

When all their worst miscarriages delight  
And please more than the best that pedants write."

Having been guilty of this involuntary scandal against the butchers, we would fain make them amends by saying nothing but good of them and their trade ; and truly if we find the latter part of the proposition a little difficult, they themselves are for the most part a jovial, good-humoured race, and can afford the trade to be handled as sharply as their beef on the block. There is cut and come again in them. Your butcher breathes an atmosphere of good living. The beef mingles kindly with his animal nature. He grows fat with the best of it, perhaps with inhaling its very essence ; and has no time to grow spare, theoretical, and hypochondriacal, like those whose more thinking stomachs drive them upon the apparently more innocent but less easy and analogous intercommunications of fruit and vegetables. For our parts, like all persons who think at all,—nay, like the butcher himself, when he catches himself in a strange fit of meditation, after some doctor perhaps has "kept him low," we confess to an abstract dislike of eating the sheep and lamb that we see in the meadow ; albeit our concrete regard for mutton is considerable, particularly Welsh mutton. But Nature has a beautiful way of reconciling all necessities that are unmaligant ; and as butchers at present must exist, and sheep and lambs would not exist at all in civilised countries, and crop the sweet grass so long, but for the brief pang at the end of it, he is as comfortable a fellow as can be,—one of the liveliest ministers of her mortal necessities,—of the deaths by which she gives and diversifies life ; and has no more notion of doing any harm in his vocation, than the lamb that swallows the lady-bird on the thyme. A very pretty insect is she, and has had a pretty time of it ; a very calm, clear feeling, healthy, and, therefore, happy little woollen giant, com-

† Speroni, a celebrated critic in the days of Tasso.

‡ *Filou*—pickpocket ! This irreverent epithet must have startled many of Butler's readers and brother-loyalists of the court of Charles the Second. But he suffered nothing to stand in the way of what seemed to him a just opinion.

§ *Trover*—an action for goods found and not delivered on demand.—*Treasury of Knowledge*. Butler's wit dragged every species of information into his net.

pared with her, is the lamb,—her butcher ; and an equally innocent and festive personage is the butcher himself, notwithstanding the popular fallacy about juries, and the salutary misgiving his beholders feel when they see him going to take the lamb out of the meadow, or entering the more tragical doors of the slaughter-house. His thoughts, while knocking down the ox, are of skill and strength, and not of cruelty. And the death, though it may not be the very best of deaths, is, assuredly, none of the worst. Animals, that grow old in an artificial state, would have a hard time of it in a lingering decay. Their mode of life would not have prepared them for it. Their blood would not run lively enough to the last. We doubt even whether the John Bull of the herd, when about to be killed, would change places with a very gouty, irritable old gentleman ; or be willing to endure a grievous being of his own sort, with legs answering to the gout ; much less if Cow were to grow old with him, and plague him with endless lowings, occasioned by the loss of her beauty, and the increasing insipidity of the hay. A human being who can survive those ulterior vaccinations must indeed possess some great reliefs of his own, and deserve them, and life may reasonably be a wonderfully precious thing in his eyes ; nor shall excuse be wanting to the vaccinators, and what made them such, especially if they will but grow a little more quiet and ruminating. But who would have the death of some old, groaning, aching, effeminate, frightened, lingerer in life, such as Mæcenas for example, compared with a good, jolly knock-down blow, at a reasonable period, whether of hatchet or of apoplexy,—whether the bull's death or the butcher's ? Our own preference, it is true, is for neither. We are for an excellent, healthy, happy life, of the very best sort ; and a death to match it, going out calmly as a summer's evening. Our taste is not particular. But we are for the knock-down blow, rather than the death-in-life.

The butcher, when young, is famous for his health, strength, and vivacity, and for his riding any kind of horse down any sort of hill, with a tray before him, the reins for a whip, and no hat on his head. It was a gallant of this sort that Robin Hood imitated, when he beguiled the poor Sheriff into the forest, and showed him his own deer to sell. The old ballads apostrophise him well as the “butcher so bold,” or better—with the accent on the last syllable, “thou bold butcher.” No syllable of his was to be trifled with. The butcher keeps up his health in middle life, not only with the food that seems so congenial to flesh, but with rising early in the morning, and going to market with his own or his master's cart. When more sedentary, and very jovial and good-humoured, he is apt to expand into a most analogous state of fat and smoothness,

with silken tones and a short breath,—harbingers, we fear, of asthma and gout ; or the kindly apoplexy comes, and treats him as he treated the ox.

When rising in the world, he is indefatigable on Saturday nights, walking about in the front of those white-clothed and joint-abounding open shops, while the meat is being half-cooked beforehand with the gas-lights. The rapidity of his “What-d'ye-buy ?” on these occasions is famous ; and both he and the good housewives, distracted with the choice before them, pronounce the legs of veal “*beautiful—exceedingly*.”

How he endures the meat against his head, as he carries it about on a tray, or how we endure that he should do it, or how he can handle the joints as he does with that habitual indifference, or with what floods of hot water he contrives to purify himself of the exotical part of his philosophy on going to bed, we cannot say ; but take him all in all, he is a fine specimen of the triumph of the general over the particular.

The only poet that was the son of a butcher (and the trade may be proud of him) is Aken-side, who naturally resorted to the “Pleasures of Imagination.” As to Wolsey, we can never quite picture him to ourselves apart from the shop. He had the cardinal butcher's-virtue of a love of good eating, as his picture shows ; and he was foreman all his life to the butcher Henry the Eighth. We beg pardon of the trade for this application of their name : and exhort them to cut the cardinal, and stick to the poet.

## XXII.—A PINCH OF SNUFF.

WILL the reader take a pinch of snuff with us ?

*Reader.* With pleasure.

*Editor.* How do you like it ?

*Reader.* Extremely fine ? I never saw such snuff.

*Editor.* Precisely so. It is of the sort they call *Invisible*—or as the French have it, *tabac imaginaire*—Imaginary snuff. No macuba equals it. The tonquin bean has a coarse flavour in comparison. To my thinking it has the hue of Titian's orange colour, and the very tip of the scent of sweet-brier.

*Reader.* In fact, one may perceive in it just what one pleases,—or nothing at all.

*Editor.* Exactly that.

*Reader.* Those who take no snuff whatever, or even hate it, may take this and be satisfied. Ladies, nay brides, may take it.

*Editor.* You apprehend the delicacy of it to a nicety. You will allow, nevertheless, by virtue of the same fineness of perception, that even when you discern, or choose to discern, neither hue, scent nor substance in it, still



there is a very sensible pleasure realised, the moment the pinch is offered.

*Reader.* True, the *good-will*—that which is passing between us two now.

*Editor.* You have it—that which loosens the tongues of people in omnibuses, and helps to thaw even the frozen-heartedness of diplomacy.

*Reader.* I beg your pardon for a moment,—but is *thaw*, my dear sir, the best word you could have chosen? *Snuff* can hardly be said to *thaw*.

*Editor.* (*Aside.* This it is to set readers upon being critical, and help them to beat their teachers.) You are right—What shall we say? To dissipate—to scatter—to make evaporate? To blow up in a sneeze?

*Reader.* I will leave you to judge of that.

*Editor.* (*Aside.* His politeness is equal to his criticism. Oh, penny, two-penny, and three-halfpenny “trash!” You will end in ruining the trade of your inventors!) My dear reader, I wish I could give you snuff made of the finest Brazil, in a box of diamond. But good-will is the flower of all snuff-taking; and luckily a pinch of that may be taken equally as well out of horn, or of invisible wood, as of the gifts of emperors. This is the point I was going to speak of. The virtues of snuff itself may be doubted; but the benevolence of an offered pinch and the gratitude of an accepted one, are such good things, and snuff-takers have so many occasions of interchanging these, that it is a question whether the harm of the self-indulgence (if any) is not to be allowed for the sake of the social benefit.

A grave question! Let us consider it a little, with the seriousness becoming snuff-takers, real or imaginary. They are a reflecting race; no men know better that everything is not a trifle which appears to be such in uncleared eyes; any more than everything is grand which is of serious aspect or dimensions. A snuff-taker looks up at some mighty error, takes his pinch, and shakes the imposture, like the remnant of the pinch, to atoms, with one “flesh-quake” of head, thumb, and indifference. He also looks into some little nicety of question or of creation,—of the intellectual or visible world,—and, having sharpened his eyesight with another pinch, and put his brain into proper *cephalic* condition, discerns it, as it were, microscopically, and pronounces that there is “more in it than the *un-snuff-taking* would suppose.”

We agree with him. The mere fancy of a pinch of snuff, at this moment, enables us to look upon divers worlds of mistake in the history of man but as so many bubbles, breaking, or about to break; while the pipe out of which they were blown, assumes all its real superiority in the hands of the grown smoker,—the superiority of peace and quiet over war and childish dispute. An atom of good-will is

worth an emperor’s snuff-box. We happened once to be compelled to moot a point of no very friendly sort with a stranger whom we never saw before, of whom we knew nothing, and whose appearance in the matter we conceived to be altogether unwarrantable. At one of the delicatest of all conjunctures in the question, and when he presented himself in his most equivocal light, what should he do, but with the best air in the world take out a snuff-box, and offer us the philanthropy of a pinch? We accepted it with as grave a face as it was offered; but, secretly, the appeal was irresistible. It was as much as to say—“Questions may be mooted—doubts of all sorts entertained—people are thrown into strange situations in this world—but abstractedly, what is anything worth compared with a quiet moment, and a resolution to make the best of a perplexity?” Ever afterwards, whenever the thought of this dispute came into our recollection, the bland idea of the snuff-box always closed our account with it; and our good-will survived, though our perplexity remained also.

But this is only a small instance of what must have occurred thousands of times in matters of dispute. Many a fierce impulse of hostility must have been allayed by no greater a movement. Many a one has been caused by less! A few years ago, a petition was presented to the House of Commons on the subject of duelling; by which it appeared, that people have challenged and killed one another for words about “geese” and “anchovies,” and “a glass of wine.” Nay, one person was compelled to fight about our very peace-maker, “a pinch of snuff.” But if so small are the causes of deadly offence, how often must they not have been removed by the judicious intervention of the pinch itself? The geese, anchovies, glass of wine and all, might possibly have been made harmless by a dozen grains of Havannah. The handful of dust with which the Latin poet settles his wars of the bees, was the type of the pacifying magic of the snuff-box:—

*Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,  
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.*

These movements of high minds, these mortal foes,  
Give but a pinch of dust, and you compose.

Yet snuff-taking is an odd custom. If we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings away a pinch of a sort of powder, and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he was doing one of the most important actions of his life (for even with the most indifferent snuff-takers there is a certain look of importance), proceeds to thrust, and keep thrusting it, at his nose! after which he shakes his head, or

his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims of his well-being. What should we say to this custom among the inhabitants of a newly-discovered island? And to provoke the poor nose in this manner! and call people's attention to it! A late physician, whom we had the pleasure of knowing, and who had a restless temperament, used to amuse us, as he sat pondering in his chair, with taking up a pair of scissors, and delicately poking the tip of his tongue with it,—thus taking delight in the borders of an uneasy sensation, for want of a better. We have often thought, that a snuff-taker, fond of a potent snuff, might as well addict himself to the doctor's scissors; or puncture any other part of his face with a fork at once. Elegant *fork-takers* might have boxes with little instruments made accordingly, and politely offer them to the company to poke their cheeks with. Or they might hover about the eyes; or occasionally practise some slight scarification. Bleeding is accounted *cephalick*.

It is curious to see the various modes in which people take snuff. Some do it by little fits and starts, and get over the thing quickly. These are epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is everything. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff,—a sort of essence of pins' points. Others are all urbanity and polished demeanour; they value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around them as much out of dignity as benevolence. Some take snuff irritably, others bashfully, others in a manner as dry as the snuff itself, generally with an economy of the vegetable; others, with a luxuriance of gesture, and a lavishment of supply, that announces a moister article, and sheds its superfluous honours over neckcloth and coat. Dr. Johnson's was probably a snuff of this kind. He used to take it out of his waistcoat-pocket instead of a box. There is a species of long-armed snuff-taker, that performs the operation in a style of potent and elaborate preparation, ending with a sudden activity. But smaller and rounder men sometimes attempt it. He first puts his head on one side; then stretches forth the arm, with pinch in hand; then brings round his hand, as a snuff-taking elephant might his trunk; and, finally, shakes snuff, head, and nose together, in a sudden vehemence of convulsion. His eyebrows all the while are lifted up, as if to make the more room for the onset; and when he has ended, he draws himself back to his perpendicular, and generally proclaims the victory he has won over the insipidity of the previous moment, by a sniff, and a great "Hah!"

## XXIII.—A PINCH OF SNUFF.

CONCLUDED.

FROM the respect which we showed in our last to scented snuffs, and from other indications which will doubtless have escaped us in our ignorance of his art, the scientific snuff-taker will have concluded that we are no brother of the box. And he will be right. But we hope we only give the greater proof thereby of the toleration that is in us, and our wish not to think ill of a practice merely because it is not our own. We confess we are inclined to a charitable regard, nay, provided it be handsomely and cleanly managed, to a certain respect, for snuff-taking, out of divers considerations: first, as already noticed, because it helps to promote good-will: second, because we have known some very worthy snuff-takers: third, out of our regard for the snuff-taking times of Queen Anne, and the wits of France: and last, because in the benevolence, and imaginativeness, and exceeding width of our philosophy (which fine terms we apply to it, in order to give a hint to those who might consider it a weakness and superstition,)—because we have a certain veneration for all great events and prevailing customs, that have given a character to the history of society in the course of ages. It would be hard to get us to think contemptuously of the mummies of Egypt, of the ceremoniousness of the Chinese, of the betel-nut of the Turks and Persians, nay, of the garlic of the South of Europe; and so of the tea-drinking, coffee-drinking, tobacco-smoking, and snuff-taking, which have come to us from the Eastern and American nations. We know not what great providential uses there might be in such customs; or what worse or more frivolous things they prevent, till the time comes for displacing them. "The wind bloweth where it listeth;" and so, for aught we know, doth the "cloud" of the tobacco-pipe. We are resolved, for our parts, not to laugh with the "scorner," but even to make merry with submission; nay, to undermine (when we feel compelled to do so) with absolute tenderness to the thing dilapidated. Let the unphilosophic lover of tobacco (if there be such a person), to use a phrase of his own, "put that in his pipe and smoke it."

But there is one thing that puzzles us in the history of the Indian weed and its pulverisation; and that is, how lovers, and ladies, ever came to take snuff. In England, perhaps, it was never much done by the latter, till they grew too old to be "particular," or thought themselves too sure of their lovers; but in France, where the animal spirits think less of obstacles in the way of inclination, and where the resolution to please and be pleased is, or was, of a fancy less nice and more accommodating, we are not aware that the ladies in the time of the Voltaires and Du Chatelets ever



thought themselves either too old to love, or too young to take snuff. We confess, whether it is from the punctilios of a colder imagination, or the perils incidental to a warmer one, that although we are interested in comprehending the former privilege, we never could do the same with the latter. A bridegroom in one of the periodical essayists, describing his wife's fondness for rouge and carmine, complains that he can never make pure, unsophisticated way to her cheek, but is obliged, like Pyramus in the story, to kiss through a wall,—to salute through a crust of paint and washes :

"Wall, vile wall, which did those lovers sunder."

This is bad enough ; and, considering perhaps a due healthiness of skin, worse ; yet the object of paint is to imitate health and loveliness ; the wish to look well is in it. But snuff !—Turtle-doves don't take snuff. A kiss is surely not a thing to be "sneezed at."

Fancy two lovers in the time of Queen Anne, or Louis the Fifteenth, each with snuff-box in hand, who have just come to an explanation, and who in the hurry of their spirits have unthinkingly taken a pinch, just at the instant when the gentleman is going to salute the lips of his mistress. He does so, finds his honest love as frankly returned, and is in the act of bringing out the words, "Charming creature," when a sneeze overtakes him !

"Cha - Cha - Cha - Charming creature !"

What a situation ! A sneeze ! O Venus, where is such a thing in thy list ?

The lady, on her side, is under the like malapropos influence, and is obliged to divide one of the sweetest of all bashful and loving speeches, with the shock of the sneeze respondent :—

"Oh, Richard ! Sho - Sho - Sho - Should you think ill of me for this !"

Imagine it.

We have nothing to say against the sneeze abstract. In all nations it seems to have been counted of great significance, and worth respectful attention, whether advising us of good or ill. Hence the "God bless you," still heard among us when people sneeze ; and the "Felicità" (Good luck to you) of the Italians. A Latin poet, in one of his most charming effusions, though not, we conceive, with the delicacy of a Greek, even makes Cupid sneeze at sight of the happiness of two lovers :

Hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistram ut ante,  
Dextram sternuit approbationem.

CATULLUS.

Love, at this charming speech and sight,  
Sneezed his sanction from the right.

But he does not make the *lovers* sneeze. That omen remained for the lovers of the snuff-box ; people more social than nice.

We have no recollection of any self-misgiving in this matter on the part of the male sex, during the times we speak of. They are a race,

who have ever thought themselves warranted in taking liberties which they do not allow their gentler friends ; and we cannot call to mind any passage in the writings of the French or English wits in former days, implying the least distrust of his own right, and propriety, and charmingness in taking snuff, on the part of the *gentleman* in love. The "beaux," marquises, men of fashion, Sir Harry Wildairs, &c., all talk of, and use, and pique themselves on their snuff-boxes, without the slightest suspicion that there is anything in them to which courtship and elegance can object ; and we suppose this is the case still, where the snuff-taker, though young in age, is old in habit. Yet we should doubt, were we in his place. He cannot be certain how many women may have refused his addresses on that single account ; nor, if he marries, to what secret sources of objection it may give rise. To be clean is one of the first duties at all times ; to be the reverse, or to risk it, in the least avoidable respect, is perilous in the eyes of that passion, which of all others is at once the most lavish and the most nice—which makes the greatest allowance for all that belongs to it, and the least for whatever is cold or foreign, or implies a coarse security. A very loving nature, however, may have some one unlovely habit, which a wise party on either side may correct, if it have any address. The only passage which we remember meeting with in a book, in which this licence assumed by the male sex is touched upon, is in a pleasant comedy translated from the French some years ago, and brought upon the stage in London—the "Green Man." Mr. Jones, we believe, was the translator. He also enacted the part of the lover, and very pleasantly he did it. It was one of his best performances. Luckily for our present purpose, he had a very sweet assistant, in the person of Miss Blanchard, a young actress of that day, who after charming the town with the sprightly delicacy of her style, and with a face better than handsome, prematurely quitted it, to their great regret, though, we believe, for the best of all reasons. In the course of her lover's addresses, this lady had to find fault with his habit of snuff-taking, and she did it with a face full of such loving and flattering reasons, and in a voice also so truly accordant with the words which the author had put into her mouth, that we remember thinking how natural it was for the gentleman to give up the point as he did, instantly, and to pitch the cause of offence away from him, with the exclamation, "Ma tabatière, adieu." (Farewell, snuff-box.) Thus the French, who were the greatest sinners in this matter, appear, as they ought, to have been the first reformers of it ; and openly to have protested against the union of love and snuff-taking, in either sex.

We merely give this as a hint to certain snuff-takers at a particular time of life. We

are loth to interfere with others, till we can find a substitute for the excitement and occupation which the snuff-box affords, fearing that we should steal from some their very powers of reflection; from some their good-temper, or patience, or only consolation; from others their helps to wit and good-fellowship. Whenever Gibbon was going to say a good thing, it was observed that he announced it by a complacent tap on his snuff-box. Life might have been a gloomier thing, even than it was, to Dr. Johnson, if he had not enlivened his views of it with the occasional stimulus of a pinch. Napoleon, in his flight from Moscow, was observed one day, after pulling a log on to a fire, impatiently seeking for his last chance of a consoling thought, and he found it in the corner of his snuff-box. It was his last pinch; and most imperatively he pinched it! digging it, and fetching it out from its entrenchment. Besides, we have a regard for snuff-shops and their proprietors, and never pass Pontet's, or Killpack's, or Turner's, without wishing well to the companionable people that frequent them, and thinking of the most agreeable periods of English and French wit. You might almost as soon divorce the idea of the Popes, Steeles, and Voltaires, from their wigs and caps, as from their snuff-boxes. Lady Mary Wortley took snuff; Madame Du Bocage also, no doubt; we fear even the charming Countess of Suffolk, and my lady Harvey. Steele in the character of Bickerstaff, speaking of his half-sister, Miss Jenny Distaff, who was a blue-stock and about to be married, thinks it desirable that she should not continue to have a nose "all over snuff" in future. He seems, in consideration of her books, willing to compromise with a reasonable beginning. Ladies are greatly improved in this respect. No blue-stockings now-a-days, we suspect, take snuff, that have any pretensions to youth or beauty. They rather choose to realise the visions of their books, and vindicate the united claims of mind and person. Sure of their pretensions, they even disclaim any pretence, except that of wearing stockings like other people; to prove which, like proper unaffected women, they give into the fashion of short petticoats, philosophically risking the chance of drawing inferior eyes from the charms of their talk, to those of their feet and ancles.

In the battle of the Rape of the Lock, Pope makes his heroine Belinda conquer one of her gallant enemies by chucking a pinch of snuff in his face; nor does he tell us that she borrowed it. Are we to conclude that even she, the pattern of youthful beauty, took it out of her own pocket?

But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,  
She with one finger and a thumb subdued,  
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,  
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw; . . .  
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,  
The pungent grains of titillating dust;

[A capital line!]

Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,  
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

This mode of warfare is now confined to the shop-lifters. No modern poet would think of making his heroine throw snuff at a man.

An Italian wit has written a poem on Tobacco (*La Tabaccheide*), in which, with the daring animal spirits of his countrymen, he has ventured upon describing a *sneeze*. We shall be bolder than he, considering the less enthusiastic noses of the north, and venture to give a free version of the passage.

Ma mi sento tutto mordere  
E dentro e fuori  
Il meato degli odori,  
E la piramide  
Rinocerontica;  
E via più crescere  
Quella prurigine,  
Che non mai sazia,  
Va stuzzicandomi,  
Va rimordendomi,  
E inuggiolendomi,  
E va gridandomi  
Fiuta, fiuta, annasa, annasa  
Questa poca, ch'è rimasa.—  
Chi m'ajuta? su, finiamola,  
Che non è già questa elleboro,  
Ma divina quintessenza,  
Che da Bacco ha dipendenza,  
Donatrice d' allegri  
D' allegri . . . gri—gri—allegri . . .  
(Lo starnuto mel rapia),  
Donatrice d' allegria.

There is more of it, but we cannot stand sneezing all night. (We write this towards bed-time.)

What a moment! What a doubt!—  
All my nose, inside and out,  
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic  
Pyramid rhinoceric,  
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!  
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,  
Now with rapturous torment wrings me,  
Now says "Sneeze, you fool; get through it."  
What shall help me—Oh! Good heaven!  
Ah—yes, thank 'ye—Thirty-seven—  
*Shée—shée*—Oh, tis most del-*ishi*  
*Ishi—ishi*—most del-*ishi*  
(Hang it! I shall sneeze till spring)  
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

Sneezing, however, is not a high snuff-taking evidence. It shows the author to have been raw to the science, and to have written more like a poet than a professor.

As snuff-taking is a practice inclining to reflection, and therefore to a philosophical consideration of the various events of this life, grave as well as gay, we shall conclude the present article with the only tragical story we ever met with in connexion with a snuff-box. We found it in a very agreeable book—"A Week on the Loire."

"The younger Cathélineau, devoted with hereditary zeal to the worn-out cause of the Bourbons, took up arms for Madame la Duchesse de Berri; associated in his successes with M. de Suriaç, M. Morriset, and



M. de la Soremère, names dear in the annals of fidelity and courage. Orders were given to arrest them at Beaupréau; they took refuge in a château in the neighbourhood. The troops surrounded and searched it, but all in vain; not a single human being was found in it. Certain however that the objects of their search were actually within the precincts of the château, they closed the gates, set their watch, and allowed no one to enter, except a peasant whom they employed to show the hiding-places. This watch they kept three days, till, wearied by the non-appearance of the parties, and the bellowing of the cattle, who were confined without water and on short allowance, they were on the point of quitting the spot; one of the officers, however, thought, previous to doing so, he would go over the château once more—the peasant followed close at his heels: suddenly the officer turned towards him, ‘Give me a pinch of snuff, friend,’ said he.

“‘I have none,’ replied the man, ‘I do not take it.’”

“‘Then who is there in this château that does?’”

“‘No one that I know of—there is no one in the château, as you see.’”

“‘Then whence comes the snuff which I see here?’ said the officer, pointing with his foot to some which was scattered on the ground.

“The man turned pale, and made no reply; the officer looked round again, examined the earth more closely, stamped with his foot, and at last thought he felt a vibration, as if the ground below were hollow. He scrutinised every inch, and at length saw something like a loose board; he raised it up, and then, alas! he beheld Cathélineau, in front of his three companions, with his pistols in his hand ready to fire. The officer had not a moment to deliberate,—he fired,—Cathélineau fell dead, and his companions were seized. This story was told us by the keeper of the Musée, and afterwards confirmed by an officer who was one of the party employed.”

We almost regret to have closed a light article with “so heavy a stone” as this. (“To tell him that he shall be annihilated,” saith Sir Thomas Browne, “is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man.”) But the snuff-taker, with his magic box in hand, is prepared for chances. As the Turk takes to his pipe, and the sailor to his roll of tobacco, so he to his pinch; and he is then prepared for whatsoever comes,—for a melancholy face with the melancholy, or a laugh with the gay.

Another pinch, reader, before we part.

#### XXIV.—WORDSWORTH AND MILTON.

“It is allowed on all hands, now, that there are no sonnets in any language comparable with Wordsworth’s. Even Milton must yield the palm. He has written but about a dozen or so, Wordsworth some hundreds—and though nothing can surpass ‘the inspired grandeur of that on the Piedmontese Massacre, the tenderness of those on his Blindness and on his Deceased Wife, the grave dignity of that to a Young Lady, or the cheerful and Attic grace of those to Lawrence and Cyriac Skinner,’ as is finely said by the writer of an article in the ‘Edinburgh Review’ on Glassford’s ‘Lyrical Translations,’ yet many of Wordsworth’s equal even these—and the long and splendid array of his sonnets—deploying before us in series after series—astonishes us by the proof it affords of the inexhaustible riches of his imaginative genius and his moral wisdom. One series on the river Duddon—two series dedicated to Liberty—three series on our Ecclesiastical History—miscellaneous sonnets in multitudes—and those last poured forth as clear, and bright, and strong, as the first that issued from the sacred spring!”—*Blackwood’s Magazine*.

Most true is this. Wordsworth’s untired exuberance is indeed astonishing; though it becomes a little less so, when we consider that his genius has been fortunate in a long life of leisure, his opinions not having rendered it necessary to him to fight with difficulties, and daily cares, and hostile ascendancies, as Milton’s did,

“Exposed to daily fraud, contempt, and wrong,  
With darkness and with dangers compass’d round.”

In that condition sate the great blind epic poet; and after having performed an active as well as contemplative part for his earthly sojourn, still combined action with contemplation in a mighty narrative, and built the adamantine gates of another world. In no invidious regard for one great poet against another do we say it; but in justice to fame itself, and in the sincerest reverence of admiration for both. With the exception of Shakspeare (who included everybody), Wordsworth has proved himself the greatest contemplative poet this country has produced. His facility is wonderful. He never wants the fittest words for the finest thoughts. He can express, at will, those innumerable shades of feeling which most other writers, not unworthy too, in their degree, of the name of poets, either dismiss at once as inexpressible, or find so difficult of embodiment, as to be content with shaping them forth but seldom, and reposing from their labours. And rhyme, instead of a hindrance, appears to be a positive help. It serves to concentrate his thoughts and make them closer and more precious. Milton did

not pour forth sonnets in this manner—poems in hundreds of little channels,—all solid and fluent gold. No; but he was venting himself, instead, in “Paradise Lost.” “Paradise Lost,” if the two poets are to be compared, is the set-off against Wordsworth’s achievement in sonnet-writing. There is the “Excursion,” to be sure; but the “Excursion” is made up of the same purely contemplative matter. It is a long-drawn song of the nightingale; as the sonnets are its briefer warbles. There is no eagle-flight in the “Excursion;” no sustinment of a mighty action; no enormous hero, bearing on his wings the weight of a lost eternity, and holding on, nevertheless, undismayed,—firm-visaged through faltering chaos,—the combatant of all chance and all power,—a vision that, if he could be seen now, would be seen in the sky like a comet, remaining, though speeding,—visible for long nights, though rapidly voyaging,—a sight for a universe,—an actor on the stage of infinity. There is no such robust and majestic work as this in Wordsworth. Compared with Milton he is but as a dreamer on the grass, though a divine one; and worthy to be compared as a younger, a more fluent-speeched, but less potent brother, whose business it is to talk and think, and gather together his flocks of sonnets like sheep (beauteous as clouds in heaven), while the other is abroad, more actively moving in the world, with contemplations that take the shape of events. There are many points of resemblance between Wordsworth and Milton. They are both serious men; both in earnest; both maintainers of the dignity of poetry in life and doctrine; and both are liable to some objections on the score of sectarianism, and narrow theological views. But Milton widened these as he grew old; and Wordsworth, assisted by the advancing light of the times, (for the greatest minds are seldom as great as the whole instinctive mind of society,) cannot help conceding or qualifying certain views of his own, though timidly, and with fear of a certain few, such as Milton never feared. Milton, however, was never weak in his creed, whatever it was; he forced it into width enough to embrace all place and time, future as well as present. Wordsworth would fain dwindle down the possibilities of heaven and earth within the views of a Church-of-England establishment. And he is almost entirely a retrospective poet. The vast future frightens him, and he would fain believe that it is to exist only in a past shape, and that shape something very like one of the smallest of the present, with a vestry for the golden church of the New Jerusalem, and beadles for the “limitary cherubs.” Now we hope and believe, that the very best of the past will merge into the future,—how long before it be superseded by a still better, we cannot say. And we own that we can conceive of nothing better than some things which

already exist, in venerable as well as lovely shapes. But how shall we pretend to limit the vast flood of coming events, or have such little faith in nature, providence, and the enlightened co-operation of humanity, as to suppose that it will not adjust itself in the noblest and best manner? In this respect, and in some others, Mr. Wordsworth’s poetry wants universality. He calls upon us to sympathise with his churches and his country flowers, and his blisses of solitude; and he calls well; but he wants one of the best parts of persuasion; he is not reciprocal; he does not sufficiently sympathise with our towns and our blisses of society, and our reformations of churches (the consequences, after all, of his own. What would he not have said, by the by, in behalf of popery, had he lived before a Reformation!) And it may be said of him, as Johnson said of Milton’s “Allegro” and “Pensieroso,” that “no mirth indeed can be found in his melancholy,” but it is to be feared there is always “some melancholy in his mirth.” His muse invites us to the treasures of his retirement in beautiful, noble, and inexhaustible language; but she does it, after all, rather like a teacher than a persuader, and fails in impressing upon us the last and best argument, that she herself is happy. Happy she must be, it is true, in many senses; for she is happy in the sense of power, happy in the sense of a good intention, happy in fame, in words, in the consciousness of immortal poetry; yet there she is, after all, not quite persuasive,—more rich in the means than in the ends,—with something of a puritan austerity upon her,—more stately than satisfactory,—wanting in animal spirits, in perfect and hearty sympathy with our pleasures, and her own. A vaporous melancholy hangs over his most beautiful landscapes. He seems always girding himself up for his pilgrimage of joy, rather than enjoying it; and his announcements are in a tone too exemplary and didactic. We admire him; we venerate him; we would fain agree with him: but we feel something wanting on his own part towards the largeness and healthiness of other men’s wider experience; and we resent, for his sake as well as ours, that he should insist upon squaring all which is to come in the interminable future, with the visions that bound a college cap. We feel that it will hurt the effect of his genius with posterity, and make the most admiring of his readers, in the third and fourth generation, lament over his narrowness. In short, his poetry is the sunset to the English church,—beautiful as the real sunset “with evening beam,” gorgeous, melancholy, retrospective, giving a new and divine light to the lowliest flowers, and setting the pinnacles of the churches golden in the heavens. Yet nothing but a sunset and a retrospection it is. A new and great day is coming,—diviner still, we believe,—larger, more universal, more equable, showing (manifestly) the heavens more



just, and making mankind more truly religious, because more cheerful and grateful.

The editor of "Blackwood" justly prides himself on having appreciated this noble poet from the first ; but it is a pity, we think, that he looks back in anger upon those whose literary educations were less fortunate ;—who had been brought up in schools of a different taste, and who showed, after all, a natural strength of taste singularly honourable to them, in being able to appreciate real poetry at last, even in quarters to which the editor himself, we believe, has never yet done justice, though no man could do it better. For Wilson's prose (and we could not express our admiration of it more highly) might stretch forth its thick and rich territory by the side of Keats's poetry, like a land of congenial exuberance,—a forest tempest-tost indeed, compared with those still valleys and enchanted gardens, but set in the same identical region of the remote, the luxuriant, the mythological,—governed by a more wilful and scornful spirit, but such as hates only from an inverted principle of the loving, impatient of want of sympathy, and incapable, in the last resort, of denying the beautiful wheresoever existing, because thereby it would deny the divine part of itself. Why should Christopher North revert to the errors of his critical brethren in past times, seeing that they are all now agreed, and that every one of them perhaps has something to forgive himself in his old judgments (ourselves assuredly not excepted,—if we may be allowed to name ourselves among them)? Men got angry from political differences, and were not in a temper to give dispassionate poetical judgments. And yet Wordsworth had some of his greatest praises from his severest political opponents (Hazlitt, for instance); and out of the former Scotch school of criticism, which was a French one, or that of Pope and Boileau, came the first hearty acknowledgment of the merits of Keats, for whom we were delighted the other day to find that an enthusiastic admiration is retained by the chief of that school (Jeffrey), whose natural taste has long had the rare honour of triumphing over his educational one, and who ought, we think, now that he is a Lord of Session, to follow, at his leisure moments, the example set him by the most accomplished of all national benches of judicature, and give us a book that should beat, nevertheless, all the Kameses and Woodhouselees before him ; as it assuredly would.

the King's son, John of Gaunt ; and was employed in court offices, and in a mission to Italy, where he is supposed to have had an interview with Petrarch. In the subsequent reign he fell into trouble, owing to his connexion with John of Gaunt's party and the religious reformers of those days ; upon which he fled to the Continent, but returned ; and, after an imprisonment of three years, was set at liberty, on condition of giving up the designs of his associates ;—a blot on the memory of this great poet, and apparently, otherwise amiable and excellent man, which he has excused as well as he could, by alleging that they treated him ill, and would have plundered and starved him. He died in the year 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, close to which he had had a house on the site where Henry the Seventh's chapel now stands : so that the reader, in going along the pavement there, is walking where Chaucer once lived.

His person, in advanced life, tended to corpulency ; and he had a habit of looking down. In conversation he was modest, and of few words. He was so fond of reading, that he says he took heed of nothing in comparison, and would sit at his books till he dimmed his eyes. The only thing that took him from them was a walk in the fields.

Chaucer (with Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton) is one of the Four Great English Poets ; and it is with double justice that he is called the Father of English Poetry, for, as Dante did with Italian, he helped to form its very language. Nay, it burst into luxuriance in his hands, like a sudden month of May. Instead of giving you the idea of an "old" poet, in the sense which the word vulgarly acquires, there is no one, upon acquaintance, who seems so young, consistently with maturity of mind. His poetry rises in the land like a clear morning, in which you see everything with a rare and crystal distinctness, from the mountain to the minutest flower,—towns, solitudes, human beings,—open doors, showing you the interior of cottages and of palaces,—fancies in the clouds, fairy-rings in the grass ; and in the midst of all sits the mild poet, alone, his eyes on the ground, yet with his heart full of everything round him, beating, perhaps, with the bosoms of a whole city, whose multitudes are sharing his thoughts with the daisy. His nature is the greatest poet's nature, omitting nothing in its sympathy (in which respect he is nearer to Shakspeare than either of their two illustrious brethren) ; and he combines an epic power of grand, comprehensive, and primitive imagery, with that of being contented with the smallest matter of fact near him, and of luxuriating in pure vague animal spirits, like a dozer in a field. His gaiety is equal to his gravity, and his sincerity to both. You could as little think of doubting his word, as the point of the pen that wrote it. It cuts as

#### XXV.—SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER. No. I.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London, in the year 1328, apparently of a gentleman's family, and was bred in the court of Edward the Third. He married a sister of Catherine Swynford, mistress, and afterwards wife, to

clear and sharp into you, as the pen on the paper. His belief in the good and beautiful is childlike ; as Shakspeare's is that of everlasting and manly youth. Spenser's and Milton's are more scholarly and formal. Chaucer excels in pathos, in humour, in satire, character, and description. His graphic faculty, and healthy sense of the material, strongly ally him to the painter ; and perhaps a better idea could not be given of his universality than by saying, that he was at once the Italian and the Flemish painter of his time, and exhibited the pure expression of Raphael, the devotional intensity of Domenechino, the colour and corporeal fire of Titian, the manners of Hogarth, and the homely domesticities of Ostade and Teniers ! His faults are, coarseness, which was that of his age,—and in some of his poems, tediousness, which is to be attributed to the same cause,—a book being a book in those days, written by few, and when it was written, tempting the author to cram into it everything that he had learned, in default of there being any encyclopædias. That tediousness was no innate fault of the poet's, is strikingly manifest, not only from the nature of his genius, but from the fact of his throwing it aside as he grew older and more confident, and spoke in his own person. The “*Canterbury Tales*,” his last and greatest work, is almost entirely free from it, except where he gives us a long prose discourse, after the fashion of the day ; and in no respect is his “*Palamon and Arcite*” more remarkable, than in the exquisite judgment with which he has omitted everything superfluous in his prolix original, “*The Teseide*,”—the work of the great and poetical-natured, but not great poet, Boccaccio ;—(for Boccaccio's heart and nature were poems ; but he could not develop them well in verse.)

In proceeding to give specimens from the works of the father of our verse, the abundance which lies before us is perplexing, and, in order to do anything like justice, we are constrained to be unjust to his context, and to be more piecemeal than is desirable. Our extracts are from the volumes lately given to the world by Mr. Clarke, entitled the “*Riches of Chaucer*,” in which the spelling is modernised, and the old pronunciation marked with accents, so as to show the smoothness of the versification. That Chaucer is not only a smooth, but a powerful and various versifier, is among the wonders of his advance beyond his age ; but it is still doubtful, whether his prosody was always correct in the modern sense,—that is to say, whether all his lines contain the regulated number of syllables, or whether he does not sometimes make time stand for number ; or, in other words, a strong and hearty emphasis on one syllable perform the part of two,—as in the verse which will be met with below, about the monk on horseback ; of whom he says, that

“ Men might his bridle hear  
Gingling in a whistling wind as clear,  
And eke as loud as doth the chapel bell.”

SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER'S PORTRAIT-PAINTING  
AND HUMOUR.

(From the set of Characters at the beginning of the *Canterbury Tales*.)

THE KNIGHT.

And evermore he had a sovereign prise,  
And though that he was worthy he was wise,  
And of his port as meek as is a maid.  
He never yet no villainy ne said,  
In all his life unto no manner wight :  
He was a very perfect gentile knight.

\* \* \* \*

THE SQUIRE.

With him there was his son, a youngé *Squier*,  
A lover and a lusty bachelor,  
With lockés curl'd as they were laid in press ;  
Of twenty years of age he was I guess,  
Of his stature he was of even length,  
And wonderly deliver<sup>1</sup>, and great of strength ;  
And he had been some time in chevachie<sup>2</sup>,  
In Flaunders, in Artois, and Picardie,  
And borne him well, as of so little space,  
In hope to standen in his lady's grace.

Embroidered was he, as it were a mead  
All full of freshé flowrés, white and red :  
Singing he was or floyting<sup>3</sup> all the day ;  
He was as fresh as is the month of May :

\* \* \* \*

Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,  
And carved before his father at the table.

[Which was the custom for sons in those days.  
His attendant yeoman is painted in a line.]

THE YEOMAN.

*A nut-head had he with a brown visdge.*

THE PRIORESS.

There was also a Nun, a Prioress ;  
That of her smiling was full simple and coy,  
Her greatest oath n'as but by “*Saint Eloy*,”  
And she was clepéd Madam Eglantine ;  
Full well she sangé the service divine,  
Entuned in her nose full sweetly ;  
And French she spake full fair and fetisly,  
After the school of Stratford atté Bow,  
For French of Paris was to her unknow :

[A touch of good satire that might tell now !]

At meaté she was well ytaught withal,  
She let no morsel from her lippés fall,  
Ne wet her fingers in her saucé deep ;  
Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep.

[These are the elegancies which it was thought  
necessary to teach in that age.]

But for to spoken of her consciéce ;  
She was so charitable and so piteous,  
She woulde weep if that she saw a mouse  
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled.  
Of smallé houndés had she, that she fed  
With roasted flesh, and milk, and wastel bread,  
But sore wept she if one of them were dead,  
Or if men smote it with a yardé smart :  
And all was consciéce and tender heart.

[What a charming verse is that !]

<sup>1</sup> Agile.

<sup>2</sup> *Chevauchée* (French)—military service on horseback.

<sup>3</sup> Fluting.



## THE MONK.

A Monk there was, a fair for the mast'ry,  
An out-rider, that loved venery<sup>1</sup>;  
*A manly man to been an abbot able;*  
Full many a dainty horse had he in stable,  
*And when he rode men might his bridle hear*  
*Gingling in a whistling wind as clear,*  
*And eke as loud, as doth the chapel bell,*  
There as this lord was keeper of the cell.

The rulé of Saint Maure and of Saint Bene't,  
Because that it was old, and somedecal strait,  
This ilké monk let oldé thingés pace,  
And held after the newé world the trace.  
He gave not of the text a pulled hen,  
That saith, that hunters be not holy men,  
Nor that a monk when he is reckéss,  
Islike to a fish that is waterless;  
This is to say, a monk out of his cloister;  
*This ilké text held he not worth an oyster.*

\* \* \* \*

His head was bald, and shone as any glass,  
And eke his face, as it had been anoint;  
He was a lord full fat and in good point;  
His eyen steep, and rolling in his head,  
That steamed as a furnace of a lead;  
His bootés supple, his horse in great estate;  
*Now certainly he was a fair prelate:*

[Of the sly and accommodating Friar we are told, that]

*Full sweetly heard he confesión,  
And pleasant was his absolution.*

This was a couplet that used to delight the late Mr. Hazlitt. To give it its full gusto, it should be read with a syllabical precision, after the fashion of Dominie Sampson.

## THE SCHOLAR.

*Him was lever<sup>2</sup> have at his bed's head*  
*Twenty bookés, clothéd in black or red,*  
*Of Aristotle and his philosophy,*  
*Than robés rich, or fiddle or psaltry,*  
But all be that he was a philosopher  
Yet haddé he but little gold in coffer,  
But all that he might of his friendés hent,  
On bookés and on learning he it spent,  
*And busily 'gan for the soulds pray*  
*Of them that gave him wherewith to scholay.*  
Of study took he mosté cure and heed;  
Not a word spake he moré than was need;  
And that was said in form and reverence,  
And short and quick, and full of high sentence:  
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,  
*And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.*

A noble verse, containing all the zeal and single-heartedness of a true love of knowledge. The account of

## THE SERGEANT OF THE LAW

contains a couplet, which will do for time everlasting to describe a bustling man of business. If Fielding had read Chaucer, he would assuredly have applied it to his Lawyer Dowling, who "wished he could cut himself into twenty pieces," he had so much to do.

*No where so busy a man as he there n'as<sup>3</sup>,  
AND YET HE SEEMED BUSIER THAN HE WAS.*

<sup>1</sup> Venery—Hunting.      <sup>2</sup> Rather.

<sup>3</sup> Pronounced *noz*, was not.

## THE SAILOR.

A Shipman was there, wonéd far by west;  
For aught I wot, he was of Dartmouth:  
*He rode upon a rouncy as he couth,*

[He rode upon a hack-horse as well as he could.]

All in a gown of falding to the knee.  
A dagger hanging by a lace had he  
About his neck under his arm adown:  
The hoté summer had made his hue all brown:  
And certainly he was a good fellow;  
Full many a draught of wine he haddé draw  
From Bourdeaux ward, while that the chapmen  
Of nicé conscience took he no keep. [sleep:  
If that he fought and had the higher hand,  
By water he sent them home to every land.  
But of his craft to reckon well his tides,  
His streamés and his strandés him besides;  
His harborow, his moon, and his lodemanage,  
There was none such from Hull unto Carthage.  
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake;  
*With many a tempest had his beard been shake:*  
He knew well all the havens, as they were  
From Gothland to the Cape de Finistere;  
And every creek in Bretagne and in Spain;  
His barge yclepéd was the Magdalen.

## THE PARISH PRIEST.

Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,  
But he ne left naught, for no rain nor thunder,  
In sickness and in mischief, to visit  
The farthest in his parish much and lite.

\* \* \* \*

He setté not his benefice to hire,  
And let his sheep accumbred in the mire,  
And ran unto Londón, unto Saint Poule's  
To seeken him a chantery of souls,  
Or with a brotherhood to be withold;  
But dwelt at home and kepté well his fold,  
So that the wolf he made it not miscarry;  
*He was a shepherd and no mercenary;*

\* \* \* \*

He waited after no pomp or reverence,  
Ne makéd him no spicéd conscience,  
But Christés love, and his apostles twelve  
He taught, *but first he followed it himself.*

How admirably well expressed is *spicéd conscience*—a conscience requiring to be kept easy and sweet with drugs and luxurious living.

## XXVI.—SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER.

## NO. II.

SEVERAL of Chaucer's best poems are translations from the Italian and French, but of so exquisite a kind, so improved in character, so enlivened with fresh natural touches and freed from *comparative* superfluity (in some instances, freed from *all* superfluity) that they justly take the rank of originals. We are sorry that we have not the poem of Boccaccio by us, from which he took the "Knight's Tale," containing the passages that follow,—in order that we might prove this to the reader; but it is lucky perhaps in other respects, for it would have led us beyond our limits; and all that we pro-

fess in these extracts, is to give just so many passages of an author as shall suffice for evidence of his various characteristics. We take, from his garden, specimens of the flowers for which he is eminent, and send them before the public as in a horticultural show. To see them in their due juxtaposition and abundance, we must refer to the gardens themselves; to which it is of course one of our objects to tempt the beholder.

## PHYSICAL LIFE AND MOVEMENT.

*A young knight going a-Maying.*

Compare the saliency, and freshness, and natural language of the following description of Arcite going a-Maying, with the more artificial version of the passage in Dryden. Sir Walter Scott says of it, that the modern poet must yield to the ancient, in spite of "the beauty of his versification." But with all due respect to Sir Walter, here is the versification itself, as superior in its impulsive melody, even to Dryden's, as a thoroughly unaffected beauty is to a beauty half spoilt.

The busy lark, the messenger of day,  
Salueth<sup>1</sup> in her song the morrow grey,  
And fiery Phoebus riseth up so bright,  
*That all the orient laugheth of the sight,*  
And with his streaméd drieth in the grévés<sup>2</sup>  
The silver droppès hanging on the leavés:  
And Arcite, that is in the court réal<sup>3</sup>  
With Theseus, the squiér principal,  
Is risen, *and looketh on the merry day;*  
And for to do his óbservance to May,  
Remembring on the point of his desire,  
He on his courser, *starting as the fire,*

[An admirable image! He means those sudden catches and impulses of a fiery horse, analogous to the shifting starts of a flame in action.]

Is ridden to the fieldés, him to play,  
Out of the court, *were it a mile or tway;*

[These are the mixtures of the particular with the general, by which natural poets come home to us;]

And to the grove of which that I you told,  
By áventure<sup>4</sup> his way he gan to hold,  
To maken him a garland of the grévés,  
Were it of woodbind, or of hawthorn leavés,  
*And loud he sang against the sunny sheen;*<sup>5</sup>  
*May,—with all thy flowrés and thy green,*  
Right welcome be thou, fairé freshé May:  
*I hope that I some green here gotten may.*

["I hope that I may get some green here?"—an expression a little more off-hand and trusting, and fit for the season, than the conventional common-places of the passage in Dryden—

"For thee, sweet month, the groves green *tivcries* wear!" &c.]

<sup>1</sup> Saluteth.

<sup>2</sup> groves.

<sup>3</sup> Royal.

<sup>4</sup> *Per aventura* (Italian)—by chance.

<sup>5</sup> The sunshine.

## PORTRAITS OF TWO WARRIOR KINGS.

There mayst thou see, coming with Palamon,  
Licurge himself, the greaté king of Thrace,  
*Black was his beard, and manly was his face;*

[Here was Dryden's and Pope's turn of line anticipated under its most popular form.]

The circles of his eyen in his head  
They gloweden betwixen yellow and red,  
*And like a griffon looked he about,*  
With combéd hairés on his browés stout;

[That is to say, a forehead of the simplest, potent appearance, with no pains taken to set it out.]

His limbés great, his brawnés hard and strong,  
His shoulders broad; his armés round and long;  
And as the guisé was in his countrée,  
Full high upon a car of gold stood he.  
With fouré whitte bullés in the trace  
Instead of coat armóur on his harnáce,<sup>6</sup>  
With nailés yellow, and bright as any gold,  
He had a bearé's skin, cole-black for old.  
His longé hair was comb'd behind his back  
As any raven's feather it shone for black;  
A wreath of gold arm-great, of hugé weight,  
Upon his head sate full of stonés bright,  
Of fine rubies and of diámonds.  
About his car there wenten white alauns<sup>7</sup>  
Twenty and more, as great as any steer,  
To huntén at the lion or the deer,  
And followed him, with muzzle fast ybound,  
Collar'd with gold, and tourettes<sup>8</sup> filéd round.  
A hundred lordés had he in his rout  
Armed full well with heartés stern and stout.  
With Arcita, in stories as men find.  
The great Emetrius, the King of Ind,  
Upon a steedé bay, trapped in steel,  
Cover'd with cloth of gold diápred wele,  
*Came riding like the god of armés, Mars;*

[There's a noble line, with the monosyllable for a climax!]

His coat-armóur was of a cloth of Tars;  
Couchéd<sup>9</sup> with pearlés white and round and great;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
His crispéd hair like ringés was y-run,  
And that was yellow, and glitteréd as the sun;  
His nose was high, his eyen a bright citrine,<sup>10</sup>  
His líppés round, his colour was sanguine;  
A few frackness<sup>11</sup> in his face ysprent,<sup>12</sup>  
Betwixen yellow and black some deal yment;<sup>13</sup>  
*And as a lion he his looking cast.*

[He does not omit the general impression, notwithstanding all these particulars. You may see his portrait close or at a distance, as you please.]

Of five-and-twenty years his age I cast<sup>14</sup>;  
His beard was well beginning for to spring;  
*His voice was as a trumpet thundering.*  
\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>6</sup> Harness. <sup>7</sup> *Alano*, (Spanish,) a species of hound.

<sup>8</sup> Rings on the collars to leash by. <sup>9</sup> Imbedded.

<sup>10</sup> Citron-colour. It seems to imply what has been sometimes called a green-eye—a hazel dashed with a sort of sparkling yellow.

<sup>11</sup> Freckles.

<sup>12</sup> Sprinkled.

<sup>13</sup> Mingled.

<sup>14</sup> Reckon.—Chaucer, like the Italians and French, used the same word for a rhyme, provided the meaning was different.



A hundred lordés had he with him there,  
 All arméd *save their heads*, in all their gear;  
 Full richély in allé manner thingés;  
 For trusteth well<sup>1</sup>, that earlés, dukés, kinges,  
 Were gather'd in this noble company,  
 For love, and for increase of chivalry.  
 About this king there ran on every part,  
 Full many a tame lión and leópart.

## XXVII.—SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER.

## NO. III.—HIS PATHOS.

CHAUCER's pathos is true nature's: it goes directly to its object. His sympathy is not fashion'd and clipped by modes and respects; and herein, indeed, he was lucky in the comparatively homely breeding of his age, and in the dearth of books. His feelings were not rendered critical and timid. Observe the second line, for instance, of the following verses. The glossaries tell us that the word "*swell*" means *fainted—died*. There may be a Saxon word with such a meaning—but luckily for nature and Chaucer, there is another Saxon word, *swell*, of which *swell'd* is the past tense, and most assuredly this is the word here; as the reader will feel instantly. No man, however much in love, faints "full oft a day;" but he may swell, as the poet says,—that is to say, heave his bosom and body with the venting of his long suspended breath, and say, *Alas!* The fainting is unnatural; the sigh and the heaving is most natural, and most admirably expressed by this homely word. We have therefore spelt it accordingly, to suit the rest of the orthography.

## THE UNHAPPY LOVER.

(From the Knight's Tale.)

When that Arcite to Thebés comen was,  
*Full oft a day he swell'd*, and said, *Alas!*  
 For see his lady shall he never mo.<sup>2</sup>  
 And shortly to concluden all his woe.  
 So muckle sorrow had never créature  
 That is, or shall be, while the world may dure:  
 His sleep, his meat, his drink is him draught,  
 That lean he wax'd, and dry as is a shaft,—  
 His eyen hollow, and grisly to behold,  
 His hue sallow, and *pale as ashes cold*;  
 And solitary he was and ever alone,  
 And wailing all the night, making his moan;  
 And if he heardé song or instrument,  
 Then would he wepe; he mighté not be stent.

That is, could not be stopped; the wilful, washing, self-pitying tears would flow. This touch about the music is exquisite.

Dryden, writing for the court of Charles the Second, does not dare to let Arcite weep, when he hears music. He restricts him to a gentlemanly sigh—

He sighs when songs or instruments he hears.

<sup>1</sup> Believe me. The third person singular, had the force, in those days, of the imperative.

<sup>2</sup> More. "Mo" is still to be found in the old version of the Psalms.

The cold ashes, which have lost their fire (we have the phrase still "as pale as ashes") he turns to "sapless boxen leaves," (a classical simile); and far be it from him to venture to say "swell." No gentleman ever "swell'd;" certainly not with sighing, whatever he might have done with drinking. But instead of that, the modern poet does not mind indulging him with a good canting common-place, in the style of the fustian tragedies.

He raved with all the madness of despair:

He raved, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.

And then we must have a solid sensible reason for the lover's not weeping:

Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,

For wanting nourishment, he wanted tears!

It was not sufficient, that upon the principle of extremes meeting, the excess of sorrow was unable to weep,—that even self-pity seemed wasted. When the fine gentlemen of the court of Charles the Second, and when Charles himself, wept (see Pepys), it was when they grew maudlin over their wine, and thought how piteous it was that such good eaters and drinkers should not have everything else to their liking. But let us not run the risk of forgetting the merits of Dryden, in comparing him with a poet so much the greater.

## THE SAME LOVER DYING.

Alas the woe! alas the painés strong

That I for you have suffer'd, and so long!

Alas the death! alas mine Emily!

Alas, departing of our company!

Alas mine heartés queen! Alas my wife!

"Alas," it is to be observed, was the common expression of grief in those days; and all these repetitions of it only show the loud, wilful self-commiseration, natural to dying people of a violent turn of mind, as this lover was. But he was also truly in love, and a gentleman. See how he continues:

Mine heartés lady, ender of my life!

*What is this world? What asken men to have?*

*Now with his love, now in his cold grave:*

*Alone,—withouten any company.*

How admirably expressed the difference between warm social life, and the cold solitary grave! How piteous the tautology—"Alone—withouten any company!"

Farewell, my sweet;—farewell, mine Emily.

*And soft—take me in your armés tway*

*For love of God, and hearken what I say.*

He has had an unjust quarrel with his rival and once beloved friend, Palamon:—

I have here with my cousin Palamon,

Had strife and rancour many a day agone,

For love of you, and for my jealousy;

And Jupiter so wis my soulé gie,<sup>3</sup>

To spoken of a servant<sup>4</sup> properly

With allé circumstances truély,

<sup>3</sup> So surely guide my soul. <sup>4</sup> A lady's servant or lover.

That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthéad,  
Wisdom, humbléss, estate, and high kindred,  
Freedom, and all that longeth to that art,<sup>1</sup>  
So Jupiter have of my soule part,  
As in this world right now ne know I none  
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,  
That serveth you, and will do all his life;  
And if that ever ye shall be a wife,  
Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.

## SIMILE OF A MAN LED TO EXECUTION.

(From the "Man of Law's Tale.")

The virtuous Constance, wrongfully accused,  
stands pale, and looking about her, among a  
king's courtiers.

Have ye not seen, sometime, a pale face  
(Among a press)<sup>2</sup> of him that hath been led  
Toward his death, where as he getteth no grace  
And such a colour in his face hath had,  
They mighten know him that was so bested  
Amongest all the faces in that rout;  
So stant Custance, and looketh her about.

## THE MOTHER AND CHILD PUT TO THE MERCY OF THE OCEAN.

The same Constance, accused by the king's  
mother of having produced him a monstrous  
child, is treated as above, against the will of  
the Constable of the realm, who is forced to  
obey his master's orders.

Weepen both young and old, in all that place,  
When that the king this cursed letter sent,  
And Custance, with a deadly palé face  
The fourth day toward the ship she went:  
But natheless she tak'th in good intent  
The will of Christ, and kneeling on the strond  
She said, "Lord, aye welcome be thy sond."<sup>3</sup>  
*He that me kepté from the falsé blame  
Whiles I was in the land amongés you,  
He can me keep from harm, and eke from shame,  
In the salt sea, although I see not how.  
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now.*  
In him trust I, and in his mother dear  
That is to me my sail, and eke my steer.  
*Her little child lay weeping in her arm;  
And kneeling piteously, to him she said,  
"Peace, little son, I will do thee no harm:"*  
With that her kerchief off her head she braid,  
*And over his little eyen she it laid,  
And in her arm she lullet it full fast,*  
And into the heav'n her eyen up she cast.  
Mother (quoth she) and maiden bright, Mary!  
Sooth is, that thorough womannes eggment<sup>4</sup>  
Mankind was born, and dammed aye to die,  
*For which thy child was on a cross yrent:*<sup>5</sup>  
*Thy blissful eyen saw all his torment;*  
*Then is there no comparison between*  
*Thy woe and any woe man may sustain.*

The true piteous emphasis on the words of this  
line is not to be surpassed.

Thou saw'st thy child yslein before thine eyen,  
And yet now liveth my little child parfay.<sup>6</sup>  
Now, Lady bright! to whom all woeful crien,  
Thou glory of womanhood, thou faire May!  
Thou haven of refuge, bright star of day,  
Rue on my child, that of thy gentleness  
Ruest on every rueful in distress.

<sup>1</sup> The art of truly serving.<sup>2</sup> In a multitude.<sup>3</sup> Thy sending—the lot thou sendest.<sup>4</sup> Incitement.<sup>5</sup> Torn.<sup>6</sup> By my faith.

O little child, alas! what is thy guilt,  
That never wroughtest sin as yet, pardie?  
Why will thine hard father have thee spilt?  
O mercy, dearé Constable (quoth she)  
As let my little child dwell here with thee.

The silence of the pitying constable, here  
hurriedly passed over by poor Constance, as if  
she would not distress him by pressing him for  
what he could not do, is a specimen of those  
eloquent powers of omission, for which great  
masters in writing are famous. Constance  
immediately continues:—

An' if thou darest not saven him from blame,  
*So kiss him onés<sup>7</sup> in his father's name.*  
Therewith she looketh backward to the land  
And saidé, "*Farewell, husband ruthless!*"  
And up she rose, and walked down the strand  
Toward the ship: her followeth all the press:  
*And ever she prayeth her child to hold his peace,  
And tak'h her leave.*

The mixture of natural kindness, bewildered  
feeling, and indelible good-breeding in this  
perpetual leave-taking, is excessively affecting.

And with a holy intent  
She blesseth her, and into the ship she went.

Glorious, sainted *Griselda* in our next.

## XXVIII.—SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER.

## NO. IV.—STORY OF GRISELDA.

THE famous story of *Griselda*, or Patient  
Grizel, who supposes her husband to kill her  
children and to dismiss her finally from his bed  
under circumstances of the greatest outrage,  
and yet behaves meekly under all, was not long  
since the most popular story in Europe, and  
still deeply affects us. Writers have asserted  
that there actually was some such person. In  
vain has the husband been pronounced a mon-  
ster, and the story impossible. In vain have  
critics in subsequent time, not giving sufficient  
heed to the difference between civilised and  
feudal ages, or to the beauties with which the  
narrative has been mingled, declared it to be  
no better than the sight of a "torment on the  
rack." The story has had shoals of narrators,  
particularly in old France, and been repeated  
and dwelt upon by the greatest and tenderest  
geniuses,—Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer.  
The whole heart of Christendom has embraced  
the heroine. She has passed into a proverb;  
ladies of quality have called their children  
after her, the name surviving (we believe)  
among them to this day, in spite of its *griestly*  
sound; and we defy the manliest man, of any  
feeling, to read it in Chaucer's own consecutive  
stanzas (whatever he may do here) without  
feeling his eyes moisten.

How is this to be accounted for? The hus-

<sup>7</sup> Once.



band is perfectly monstrous and unnatural ;—there can be no doubt of that ;—he pursues his trial of his wife's patience for twelve years, and she is supposed to love as well as to obey him all the time,—him, the murderer of her children ! This, also, is unnatural,—impossible. A year, a month, a week, would have been bad enough. The lie was bad in itself. And yet, in spite of that utter renouncement of the fiction, to which civilisation finally brings us, we feel for the invincibly obedient creature ; we are deeply interested ; we acknowledge instinctively, that the story had a right to its fame ; nay, (not to speak it profanely,) that like other permanent and popular stories, of a solemn cast, it is a sort of revelation in its way, at once startling us with contrasts of good and evil, and ending in filling us with hope and exaltation. How is this ?

The secret is, that a principle—the sense of duty—is set up in it above all considerations ;—that the duty, once believed in by a good and humble nature, is exalted by it, in consequence of its very torments, above *all* torment, and all weakness. We are not expected to copy it, much less to approve or be blind to the hard-heartedness that fetches it out ; but the blow is struck loudly in the ears of mankind, in order that they may think of duty itself, and draw their own conclusions in favour of their own sense of it, when they see what marvellous effect it can have even in its utmost extravagance, and how unable we are to help respecting it, in proportion to the very depth of its self-abasement. We feel that the same woman could have gone through any trial which she thought becoming a woman, of a kind such as we should all admire in the wisest and justest ages. We feel even her weakness to be her strength,—one of the wonderfullest privileges of virtue.

We are travelling, at present, far out of the proposed design of these specimens, which were intended to consist of little more than extracts, and the briefest possible summary of the author's characteristics. But the reader will pardon an occasional yielding to temptations like these. Our present number shall consist of as brief a sketch as we can give, of the successive incidents of Chaucer's story, which are managed with a skill exquisite as the feeling ; and whenever we come to an irresistible Specimen, it shall be extracted.

At Saluzzo in Piedmont, under the Alps,

Down at the root of Vesulus the cold,

there reigned a feudal lord, a Marquis, who was beloved by his people, but too much given to his amusement, and an enemy of marriage ; which alarmed them, lest he should die childless, and leave his inheritance in the hands of strangers. They therefore, at last, sent him a deputation which addressed him on the subject, and he agreed to take a wife, on condition that

they should respect his choice wheresoever it might fall.

Now among the poorest of the Marquis's people,

There dwelt a man  
Which that was holden poorest of them all,  
But highé God sometimé senden can  
His grace unto a little ox's stall ;  
Janicola, men of that thorp him call ;  
A daughter had he fair enough to sight,  
And Grisildis this youngé maiden hight.

Tender of age was "Grisildis" or "Grisilda" (for the poet calls her both), but she was a maiden of a thoughtful and steady nature, and as excellent a daughter as could be, thinking of nothing but her sheep, her spinning, and her "old poor father," whom she supported by her labour, and waited upon with the greatest duty and obedience.

Upon Griseld', this pooré créature,  
Full often sith this marquis set his eye,  
As he on hunting rode peraventure ;  
And when it fell that he might her espy,  
He not with wanton looking of folly  
His eyen cast on her, but in sad wise  
Upon her cheer he would him oft avise.

The Marquis announced to his people that he had chosen a wife, and the wedding-day arrived, but nobody saw the lady ; at which there was great wonder. Clothes and jewels were prepared, and the feast too ; and the Marquis, with a great retinue, and accompanied by music, took his way to the village where Griselda lived.

Griselda had heard of his coming, and said to herself, that she would get her work done faster than usual, on purpose to stand at the door, like other maidens, and see the sight ; but just as she was going to look out, she heard the Marquis call her, and she set down a water-pot she had in her hand, and knelt down before him with her usual steady countenance.

The Marquis asked for her father, and going in-doors to him, took him by the hand, and said, with many courteous words and leave-asking, that he had come to marry his daughter. The poor man turned red, and stood abashed and quaking, but begged his lord to do as seemed good to him ; and then the Marquis asked Griselda if she would have him, and vow to obey him in all things, be they what they might ; and she answered trembling, but in like manner ; and he led her forth and presented her to the people as his wife.

The ladies, now Griselda's attendants, took off her old peasant's clothes, not much pleased to handle them, and dressed her anew in fine clothes, so that the people hardly knew her again for her beauty.

Her hairés have they comb'd that lay untressed  
Full rudely, and with their fingers small  
A coroune on her head they have ydressed,  
And set her full of nouches<sup>1</sup> great and small.

<sup>1</sup> *Nouches*—nuts?—buttons in that shape made of gold or jewellery.

Thus Walter lowly, *nay but royally*,  
Wedded with fortunate honesty ;

and Griselda behaved so well, and discreetly, and behaved so kindly to everyone, making up disputes, and speaking such gentle and sensible words,

*And couldé so the people's heart embrace,  
That each her lov'th that looketh on her face.*

In due time the Marchioness had a daughter, and the Marquis had always treated his consort well, and behaved like a man of sense and reflection ; but now he informed her that his people were dissatisfied at his having raised her to be his wife ; and, reminding her of her vow to obey him in all things, told her that she must agree to let him do with the little child whatsoever he pleased. Griselda kept her vow to the letter, not even changing countenance ; and shortly afterwards an ill-looking fellow came, and took the child from her, intimating that he was to kill it. Griselda asked permission to kiss her child ere it died, and she took it in her bosom, and blessed and kissed it with a sad face, and prayed the man to bury its "little body" in some place where the birds and beasts could not get it. But the man said nothing. He took the child and went his way ; and the Marquis bade him carry it to the Countess of Pavia, his sister, with directions to bring it up in secret.

Griselda lived on, behaving like an excellent wife, and four years afterwards she had another child, a son, which the Marquis demanded of her, as he had done the daughter, laying his injunctions on her at the same time to be patient. Griselda said she would, adding, as a proof nevertheless what bitter feelings she had to control,

*I have not had no part of children twain,  
But first, sickness ; and after, woe and pain.*

The same "ugly sergeant" now came again, and took away the second child, carrying it like the former to Bologna ; and twelve years after, to the astonishment and indignation of the poet, and the people too, but making no alteration whatsoever in the obedience of the wife, the Marquis informs her, that his subjects are dissatisfied at his having her for a wife at all, and that he had got a dispensation from the Pope to marry another, for whom she must make way, and be divorced, and return home ; adding insultingly, that she might take back with her the dowry which she brought him. Woefully, but ever patiently, does Griselda consent, not, however, without a tender exclamation at the difference between her marriage day and this ; and as she receives the instruction about the dowry as a hint that she is to give up her fine clothes, and resume her old ones, which she says it would be impossible to find, she makes him the following exquisite prayer and remonstrance.—If we had to write for only a certain select set of readers, never should we think of bespeaking their due reverence for a passage like the following, and its

simple, primitive, and most affecting thoughts and words. But a publication like the present must accommodate itself to the chances of perusal in all quarters, either by alteration or explanation ; and, therefore, in *not* altering any of these words, or daring to gainsay the sacred tenderness they bring before us, we must observe, that as there is not a more pathetic passage to be found in the whole circle of human writ, so the pathos and the pure words go inseparably together : and his is the most refined heart, educated or uneducated, that receives them with the delicatest and profoundest emotion.

"My Lord, ye wot that in my father's place  
Ye did me strip out of my pooré weed,

[How much, by the way, this old and more lengthened pronunciation of the word *pooré* (French, *pauvre*), adds to the piteous emphasis of it.]

And richely ye clad me of your grace ;  
To you brought I nought elles out of drede,<sup>1</sup>  
But faith, and nakedness, and 'womanhede ;  
And here again your clothing I restore,  
And eke your wedding ring, for evermore.  
"The remnant of your jewels ready be  
Within your 'chamber,' I dare safely sain,  
*Naked out of my father's house (quoth she)*  
*I came, and naked I must turn again.*

[How beautifully is the Bible used here !]

All your pleasancé would I follow fain ;  
But yet I hope it be not your intent  
That I smockless out of your palace went.  
"Ye could not do so dishonest a thing  
*That thilke<sup>2</sup> womb in which your children lay,*  
*Shouldé before the people, in my walking*  
*Be seen all bare ; wherefore, I you pray,*  
LET ME NOT LIKE A WORM GO BY THE WAY :  
*Remember you, mine owen Lord so dear,*  
*I was your wife, though I unworthy were.*  
"Wherefore in guerdon of my 'womanhede,'  
Which that I brought and 'yet' again I bear,  
As vouchésafe to give me to my meed  
But such a smock as I was wont to wear,  
*That I therewith may wrie<sup>3</sup> the womb of her*  
*That was your wife.* And here I take my leave  
Of you, mine owen Lord, lest I you grieve."  
"The smock," quoth he, "that thou hast on thy  
Let it be still, and bear it forth with thee." [back,  
But well unnethés<sup>4</sup> thilke word he spake,  
But went his way for ruth and for pittie,  
Before the folk herselven strippeth she,  
And in her smock, with foot and head all bare,  
Toward her father's house, forth is she fare.

The people follow her weeping and wailing, but she went ever as usual, with staid eyes, nor all the while did she speak a word. As to her poor father, he cursed the day he was born. And so with her father, for a space, dwelt "this flower of wifely patience," nor showed any sense of offence, nor remembrance of her high estate.

At length arrives news of the coming of the new Marchioness, with such array of pomp as had never been seen in all Lombardy ; and the Marquis, who has, in the mean time, sent to Bologna for his son and daughter, once more desires Griselda to come to him, and tells her,

<sup>1</sup> Out of drede—without doubt.      <sup>2</sup> Thilke—this.  
<sup>3</sup> Wrie—cover.      <sup>4</sup> Unnethés—scarcely.



that as he has not women enough in his household to wait upon his new wife, and set everything in order for her, he must request her to do it; which she does, with all ready obedience, and then goes forth with the rest, to meet the new lady. At dinner, the Marquis again calls her, and asks her what she thinks of his choice. She commends it heartily, and prays God to give him prosperity; only adding, that she hopes he will not try the nature of so young a creature as he tried hers, since *she has been brought up more tenderly, and perhaps could not bear it.*

And when this Walter saw her patience,  
Her gladdé cheer, and no malice at all,  
And he so often had her done offence,  
And she aye sad<sup>1</sup> and constant as a wall,  
Continuing aye her innocence over all,  
This sturdy marquis 'gan his heartéd dress  
To rue upon her wifely stedfastness.

He gathers her in his arms, and kisses her; but she takes no heed of it, out of astonishment, *nor hears anything he says*; upon which he exclaims, that as sure as Christ died for him, she is his wife, and he will have no other, nor ever had;—and with that, he introduces his supposed bride to her as her own daughter, with his son by her side; and Griselda, overcome at last, faints away.

When she this heard, aswooné down she falleth  
For piteous joy; and after her swooning  
She both her youngé children to her calleth,  
And in her armés piteously weeping,  
Embraceth them, and tenderly kissing  
*Full like a mother with her salté tears  
She bathed both their visage and their hairs.*

O, such a piteous thing it was to see  
Her swooning, and her humble voice to hear!  
“*Grand mercy!* Lord, God thank it you (quothe she),  
That ye have savéd me my children dear:  
Now reck<sup>2</sup> I never to be dead right here,  
Since I stand in your love and in your grace,  
No force of death,<sup>3</sup> nor when my spirit pace.

“O tender, O dear, O youngé children mine!  
Your woful mother weened steadfastly  
That cruel houndés or some foul vermin  
Had eaten you: but God of his mercy  
And your benigné father tenderly  
Hath done you keep;” and in that samé stound  
All suddenly she swapp'd adown to ground.

*And in her swoon so sadly holdeth she  
Her children two when she 'gan them embrace,  
That with great sleight and great difficulty  
The children from her arm they 'gan arrace.<sup>4</sup>  
O! many a tear on many a piteous face  
Down ran of them that stouden her beside;  
Unnethe abouten her might they abide.*

That is, they could scarcely remain to look at her, or stand still.—And so, with feasting and joy, ends this divine, cruel story of Patient Griselda; the happiness of which is superior to the pain, not only because it ends so well, but because there is ever present in it, like that of a saint in a picture, the sweet, sad face of the fortitude of woman.

## XXIX.—SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER.

## NO. V.—FURTHER SPECIMENS OF HIS PLEASANTRY AND SATIRE.

## THE FAIRIES SUPERSEDED BY THE FRIARS.

CHAUCER was one of the Reformers of his time, and, like the celebrated poets and wits of most countries, Catholic included, took pleasure in exposing the abuses of the church; not because he was an ill-natured man, and disliked the church itself (for no one has done greater honour to the true Christian pastor than he, in a passage already quoted,) but because his very good-nature and love of truth made him the more dislike the abuses of the best things in the most reverend places. He measures his satire, however, according to its desert, and is severest upon the severe and mercenary,—the holders of such livings as give no life but rather take it. In the following exquisite banter he rallies the more jovial and plebeian part of the church, the ordinary begging-friars, with a sly good-humour. And observe how he contrives to sprinkle the passage with his poetry. The versification also is obviously good, even to the most modern ears.

In oldé dayés of the King Artóur,  
Of which that Britons speaken great honóur,  
All was this land fulfill'd of Faéry;  
The Elf-queen with her jolly company  
Dancéd full oft in many a greene mead.  
This was the old opinion, as I read;  
I speak of many hundred years ago,  
But now can no man see none elvés mo;  
For now the greaté charity and prayérs  
Of limiters and other holy freres,  
That searchen every land and every stream,  
*As thick as motés in the sunné beam,*  
Blessing hallés, chambers, kitchenés, and bowers,  
Cities and boroughs, castles high and towers,  
Thorpés and barnés, shepénés and dairies,  
This maketh that there be no Faéries:  
For there as wont to walken was an elf,  
*There walketh now the limiter himself*  
In undermealés and in morrowings,  
And saith his matins and his holy things  
As he go'th in his limitation.  
Women may now go safely up and down;  
In every bush, and under every tree,  
*There is no other Incubus but he.*

## AN IMPUDENT DRUNKEN SELLER OF PARDONS AND INDULGENCES CONFESSES FOR WHAT HE PREACHES.

Lordings, quothe he, in churché when I preach  
I painé me to have an hautein speech,

(I do my best to speak out loud)

And ring it out, as round as go'th a bell,  
For I can all by roté that I tell;

(I learn all I say by heart)

My theme is always one, and ever was,  
*Radix malorum est cupiditas.*

“Covetousness is the root of all evil.” Chaucer has fitted his Latin capitally well in with the measure,—a nicety singularly ill observed by poets in general.

<sup>1</sup> Sad—composed in manner—unaltered. <sup>2</sup> Reck—care.

<sup>3</sup> No force of death—no matter for death.

<sup>4</sup> Arrace—(French, *arracher*) pluck

First I pronouncé whennés that I come,  
And then my bullés

(the Pope's bulls)

show I, all and some ;  
Our liegé lordé's seal on my patent,  
That show I first, my body to warrént,  
That no man be so bold, nor priest, nor clerk,  
Me to disturb in Christés holy work ;  
And after that, then tell I forth my tales ;  
Bullés of Popés and of Cardinales,  
Of Patriarchs, and of Bishopés, I show,  
And in Latin I speak a wordés few,  
To *saffron* with my predication,

(To give a colour and relish to his sermon,  
like saffron in pastry)—

And for to steer men to devótion.

The preacher here banters his own relics, and  
then proceeds with the following ludicrous  
picture and exquisitely impudent avowal :—

Then pain I me to stretchen forth my neck,  
And east and west upon the people I beck,  
*As doth a dove sitting upon a barn :*  
My handés and my tongué gone so yearn—

(Go so briskly together)—

That it is joy to see my business.  
Of avarice and of such cursedness  
Is all my preaching, *for to make them free*  
*To give their pence*, and NAMELY,—UNTO ME ;  
For mine intent is nought but for to win,  
And nothing for correction of sin ;  
I reck never, when that they be buried,  
Though that their soulés gone a black-berried.

(That is,—though their souls go by bushels  
into the lower regions, like so many black-  
berries.)

Therefore—

(repeats he, at the end of the next paragraph,  
varying the note a little like a relishing musi-  
cian,—)

Therefore my theme *is yet* and ever was,  
*Radix malorum est cupiditas.*

#### IRONICAL BIT OF TRANSLATION.

In the story of the Cock and the Fox, the  
gallant bird, who has been alarmed by the  
fox, is complimenting his favourite wife, and  
introduces some Latin, the real purport of  
which is that the fair sex are the “confusion  
of mankind,” but which, he informs her, signi-  
fies something quite the reverse. Sir Walter  
Scott admired this passage.

But let us speak of mirth, and stint all this.

(Stop all this)—

Madamé Partelot, so have I bliss,  
Of one thing God hath sent me largé grace,  
For when I see the beauty of your face,  
Ye be so *scarlet red about your eyen*,  
It maketh all my dreadé for to dien ;  
For all so siker as

(As sure as—)

“*In principio*  
*Mulier est hominis confusio ;*”  
Madam, the sentence of this Latin is,  
“Woman is mannés joy, and mannés bliss.”

*In principio, mulier est hominis confusio*—  
Woman, from the first, was the confusion of  
man. “*In principio*,” observes Sir Walter, in  
a note on the passage in his edition of ‘Dryden,’  
refers to the beginning of Saint John’s Gospel.  
And in a note on the word *confusio*, he says it  
is taken from a fabulous conversation between  
the Emperor Adrian and the philosopher Secun-  
dus, reported by Vincent de Beauvais, in his  
‘Speculum Historiale.’ *Quid est mulier ? Hominis*  
*confusio : insaturabilis bestia, &c.* What is woman ?  
The confusion of man, &c. “The Cock’s polite  
version (he adds) is very ludicrous.”

How pleasant to hear one great writer thus  
making another laugh, as if they were sitting  
over a table together, though five centuries  
are between them. But genius can make  
the lightest as well as gravest things the  
property of all time. Its laughs, as well as its  
sighs, are immortal.

#### XXX.—SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER.

NO. VI.—MISCELLANEOUS SPECIMENS OF HIS DESCRIp-  
TION, PORTRAIT-PAINTING, AND FINE SENSE.

##### BIRDS IN THE SPRING.

Full lusty was the weather and benign ;  
For which the fowls against the sunné sheen  
(What for the season and the youngé green)  
Full loudé sungen their affectionés :  
Them seeméd had gotten them protectionés  
*Against the sword of winter, keen and cold.*

*Squire's Tale.*

##### PATIENCE AND EQUAL DEALING IN LOVE.

For one thing, Sirs, safely dare I say,  
That friendés ever each other must obey,  
If they will longé holden company :  
Love will not be constrain'd by mastery :  
When mastery cometh, the god of Love anon  
BEATETH his wings, and FAREWELL ! HE IS GONE.

[Compare the ease, life, and gesticulation of this  
—the audible suddenness and *farewell* of it—with  
the balanced and formal imitation by Pope—

“Love, free as air, at sight of human ties  
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.”]

Love is a thing as, any spirit, free.  
Women of kind desiren liberty,  
And not to be constrained as a thrall ;  
And so do men, if soothly I say shall.  
Look, who that is most patíent in love,  
He is at his advantage all above ;

(he has the advantage over others that are  
not so.)

Patience is a high virtué certain,  
For it vanquisheth, as these clerkés sain,  
Thingés that rigour never should attain ;  
For every word men should not chide or plain.  
*Learneth to suff'ren—*

(learn to suffer)

(so may I prosper) *or, so may I gone,*

*Ye shall it learn, whether ye will or non.*

THE FRANKLIN'S TALE.



## INABILITY TO DIE.

Three drunken rioters go out to kill Death, who meets them in the likeness of a decrepit old man, and directs them to a treasure which brings them to their destruction. The old man only is given here.

When they had gone not fully half a mile,  
Right as they would have trodden o'er a stile;  
An old man and a pooré with them met;  
This oldé man full meekly them gret,  
And saidé thus; "Now, Lordés, God you see!"  
The proudest of these riotours three  
Answered again; "What? churl, with sorry grace,  
Why art thou all forwrappéd save thy face?  
Why livest thou so long in so great age?"

This oldé man *'gan look in his visagé,*  
And saidé thus; "For I ne cannot find  
A man, *though that I walked into Ind,*  
Neither in city nor in no villége,  
That wouldé change his youthé for mine age;  
And therefore must I have mine agé still  
As longé time as it is Goddés will.  
Ne Death, alas! ne will not have my life:  
Thus walk I, like a restéless catiff,  
And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,  
I knocké with my staff early and late,  
And say to her, 'Levé mother, let me in,  
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and skin.  
Alas! when shall my bonés be at rest?  
Mother, with you would I change my chest,  
That in my chamber longé time hath be,  
Yea, for an hairy clout to wrap in me."

(That is, for a coffin and a winding-sheet of hair-cloth.)

## DESCRIPTION OF THE COCK.

(*In the story of the "Cock and the Fox."*)

*His comb was redder than the fine cordé,  
Embatteled as it were a castle wall;  
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone,  
Like azure were his leggés and his tone;*

(His toes)

*His nailés whiter than the lily flower,  
And like the burnéd gold was his colour,*

Compare the above verses (taking care of the accent) with the most popular harmonies of Pope, and see into what a flowing union of strength and sweetness the "old poet" could get, when he chose.

He flew down from his beam,  
For it was day, and eke his hennés all;  
And with a chuck he 'gan them for to call,  
For he had found a corn lay in the yard;  
Royal he was, he was no more afraid.

(He had been frightened by a fox.)

*He looketh, as it were a grim léoun,*

(Lion)

*And on his toes he roameth up and down;  
He deigneth not to set his foot to ground;  
He chucketh when he hath a corn yfound,  
And to him runnen then his wivés all.*

## PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE.

This is in the pure, unflattering style of the old Italian painters. The smile in the third line is one of the quaintnesses of an age in which

books were rare,—the key to almost all the quaintnesses of Chaucer. The rest of them are connected with his adherence to the originals from which he translated, and only appear strange from difference of time or national customs. A want of consideration to this effect led Mr. Hazlitt into an error, when he instanced that pleasant, scornful admonition to the sun in Troilus and Creseida, (to go and sell his light to them that "engrave small seals,") as an evidence of Chaucer's minuteness and particularity.

The original of Troilus and Creseida was by an Italian; and in Italy the seal-engravers of those times were famous, and in great employ; nor was anything more natural for a lover, angry with the day-time, than to tell the sun to go and give his light to those that so notoriously needed it.

Among those other folk was Creseida  
In widow's habit black; but natheless  
Right as our first letter is now an A,  
In beauty first so stood she makéless;

(Matchless)

*Her goodly looking gladdéd all the press;  
'Nas never seen thing to be praised so dear,  
Nor under cloudé black so bright a star,*

[What a pity this fine line did not terminate with a full stop! but he goes on—]

As was Creseid, they saidén evereach one,  
That her behelden in her blacké weed;  
And yet she stood full low and still alone,  
Behind all other folks in little brede,

(In small space)

And nigh the door, aye under shamés drede,

(that is, not shame-faced, but apprehensive of being put to shame,—put out of her self-possession)

*Simple of attire and debonnair of cheer;  
With full-assured looking and mannère.*

Troilus thus seeing her for the first time, looks hard at her, like a town-gallant; and she, being town-bred herself, for all her unaffectedness, thinks it necessary to let him understand that he is not to stare at her.

She nas not with the most of her stature,

(her stature was not of the tallest)

But all her limbés so well answering  
Weren to womanhood, that créature  
Was never lessé mannish in seeming,  
And eke the puré wise of her meaning  
She showed well

(her manner was so correspondent with her meaning)

——that men might in her guess  
Honour, estate, and womanly nobless.  
Then Troilus, right wonder well withal,  
'Gan for to like her meaning and her cheer,  
Which somedeal deignous was,

(was a little haughty)

— for she let fall  
Her look a little aside, in such mannere  
Ascaunces—"What! may I not standen here?"  
And after that her looking 'gan she tight;

(began to lighten—to restore to its former ease)

That never thought him see so good a sight.

Chaucer is very fond of painting these womanly portraits, especially the face. Here is—

ANOTHER,

introduced to us with a piece of music. The succession of adverbs at the end of the first five lines, makes a beat upon the measure, analogous to the dance he is speaking of—

I saw her dance so comely,  
Carol and sing so sweetly,  
And laugh and play so womanly,  
And looken so debonairly,  
So goodly speak and so friendly,  
That certés I trow that evermore  
N'as seen so blissful a treasore.  
For every hairé on her head,  
Me soth to say it was not red,  
Ne neither yellow, nor brown it n'as;  
Methought most like to gold it was.  
And which eyen my lady had,  
Debonaire, good, and glad, and sad;

(sad is in earnest)

Simplé, of good muchel, not too wide;  
Thereto her look was not asidé  
Nor overthawt, but beset so well,  
It drew and took up every deal,

(entirely)

All which that on her 'gan behold;  
Her eyen seemed anon she would  
Have mercy. Folly weenden so,  
But it was ne'er the rather do;

(She looked so good-natured, that folly itself thought she was at its service; though folly was much mistaken.)

*It was no counterfeited thing;  
IT WAS HER OWN PURE LOOKING.*

A charming couplet! And he need not have said any more; but he was so fond of the face, he could not help going on:—

Were she ne'er so glad,  
Her looking was not foolish spread.

Though dulness itself, he tells us, was absolutely "afraid of her style of life, it was so cheerful."

I have no wit that can suffice  
To comprehend her beauty.

(To describe it comprehensively.)

But thus much I dare say, that she  
Was white, ruddy, fresh, lively huéd,  
And every day her beauty newéd.  
\* \* \* \* Be it ne'er so dark  
Me thinketh I see her evermo;

(If all they, says the poet)

That ever lived were now alive,  
Ne would they have found to describe

In all her face a wicked sign,  
For it was sad, simple and benign.  
*The Book of the Duchess.*

And there is a great deal more of the description.

GOING TO SLEEP IN HEARING OF A NIGHTINGALE.

A nightingale upon a cedar green,  
Under the chamber wall there as she lay,  
Full loud ysung again the mooné sheen,  
Par 'venture, in his birdés wise, a lay  
Of love, that made her hearté fresh and gay;  
That hearkenéd she so long in good intent,  
Till at the last the deadé sleep her hent.

*Troilus and Crescida.*

EXQUISITE COMPARISON OF A NIGHTINGALE, WITH CONFIDENCE AFTER FEAR.

And as the new abashed nightingale,  
That stineth first when she beginneth sing,  
When that she heareth any herdés tale,

(herdsman counting his flock)

Or in the hedges any wight stirring;  
And after, siker DOTH HER VOICE OUTRING;

(Siker is securely)

Right so Crescidé, when that her aread stent,  
Opened her heart, and told him her intent.

We conclude this long article very unwillingly (having to omit a hundred beautiful passages,) with a specimen of Chaucer's philosophy, particularly fit to honour these pages:

For thilké ground that beareth the weedés wick  
(wicked or poisonous)

Bear'th eke these wholesome herbés as full oft;  
And next to the foul nettle rough and thick,  
The rose ywazeth softe, and smooth, and soft;  
And next the valley is the hill aloft;  
And next the darké night is the glad morrow,  
And also joy is next the fine of sorrow.

XXXI.—PETER WILKINS AND THE FLYING WOMEN.

THE "Adventures of Peter Wilkins" is a book written about a hundred years back, purporting to be the work of a shipwrecked voyager, and relating the discovery of a people who had wings. It is mentioned somewhere, with great esteem, by Mr. Southey, if our memory does not deceive us; and has been altogether so much admired, and so popular, that we are surprised Mr. Dunlop has omitted it in his "History of Fiction." The name, "Peter Wilkins," has, to the present perplexed and aspiring generation (not yet knowing what to retain and what to get rid of) a poor and vulgar sound. It is not Montreville, or Mordaunt, or Montgomery. "Peter" is not the name for a card. "Wilkins" hardly announces himself as a diner with dukes. But a hundred years ago people did not conceive that a gentleman's pretensions were nominal. What novelist now-a-days would



call his hero "Tom Jones?" Yet thus was his great work christened by Fielding, a man of noble family. However, there is a "preference" in the instinct of this aspiration. Society has had a lift, and is inclined to take everything for an advantage and an elegance, which it sees in possession of its new company. By-and-by, it will be content with the real elegances, and drop the pretended.

It is a great honour to a writer to invent a being at once new and delightful; and the honour is not the less, for the apparent obviousness of the invention. Let any one try to make a new combination of this sort, and he will find how difficult it is. We will venture to say, that besides genius in the ordinary sense of the word, there is a faith in it, and a remoteness from things worldly, that implies a virtue and a child-like simplicity, not common but to minds of the higher order. Some writers would think they were going to be merely childish; and would very properly desist. Others would be apprehensive of ridicule; and would desist with like reason. Not that everybody would succeed, who fancied he should. Taste and judgment are requisite to all good inventions, as well as an imagination to find them; and there must be, above all, a strong taste for the truth; verisimilitude, or the likeness of truth, being the great charm in the wildest of fictions. It is very difficult to unite the imaginative with the worldly; and men of real genius sometimes make mistakes, in consequence, fit only for the most literal or incoherent understandings.

We have headed our article "Flying Women," instead of the Flying People, because, though the beings discovered by our friend Peter are of both sexes, we could never quite persuade ourselves that his males had an equal right to their *grawndee*. All however, that he says about the Flying Nation as a people is ingenious. He has escaped, in particular, in a most happy manner, from the difficulty of introducing his plain-backed hero among them without lessening his dignity, by means of implicating him with a prophecy important to their well-being; and his speculations upon their religion and policy, show him to have been a man of an original turn of reflection in everything; good-hearted, and zealous for the advancement of mankind. But his lords, his architects, and his miners, violate the remoteness of his invention, and bring it back to common-place; nor was this necessary to render his work useful. The utility of a work of imagination consists in softening and elevating the mind generally; and this is the effect of his Flying Woman. All that relates to her is luckily set in a frame by itself; is remote, quiet, and superior. She is as much above Peter's race in sincerity, as in her wings; and yet there is nothing about her, which, in a higher state of humanity, the author does not succeed in making us suppose

possible. Peter is even raised towards her by dint of his admiration of her truth; and the sweetness of her disposition more than meets him half-way, and sets them both on a level.

The author of this curious invention must have been a very modest as well as clever man, or have had some peculiar reasons for keeping his name a secret; for he was living when the work arrived at a second edition. The dedication does not appear in the first; and the writer, who signs himself R. P. speaks in it of the heroine as his property. It is observable, that in all the editions we have met with, the initials R. P. are signed to the dedication, while R. S. is put in the title-page. This also looks like a negligence uncommon in authors. The dedication is to Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland; the lady to whom Bishop Percy dedicated his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' We have sometimes fancied that Abraham Tucker wrote it, or Bishop Berkeley. It has all the ease and the cordial delicacy of the best days that followed the "Tatler," as well as their tendency to theological discussion. The mediocrity of the author's station in life might have been invented, to make the picture of a sea-faring philosopher more real; though the names of the children, *Tommy* and *Pedro*, hardly seem a contrast which a scholar could have allowed himself to give into. The turn of words, invented for the flying people, is copied from Swift, and cannot be called happy. There is a want of analogy in them to the smoothness, and even the energy, of flying. The ancient name of the country, *Nosmnbdsgruitt*, is more fit for that of the Houlynhymys. *Arm-drumstake*, *Babbrindrugg*, *Crashdoorpt*, and *Hunkun* (marriage), and *Glumm* (a man,) are words too ugly for any necessity of looking natural. We are hardly reconciled to the name of *Youwarkee* for the heroine. *Gawrey* (a woman) is hardly so good; but the *Grawndee*, the name of the flying apparatus, will do. There is a *grandeur* in it. We see it expand and "display its pomp," as Tasso says of the peacock. The hero's name was most likely suggested by that of a celebrated advocate of the possibility of flying, Wilkins, Bishop of Chester\*. Upon the whole, if we were in possession of the Berkeley Manuscripts, we should look hard to find a memorandum indicative of the Bishop's being the author of this delightful invention. Even the miners seem to belong to the author of the Bermuda scheme; and he had traversed the seas, and been conversant with all honest paths of life. There would also have appeared to him good reason for not avowing the book, how Christian soever, when he came to be a

\* The Bishop is said to have been asked by the flighty Duchess of Newcastle, how people who took a voyage to the moon were to manage for "baiting-places?" to which he replied, with great felicity, that he wondered at such a question from her Grace, "who had built so many castles in the air."

Bishop. But these inquiries are foreign to our pages.

A peacock, with his plumage displayed, full of "rainbows and starry eyes," is a fine object; but think of a lovely woman set in front of an ethereal shell, and wafted about like a Venus. This is perhaps the best general idea that can be given of Peter Wilkins's bride. In the first edition of the work, published in 1751 (at least we know of none earlier), there is an engraved explanation of the wings, or rather drapery, for such it was when at rest. It might be called a natural webbed-silk. We are to picture to ourselves a nymph in a vest of the finest texture and most delicate carnation. On a sudden, this drapery parts in two and flies back, stretched from head to foot behind the figure like an oval fan or umbrella; and the lady is in front of it, preparing to sweep blushing away from us, and "winnow the buxom air."

It has been objected, that the wings of Peter's woman consist rather of something laced and webbed than proper angelical wings, that this something serves her also for drapery, that the drapery therefore is alive, and that we should be shocked to find it warm and stirring. The objection is natural in a merely animal point of view; and yet, speaking for ourselves, we confess we have been so accustomed to idealities, and to aspirations after the predominancy of moral beauty in physical, that it is with an effort we allow it to be so. Supposing it, at first, to be something to which we should have to grow reconciled, we conceive, that pity for the supposed deformity would only endear us the more to the charming and perfect womanhood to which it was attached. We have often thought, that real tenderness for the sex would not be so great or so touching—certainly it could not be so well proved,—if women partook less than they do of imperfection. But the ethereal power as well as grace belonging to our flying beauties could not long permit us to associate the idea with deformity. Our admiration of beauty, as it is, (unless we hold, with some philosophers, that it is a direct ordinance of the Divine Being), is the effect of custom and kind offices. It is true, there is something in mere smoothness and harmony of form, which appears to be sufficient of itself to affect us with pleasing emotions, distinct from any reference to moral beauty; but the last secrets of pleasures the most material are in the brain and the imagination. The lowest sensualist, if he were capable of reflection, would find that he was endeavouring to grasp some shadow of grace and kindness, even when he fancied himself least given to such refinements. The worst like to receive pleasures from the best. The most hypocritical seducer, in the sorry improvidence of his selfishness, seeks to be mistaken for what he is not; to enjoy innocence instead of guilt; to

read in the eyes of simplicity what a transport it is to be loved: and to piece out the instinctive consciousness of his own want of a just moral power, by the stealing of one that is unjust. Being a man, he cannot help these involuntary tributes to the soul of beauty. If it were otherwise, he would be an idiot, or a fly on the wall. We think it, therefore, perfectly natural in our friend Peter, seeing of what lovely elements the mind as well as the body of his new acquaintance is composed, to feel nothing but admiration for an appendage which doubles her power to do him good, and which realises what it is natural for us all to long for in our dreams. The wish to fly seems to belong instinctively to all imaginative states of being—to dreams, to childhood, and to love. Flying seems the next step to a higher state of being. If we could fancy human nature taking another degree in the scale, and displacing the present inhabitants of the world by a new set of creatures, personally improved, the result of a climax in refinement, what we should expect in them would be wings to their shoulders.

We proceed to lay before our readers, from the complete edition of this romance\*, the passages describing our hero's first knowledge of the flying people, and the account of his bride and her behaviour.

"As I lay awake (says our voyager) one night or day, I know not which, I very plainly heard the sound of several human voices, and sometimes very loud; but though I could easily distinguish the articulations, I could not understand the least word that was said; nor did the voices seem at all to me like such as I had anywhere heard before, but much softer and more musical. This startled me, and I arose immediately, slipping on my clothes, and taking my gun in my hand (which I always kept charged, being my constant travelling companion), and my cutlass. I was inclined to open the door of my ante-chamber, but I own I was afraid; besides, I considered that I could discover nothing at any distance, by reason of the thick and gloomy wood that inclosed me.

"I had a thousand different surmises about the meaning of this odd incident; and could not conceive how any human creatures should be in my kingdom (as I called it) but myself, as I never yet saw them or any trace of their habitation.

"These thoughts kept me still more within doors than before, and I hardly ever stirred out but for water or firing. At length, hearing no more voices nor seeing any one, I began to be more composed in my mind, and at last grew persuaded it was all a mere delusion, and only a fancy of mine without any real foundation: so the whole notion was soon blown over.

"I had not enjoyed my tranquillity above a week

\* Some abridgments, purporting to be the entire work, afford almost as inadequate an idea of it in spirit as in letter. One or two of Stothard's designs, in the edition in the "Novelist's Magazine," do justice to the grace and delicacy of the heroine.



before my fears were roused afresh, hearing the same sound of voices twice in the same night, but not many minutes at a time, and I was resolved not to venture out; but then I determined, if they should come again anything near my grotto, to open the door, see who they were, and stand upon my defence, whatever came of it. Thus had I formed my scheme, but I heard no more of them for a great while, so that at length I became tranquil again.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I passed the summer (though I had never yet seen the sun's body) very much to my satisfaction: partly in the work I had been describing (for I had taken two more seals, and had a great quantity of oil from them,) partly in building me a chimney in my ante-chamber of mud and earth burnt on my own hearth into a sort of brick; in making a window at one end of the above-said chamber, to let in what little light would come through the trees when I did not choose to open my door; in moulding an earthen lamp for my oil; and finally in providing and laying stores, fresh and salt (for I had now cured and dried many more fish), against winter. These I say were my summer employments at home, intermixed with many agreeable excursions. But now the winter coming on, and the days growing very short, or indeed there being no day, properly speaking, but a kind of twilight, kept mostly in my habitation, though not so much as I had done the winter before, when I had no light within doors, and slept, or at least lay still, great part of my time; for now my lamp was never out. I also turned two of my seal-skins into a rug to cover my bed, and the third into a cushion, which I always sat upon, and a very soft warm cushion it made. All this together rendered my life very easy, nay even comfortable; but a little while after the darkness or twilight came on, I frequently heard the voices again; sometimes in great numbers. This threw me into new fears, and I became as uneasy as ever, even to the degree of growing quite melancholy.

"At length one night, or day, I cannot say which, hearing the voices very distinctly, and praying very earnestly to be either delivered from the uncertainty they had put me under, or to have them removed from me, I took courage, and arming myself with a gun, listened to distinguish from whence the voices proceeded; when I felt such a thump upon the roof of my ante-chamber as shook the whole fabric, and set me all over into a tremor; I then heard a sort of shriek and a rustle near the door of my apartment; all which together seemed very terrible. But I having before determined to see what and who it was, resolutely opened my door, and leaped out. I saw nobody; all was quite silent, and nothing that I could perceive, but my own fears, a-moving. I went then softly to the corner of my building, and there looking down, by the glimmer of my lamp, which stood in the window, I saw something in human shape lying at my feet. I asked, Who's there? No one answering, I was induced to take a near view of the object. But judge of my astonishment when I discovered the face of the most lovely and beautiful woman eyes ever beheld! I stood for a few seconds transfixed with astonishment, and my heart was ready to force its way through my sides. At length, somewhat recovering, I perceived her

more minutely. But if I was puzzled at beholding a woman alone in this lonely place, how much more was I surprised at her appearance and dress. She had a sort of brown chaplet, like lace, round her head, under and about which her hair was tucked up and twined; and she seemed to me to be clothed in a thin hair-coloured silk garment, which upon trying to raise her, I found to be quite warm, and, therefore hoped there was life in the body it contained. I then took her in my arms, and conveyed her through the door-way into my grotto: where I laid her upon my bed.

"When I laid her down, I thought, on laying my hand on her breast, I perceived the fountain of life had some motion. This gave me infinite pleasure; so warming a drop of wine I dipped my finger in it and moistened her lips two or three times, and I imagined they opened a little. Upon this I bethought me, and taking a tea-spoon, I gently poured a few drops of the wine by that means into her mouth. Finding she swallowed it, I poured in another spoonful and another, till I brought her to herself so well as to be able to sit up.

"I then spoke to her, and asked her divers questions as if she understood me; in return of which she uttered language I had no idea of, though in the most musical tone, and with the sweetest accent I ever heard.

"You may imagine we stared heartily at each other, and I doubted not but she wondered as much as I by what means we came so near each other. I offered her everything in my grotto which I thought might please her; some of which she gratefully received, as appeared by her looks and behaviour. But she avoided my lamp, and always placed her back towards it. I observed that, and took care to set it in such a position myself as seemed agreeable to her, though it deprived me of a prospect I very much admired.

"After we had sat a good while, now and then I may say, chattering to one another, she got up and took a turn or two about the room. When I saw her in that attitude, her grace and motion perfectly charmed me, and her shape was incomparable; but the straitness of her dress put me to a loss to conceive either what it was, or how it was put on.

"Well, we supped together, and I set the best of everything I had before her, nor could either of us forbear speaking in our own tongue, though we were sensible neither of us understood the other. After supper I gave her some of my cordials, for which she showed great tokens of thankfulness. When supper had been some time over, I showed her my bed and made signs for her to go to it; but she seemed very shy of that, till I showed her where I meant to lie myself, by pointing to myself, then to that, and again pointing to her and to my bed. When at length I had made this matter intelligible to her, she lay down very composedly; and after I had taken care of my fire, and set the things I had been using for supper in their places, I laid myself down too.

"I treated her for some time with all the respect imaginable, and never suffered her to do the least part of my work. It was very inconvenient to both of us only to know each other's meaning by signs; but I could not be otherwise than pleased to see, that she endeavoured all in her power to learn to talk like me. Indeed, I was not behind-

hand with her in that respect, striving all I could to imitate her. With this we at last succeeded so well, that in a few months we were able to hold a conversation with each other.

"After my new love had been with me a fortnight, finding my water run very low, I was greatly troubled at the thought of quitting her to go for more; and, as well as I could, entreated her not to go away before my return. As soon as she understood what I signified to her, she sat down with her arms across, leaning her head against the wall, to assure me she would not stir.

"I took my boat, net, and water-cask, as usual; desirous of bringing her home a fresh-fish dinner, and succeeded so well as to catch enough for several meals and to spare. What remained, I salted, and found that she liked that better than the fresh, after a few days' salting; though she did not so well approve of that I had formerly pickled and dried.

"Thus we spent the remainder of the winter together, till the days began to be light enough for me to walk abroad a little in the middle of them; for I was now under no apprehensions of her leaving me, as she had before this time many opportunities of doing so, but never attempted it.

"I must here make one reflection upon our conduct which you will almost think incredible, namely, that we two, of different sexes, fully inflamed with love to each other, and no outward obstacle to prevent our wishes, should have been together under the same roof alone for five months, conversing together from morning till night (for by this she pretty well understood English, and I her language), and yet I should never have clasped her in my arms, or have shown any farther feelings to her, than what the deference I all along paid her could give her room to surmise. Nay, I can affirm that I did not even then know that the covering she wore was not the work of art, but the work of nature, for I really took it for silk. Indeed, the modesty of her carriage and sweetness of her behaviour to me, had struck into me such a dread of offending her, that though nothing upon earth could be more capable of exciting passion than her charms, I could have died rather than have attempted to salute her only, without actual invitation.

"When the weather cleared up a little, by the lengthening of day-light, I took courage one afternoon to invite her to walk with me to the lake, but she sweetly excused herself from it, whilst there was such a glare of light; but told me, if I would not go out of the wood, she would accompany me; so we agreed to take a turn only there. I first went myself over the stile of the door, and taking her in my arms, lifted her over. But even when I had her in this manner, I knew not what to make of her clothing, it sat so true and close; but I begged she would let me know of what her garment was made. She smiled, and asked me if mine was not the same under my jacket? No, lady, answered I, I have nothing but skin under my clothes. Why, what do you mean? she replied, somewhat tartly; but indeed I was afraid something was the matter, by that nasty covering you wear, that you might not be seen. Are not you a *glumm*? Yes, fair creature. Then, continued she, I am afraid you must have been a very bad *glumm*, and have been *crashee*, which I should

be very sorry to hear. I replied, I hoped my faults had not exceeded other men's; but I had suffered abundance of hardships in my time, and that at last Providence having settled me in this spot, from whence I had no prospect of ever departing, it was none of the least of its mercies to bring to my knowledge and company the most exquisite piece of all his works in her, which I should acknowledge as long as I lived. She was surprised at this discourse, and said, Have not you the same prospect that I or any other person has of departing? You don't do well, and really I fear you are slit, or you would not wear this nasty cumbersome coat (taking hold of my jacket-sleeve), if you were not afraid of showing the signs of a bad life upon your natural clothing.

"I could not for my heart imagine what way there was to get out of my dominions; and as to my jacket, I confess she made me blush: and but for shame, I would have stripped to my skin to have satisfied her. But, madam, said I, pray pardon me, for you really are mistaken; I have examined every nook and corner of this island, and can find no possible outlet. Why, replied she, what outlets do you want? If you are not slit, is not the air open to you as well as other people? I tell you, sir, I fear you have been slit for your crimes; and though you have been so good to me that I can't help loving you heartily for it, yet, if I thought you had been slit I would not stay a moment longer with you, though it should break my heart to leave you.

"I found myself now in a strange quandary, longing to know what she meant by being slit. But seeing her look a little angrily upon me, I said, Pray, madam, don't be offended, if I take the liberty to ask you what you mean by the word *crashee*, so often repeated by you? for I am an utter stranger to what you mean by it. Sir, replied she, pray answer me first how you came here? Madam, replied I, if you will please to take a walk to the verge of the wood, I will show you the very passage. Well, replied she, now this odious dazzle of light is lessened, I don't care if I do go with you.

"When we came far enough to see the bridge, There, madam, said I, there is my entrance, where the sea pours into this lake from yonder cavern! It is not possible, answered she; this is another untruth; and as I see you would deceive me, and are not to be believed, farewell; I must be gone. But hold! let me ask you one thing more, that is, by what means did you come through that cavern? You could not have used to come over the rock! Bless me, madam! said I, do you think I and my boat could fly? Come over the rock, did you say? No, madam; I sailed from the great sea, in my boat, through that cavern into this very lake. What do you mean by your boat? said she; you seem to make two things of your boat you sailed with and yourself. I do so, replied I, for I take myself to be good flesh and blood, but my boat is made of wood and other materials. Is it so? And pray where is this boat that is made of wood and other materials? under your jacket? Lord, madam! said I, what! put a boat under my jacket! No, madam, my boat is in the lake. What, more untruths! said she. No, madam, I replied, if you would be satisfied of what I say (every word of which is as true as that my boat



now is in the lake), pray walk with me thither, and make your own eyes judges what sincerity I speak with. To this she agreed, it growing dusky ; but assured me if I did not give her good satisfaction, I should see her no more.

"We arrived at the lake ; and going to my wet-dock, Now, madam, pray satisfy yourself whether I spoke true or no. She looked at my boat, but could not yet frame a proper notion of it, till I stepped into it, and pushing from the shore, took the oars in my hand and sailed along the lake by her as she walked on the shore. At last she seemed so well reconciled to me and my boat, that she desired I would take her in. I immediately did so, and we sailed a good way ; and as we returned to my dock I described to her how I procured the water we drank, and brought it to the shore in that vessel.

"Well, said she, I have sailed, as you call it, many a mile in my life-time, but never in such a thing as this. I own it will serve where one has a great many things to carry from place to place ; but to be labouring thus, when one intends pleasure in sailing, is in my mind most ridiculous. Why, pray, madam, how would you have me sail ? for getting into the boat only will not carry us this way or that, without using some force. But pray where did you get this boat, as you call it ? O, madam ! I answered, that is too long a story to begin upon now ; but I will make a faithful relation of all to you, when we get home.

"I now perceived, and wondered at it, that the later it grew, the more agreeable it seemed to her ; \* and as I had now brought her into a good humour again by seeing and sailing in my boat, I was not willing to prevent its increase. I told her if she pleased we would land, and when I had docked my boat, I would accompany her where and as long as she liked. As we talked and walked by the lake, she made a little run before me, and sprung into it. Perceiving this, I cried out ; whereupon she merrily called on me to follow her. The light was then so dim, as prevented my having more than a confused sight of her when she jumped in ; and looking earnestly after her, I could discern nothing more than a small boat on the water which skimmed along at so great a rate that I almost lost sight of it presently ; but running along the shore for fear of losing her, I met her gravely walking to meet me ; and then had entirely lost sight of the boat upon the lake. This, accosting me with a smile, is my way of sailing, which I perceive by the fright you were in, you were altogether unacquainted with ; and as you tell me you came from so many thousand miles off, it is possible you may be made differently from me ; and I suspect from all your discourse, to which I have been very attentive, it is possible you may no more be able to fly, than to sail as I do. No, charming creature, that I cannot, I'll assure you. She then stepped to the edge of the lake, for the advantage of a descent before, sprung up into the air, and away she went, farther than my eyes could follow her.

"I was quite astonished ; but I had very little

\* Peter subsequently learns that in the regions of the Flying People, it is always twilight ; which makes them tender-eyed in places where the day is brighter.

time for reflection ; for in a few minutes after, she alighted just by me on her feet.

"Her return, as she plainly saw, filled me with a transport not to be concealed ; and which as she afterwards told me was very agreeable to her. Indeed I was some moments in such an agitation of mind from these unparalleled incidents, that I was like one thunderstruck ; but coming presently to myself, and clasping her in my arms with as much love and passion as I was capable of expressing, Are you returned again, kind angel, said I, to bless a wretch who can only be happy in adoring you ! Can it be, that you, who have so many advantages over me, should quit all the pleasures that nature has formed you for, and all your friends and relations, to take an asylum in my arms ! But I here make you a tender of all I am able to bestow—my love and constancy. Come, come, replied she, no more raptures ; I find you are a worthier man than I thought I had reason to take you for ; and I beg your pardon for my distrust, whilst I was ignorant of your imperfections ; but now I verily believe all you have said is true ; and I promise you, as you have seemed so much to delight in me, I will never quit you, till death or some other fatal accident shall part us. But we will now, if you please, go home ; for I know you have been for some time uneasy in this gloom, though agreeable to me : for, giving my eyes the pleasure of looking eagerly on you, it conceals my blushes from your sight.

"In this manner, exchanging mutual endearments and soft speeches, hand in hand we arrived at the grotto."

The author here proceeds to give an account of his nuptials, which, though given in the very best taste of the time, and evincing great purity as well as pleasurable of nature, is better left in its place, than brought forward out of the circumstances which invest it.

But are not such of our readers, as did not know her before, glad of their new acquaintance ?

## XXXII.—ENGLISH AND FRENCH FEMALES.

### THEIR COSTUMES AND BEARING.

THE writer of the following letter is very unmerciful on the ribands, plumes, and other enormities of the present mode of dress, and having torn these to pieces, proceeds to rend away veils and gowns, and fall plumb down upon the pretty feet of the wearers, and their mode of walking : but when our fair readers see what he says of their faces, and call to mind how Momus found fault with the steps of Venus herself, we trust they will forgive his fury for the sake of his love, and consider whether so fond an indignation does not contain something worth their reflection.

## FRENCH LADIES VERSUS ENGLISH.

To the Editor.

SIR,

It is Mrs. Gore, I think, in one of her late novels, who says, that ninety-nine English women out of a hundred, dress infinitely worse than as many French; but that the *hundredth* dresses with a neatness, elegance, and propriety, which is not to be paralleled on the other side of the channel. On my relating this to a fair relation of of mine, she replied, "Very true,—only I never saw *that hundredth*."—Nor has any one else. Without exception, the English women wear the prettiest faces and the ugliest dresses of any in the known world. A Hottentot hangs her sheep-skin *caross* on her shoulders with more effect,—and it is from what I see every day of my life that I come to this conclusion.

I was the other day at a large shop at the west end of the town, where, if any where, we may expect to meet with favourable specimens of our countrywomen. Not a bit of it. There were a couple of French ladies there dressed smartly and tidily, one in blue and the other in rose-coloured silk, with snug little *scutty* bonnets guiltless of tawdry ribbons or dingy plumes; and great was their astonishment at beholding the nondescript figures which ever and anon passed by. First came gliding out of her carriage, with a languishing air, a young Miss all ringlets down to the knees—feathers drooping on one side of her bonnet, flowers on the other, and an immense Brussels veil (or some such trash) hanging behind; her gown pinned to her back like rags on a Guy Fawkes; a large warming-pan of a watch, secured round her neck by as many chains, gold, silver, and pinchbeck, as an Italian brigand;—with divers other articles, as handkerchiefs, boas, &c., which however costly and beautiful individually, formed all together an unbecoming and cook-maidish whole. Then came the two old ladies—but I give *them* up, as too far gone in their evil ways of dressing to hope for amelioration. *Ditto* for the widows in their hideous black bonnets, with a foot and a half of black crape tacked to each side like wings to a paper kite—the horned caps of Edward the Confessor are nothing to them. The French damsels alluded to above, eyed one or two of these *machines* (they can go by no other name) with considerable attention, as if doubting the sanity of the wearer.

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead,"

says Pope's Narcissa. I might address a similar question to English widows—

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one *mourns*."

I looked from one end to the other of the crowded shop, in hopes of finding some happy lady to retrieve the honour of her country—but in vain. All wore the same ugly garment more akin to a night-shift than a gown; the same warming-pan watch and chains; the same fly-flapping bonnet with bunches of ugly ribands. Altogether they formed an awkward contrast to the "tight, reg'lar-built French craft," as Mathews's Tom Piper calls them. This time, however, it was the English who were "rigged so rum."

And then their walk! Oh *quondam* Indicator! *quondam* Tatler! *quondam* and present lover of all that is good and graceful! could you not "indicate" to our English ladies the way to walk? In what absurd book was it that I read the other day that French women walk ill, because, from the want of *trottoirs* in France, they get a habit of "picking" with one foot, which gave a jerking air to the gait. The aristocratic noodle! whose female relations shuffle about on smooth pavements, till they forget how to walk at all! I would not have them cross my grass-plot for the world. They would decapitate the very daisies. How infinitely superior is the Frenchwoman's brisk springy step (albeit caused by a most plebeian and un-English want of causeways), to the languid sauntering gait of most English dames! Nature teaches the one—the drill-sergeant can do nothing with the other. I wonder how they walked in the days of Charles II. Surely Nell Gwynne and my Lady Castlemaine walked well—and if they did, they walked differently from what they do *now*.

I hope that some good creature like the London Journalist, who believes in the *improveability* of all things, will take up this subject. A word from *him* would set English ladies upon trying, at least, to improve both in dressing and walking. There are models enough—look at the French, the Spanish, the Italians. They have not better opportunities for dressing well than we, and yet they beat us hollow. Why can't we have a *basquina* or *mantilla*, as well as any one else? Let us endeavour.

Above all, let no one suppose that the writer of these desultory remarks is in the least deficient in love and duty to his fair countrywomen. If he offends any of them, they must imagine that it has been caused by excess of zeal for their interests. Bless their bonnie faces! if we could screw English heads on French figures, what women there would be—surely!

AN OLD CRONY.

July 7th, 1834.

To enter properly into this subject, however trifling it may appear (as indeed is the case with almost every subject so called), would be to open a wide field of investigation into morals, laws, climates, &c. Perhaps climate alone, by reason of the variety of habits it generates in consequence of its various heats, colds, and other influences, will ever prevent an entire similarity of manners, whatever may be the approximation of opinion; but taking for granted, as is not unreasonable, that the progress of knowledge and intercourse will not be without its effect in bringing the customs of civilised countries nearer to one another, and that each will be for availing itself of what is best and pleasantest amongst its neighbours, it becomes worth anybody's while to consider, in what respect it is advisable or otherwise to modify the behaviour or manners accordingly. We can say little, from personal experience, how the case may be in the present instance with regard to French manners. We



have a great opinion of Mrs. Gore, both as a general observer, and one that particularly understands what is charming in her own sex. On the other hand, from books, and from a readiness to be pleased with those who wish to please, and even from merely having passed through France in our way from another country, we have got a strong impression, that the "hundredth" Frenchwoman, as well as the hundredth Englishwoman, nay, the hundredth Italian, that is to say, the one that carries the requisite graces, the *beau idéal*, of any country to its height, is likely to be so charming a person, in dress and everything else, to her own countrymen, that what Mrs. Gore says of the perfectly dressing Englishwoman, is precisely the same thing that would be said of the perfectly dressing Frenchwoman by the French, and of her Italian counterpart by the Italians. It is impossible, unless we are half-foreigners, or unless our own nation is altogether of an inferior grade (and then perhaps our prejudices and irritation would render it equally so) to get rid of some one point of national preference in forming judgments of this kind. Our friend the Old Crony, we see, for all his connoisseurship and crony-ism, his regard for a certain piquancy of perfection in the French dress and walk, and his wish that his fair countrywomen would "take steps" after their fashion, cannot get rid of the preference in which he was brought up for the beauty of the English countenance. We have a similar feeling in favour even of a certain subjected manner, a bending gentleness, (how shall we term it?) in the bearing of the sweetest of our countrywomen, not exactly connected with decision of step, nor perhaps with variety of harmony: for all pleasures run into one another, if they are of a right sort, and the ground of them true. Look at the paintings of the French, and you will find, in like manner, that their ideal of a face, let them try to universalise it as they can, is a French one; and so it is with the Spanish and Italian paintings, and with the Greek statues. The merry African girls shriek with horror when they first look upon a white traveller. Their notion of a beautiful complexion is a skin shining like Warren's blacking.

It is proper to understand, in any question, great or small, the premises from which we set out, the point which is required. In the dress and walk of females, as in all other matters in which they are concerned, the point of perfection, we conceive, is that which shall give us the best possible idea of perfect womanhood. We are not to consider the dress by itself, nor the walk by itself, but as the dress and the walk of the best and pleasantest woman, and how far therefore it does her justice. This produces the consideration of what we look upon as a perfect female;

people will vary in their opinions on this head; and hence even so easy a looking question as the one before us, becomes invested with difficulties. The opinion will depend greatly on the temperament as well as the understanding of the judge. Our correspondent, for instance, is evidently a lively fellow, old or young, and given a good deal rather to the material than to the spiritual; and hence his notion of perfection tends towards a union of the trim and the lively, the impulsive, and yet withal to the self-possessed. He is one, we conceive, who would "have no nonsense," as the phrase is, in his opinion of the possible or desirable; and who is in no danger of the perils, either of sentimentality or sentiment; either of an affected refinement of feeling or any very serious demand of any sort. He is not for bringing into the walks of publicity, male or female, the notions of sequestered imaginations, nor to have women glancing and bashful like fawns. He is for having all things tight and convenient as a dressing-case; "neat as imported;" polished, piquant, well packed, and with no more flowers upon it than serve to give a hint of the smart pungency within, like a bottle of attar of roses, or fleur-d'épine. We do not quarrel with him. *Chacun à son goût*. Every man to his taste. Nay, his taste is our own, as far as concerns the improvement of female manners in ordinary. We do think that the general style of female English dressing and walking would be benefited by an inoculation of that which we conceive him to recommend. We have no predilection in favour of shuffling, and shouldering, and lounging, of a mere moving onwards of the feet, and an absence of all grace and self-possession. We can easily believe, that the French women surpass the English in this respect, because their climate is livelier, and themselves better taught and respected. People may start at that last word, but there is no doubt that the general run of French females are better taught, and therefore more respected, than the same number of English. They read more, they converse more, they are on more equal terms with the other sex (as they ought to be,) and hence the other sex have more value for their opinions, ay, and for their persons; for the more sensible a woman is, supposing her not to be masculine, the more attractive she is, in her proportionate power to entertain. But whether it is that we are English, or fonder of poetry in its higher sense than of *vers de société* or the poetry of polite life, we cannot help feeling a prejudice in favour of Mrs. Gore's notion about the "hundredth" Englishwoman; though perhaps the "hundredth" Frenchwoman, if we could see her, or the hundredth Italian or Spanish woman, would surpass all others, by dint of combining the sort of *private* manner which we

have in our eye, with some exquisite implication of a fitness for general intercourse, which we have never yet met with.

Meantime, we repeat, that we give up to our correspondent's vituperations the gait of English females in general, and their dress also; though it is a little hard in him to praise the smallness of the French bonnet at the expense of the largeness of the English, when it is recollected that the latter are copied from France, and that our fair countrywomen were ridiculed on their first visit there after the war, for the very reverse appearance. But it is to the spirit of our mode of dressing and walking that we object; and both are unfit either for the private or public "walk" of life, because both are alike untaught and unpleasing, — alike indicative of minds not properly cultivated, and of habitual feelings that do not care to be agreeable. The walk is a saunter or shuffle, and the dress a lump. Or if not a lump throughout, it is a lump at both ends, with a horrible pinch in the middle. A tight-laced Englishwoman is thus, from head to foot, a most painful sight; her best notion of being charming is confined to three inches of ill-used ribs and liver; while her head is either grossly ignorant of the harm she is doing herself, or her heart more deplorably careless of the consequences to her offspring.

Are we of opinion then, that the dress and walk of Englishwomen would be bettered, generally speaking, by taking the advice of our correspondent? Most certainly we are; and for this reason; that there is *some* sense of grace, at all events, in the attire and bearing of the females of the Continent; some evidence of mind, and some testimony to the proper claims of the person; whereas, the only idea in the heads of the majority with us is that of being in fashion merely because it is the fashion, or of dressing in a manner to show how much they can *afford*. This is partly owing, no doubt, to our being a commercial people, and also to the struggles which everybody has been making for the last forty years to seem richer than they are, some for the sake of concealing how they have decreased in means, and others to show how they have risen; but a nation may be commercial, and yet have a true taste. The Florentines had it, when they were at once the leaders of trade and of the fine arts, in the time of Lorenzo de Medici. It is to our fine arts and our increasing knowledge that we ourselves must look to improvement even in dress, in default of being impelled to it by greater liveliness of spirit, or a more convenient climate. We shall then learn to oppose even the climate better, and to furnish it with the grace and colour which it wants. In France, the better temperature of the atmosphere, as well as intellectual and moral causes, impels people to a livelier and happier way of walking.

They have no reason to look as if they were uncomfortable. In the south of Europe, where everything respires animal sensibility, and love and music divide the time with business, the most unaffected people acquire an apparent consciousness and spring in the gait, which in England would be thought ostentatious. It gave no such idea to the severe and simple Dante, when (in the poetical spirit of the image, and not of course in the letter,) he praised his mistress for moving along like "a peacock," and a "crane."

*Soave a guisa va di un bel pavone,  
Diritta sopra se come una gru.*

Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; strait  
Above herself, like to the lady crane.

Petrarch, speaking of Laura, does not venture upon these primeval images; but still he shows how much he thought of the beauty of a woman's steps! Laura too was a Frenchwoman, not an Italian, and probably had a different kind of walk. Petrarch expresses the moral graces of it.

*Non era l'andar suo cosa mortale,  
Ma d'angelica forma.*

Her walk was like no mortal thing, but shaped  
After an angel's.

In English poetry the lover speaks with the usual enthusiasm of his mistress's eyes and lips, &c., but he scarcely ever mentions her walk. The fact is remarkable, and the reason too obvious. The walk is not worth mention. Italian and (we believe) Spanish poetry abound with the reverse. Milton, deeply imbued with the Italian, as well as with his own perceptions of beauty as a great poet, did not forget, in his description of Eve, to say, that

*Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.*

This moving and gesticulating beauty was not English; at least she is not the Englishwoman of our days. Mrs. Hutchinson perhaps might have been such a woman; or the ladies of the Bridgewater family, for whom he wrote his *Comus*. In Virgil, Æneas is not aware that his mother Venus has been speaking with him in the guise of a wood-nymph, till she begins to move away: the "divinity" then became apparent.

*Et vera incessu patuit dea,*

And by her walk the Queen of Love is known,  
DRYDEN.

The women of Spain, and Spanish America, are celebrated throughout the world for the elegance of their walking, and for the way in which they carry their veil or *mantilla*, as alluded to by our correspondent. Knowing it only from books, we cannot say precisely in what the beauty of their walk consists; but we take it to be something between stateliness



and vivacity, — between a consciousness of being admired, and that grace which is natural to any human being who is well made, till art or diffidence spoils it. It is the perfection, we doubt not, of animal elegance. We have an English doubt, whether we should not require an addition or modification of something, not indeed diffident, but perhaps not quite so confident,—something which to the perfection of animal elegance, should add that of intellectual and moral refinement, and a security from the chances of coarseness and violence. But *all* these are matters of breeding and bringing up,—ay, of “birth, parentage, and education,” and we should be grateful when we can get any one of them. Better have even a good walk than nothing, for there is some refinement in it, and moral refinement too, though we may not always think the epithet very applicable to the possessor. Good walking and good dressing, truly so called, are alike valuable, only inasmuch as they afford some external evidence, however slight, of a disposition to orderliness and harmony in the mind within,—of shapeliness and grace in the habitual movements of the soul.

### XXXIII.—ENGLISH MALE COSTUME.—

SUGGESTED BY MR. PLANCHÉ'S BOOK ON COSTUME.

MR. PLANCHÉ'S book, besides being sensibly and amusingly written, in a clear, unaffected style, contains more than would be expected from its title. It narrates the military as well as civil history of British costume, giving us not only the softer vicissitudes of silks and satins, but ringing the changes of helms, hauberks, and swords, from the earliest period of the use of armour till the latest; and it will set the public right, for the first time, upon some hitherto mistaken points of character and manners. We have been surprised, for instance, to learn, that our “naked ancestors,” (as we supposed them), the ancient Britons, were naked only when they went to battle; and it turns out, that Richard the Third, instead of being one who thought himself

“Not made to court an amorous looking-glass.”—

was a dandy in his dress, and as particular about his wardrobe and coronation-gear as George the Fourth. This trait in his character is confirmative, we think, of the traditions respecting his deformity—men who are under that disadvantage being remarkable either for a certain nicety and superiority of taste, moral and personal, if their dispositions are good, or for all sorts of mistakes the other way, under the reverse predicament. Two persons of the greatest natural refinement we ever met with, have had a crook in the shoulder. Richard was

a usurper, a man of craft and violence; and his jealousy of the respect of his fellow-men took the unhappier and more glaring turn. He thought to overcome them with his fine clothes and colours, as he had done with his tyranny. Richard partook, it seems, of the effeminate voluptuousness of his brother Edward the Fourth, as Edward partook of Richard's cruelty.

Mr. Planché is of opinion, that “the most elegant and picturesque costume ever worn in England,” was that of the reign of Charles the First, commonly called the Vandyke dress, from its frequency in the portraits of that artist. The dresses of few periods, we think, surpass those of the Anglo-Saxon times, and of some of the Norman. (See the engravings in the book at pages 22, 103, 121, and 127.) Some of the Anglo-Saxon ladies were dressed with almost as elegant a simplicity as the Greeks. But whatever Mr. Planché may think of the extreme gallantry and picturesqueness of the Vandyke dress, with its large hat and feathers, its cloak and rapier, and its long breeches meeting the tops of the wide boots, its superiority may surely be at least contested by the jewelled and plumed caps, the long locks, the vests, mantles, and hose of the reign of Henry the Seventh; especially if we recollect that they had the broad hats and feathers too, when they chose to wear them, and that they had *not* the “peaked” beard, nor a steeple crown to the hat. (See the figures at pages 220 and 222; and imagine them put into as gallant bearing, as those in the pictures of Vandyke. See also the portrait of Henry himself, at the beginning of the volume; and the cap, cloak, and vest of the Earl of Surrey, the poet, in the Holbein portrait of him in Lodge's Illustrations.)

It is a curious fact, that good taste in costume has by no means been in proportion to an age's refinement in other respects. Mere utility is a better teacher than mere will and power; and fashions in dress have generally been regulated by those who had power, and nothing else. Shakspeare's age was that of ruffs and puffs; Pope's that of the most execrable of all coats, cocked hats, and waistcoats; lumpish, formal, and useless; a miserable affectation of ease with the most ridiculous buckram. And yet the costume of part of George the Third's reign was perhaps worse, for it had not even the garnish; it was the extreme of mechanical dullness; and the women had preposterous tresses of curls and pomatum on their head, by way of setting off the extremity of dull plainness with that of dull caprice. For the hoop, possibly, something may be said, not as a dress, not as an investment, but as an inclosure. It did not seem so much to disfigure, as to contain, the wearer,—to be not a dress, but a gliding shell. The dancers at Otaheite, in the pictures to

Captain Cook's voyages, have some such Lower Houses ; and look well in them for the same reason. The body issued from the hoop, as out of a sea of flounce and furbelow. It was the next thing to a nymph half hidden in water. The arm and fan reposed upon it, as upon a cloud or a moving sphere, the fair angel looking serene and superior above it. Thus much we would say in defence of the hoop, properly so called, when it was in its perfection, large and circular, and to be approached like a "hedge of divinity," or the walls of Troy,—

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious *petticoat* ;

not for those mashed and minor shapes of the phenomenon, which degenerated into mere appendages, panniers, or side lumps, and reminded you of nothing but their deformity. But it was always a thing fantastic, and fit only for court and ceremony.

Mr. Planché justly cautions one generation against laughing at the fashions of another. He advises such ladies as would "scream" at the dresses of the fourteenth or even eighteenth century, to look into a fashionable pocket-book or magazine for the year 1815 or 20, and then candidly compare notes. Appendages or inclosures are one thing ; positive clinging disfigurements another. The ugliest female dress, in our opinion, without exception, was that which we conceive Mr. Planché to allude to, and which confounded all ages and shapes by girdling the gown under the armpits, and sticking a little pad at the back, almost between the shoulders ! It reduced all figures to lumps of absurdity. No well-shaped woman, we may be sure, invented it. A history of the real origin of many fashions would be a curious document. We should find infirmity and unsightliness cheating youth and beauty into an imitation of them, and beaux and belles piquing themselves on resembling the worst points about their cunning elders.

As long as a man wears the modern coat, he has no right to despise any dress. What a thing it is, though so often taken for something "exquisite !" What a horse-collar for a collar ! What snips at the collar and lapells ! What a mechanical and ridiculous cut about the flaps ! What buttons in front that are never meant to button, and yet are no ornament ! And what an exquisitely absurd pair of buttons at the back ! gravely regarded nevertheless, and thought as indispensably necessary to every well-conditioned coat, as other bits of metal or bone are to the bodies of savages whom we laugh at. There is absolutely not one iota of sense, grace, or even economy, in the modern coat. It is an article as costly as it is ugly, and as ugly as it is useless. In winter it is not enough, and in hot weather it is too much. It is the tailors'

remnant and cabbaging of the coats formerly in use, and deserves only to be chucked back to them as an imposition in the bill. It is the old or frock coat cut away in front and at the sides, mounted with a horse-collar, and left with a ridiculous tail. The waistcoat or vest, elongated, and with the addition of sleeves, might supersede it at once, and be quite sufficient in warm weather. A vest reaching to the mid-thigh is a graceful and reasonable habit, and with the addition of a scarf or sash, would make as handsome, or even brilliant a one, as anybody could desire. In winter-time, the same cloaks would do for it, as are used now ; and there might be lighter cloaks for summer. But the coat, as it now exists, is a mere nuisance and expense, and disgraces every other part of the dress, except the neck-cloth. Even the hat is too good for it ; for a hat is good for something, though there is more chimney-top than beauty in it. It furnishes shade to the eyes, and has not always an ill look, if well-proportioned. The coat is a sheer piece of mechanical ugliness. The frock-coat is another matter, except as to the collar, which, in its present rolled or bolstered shape, is always ugly. As to the great-coat, it makes a man look either like a man in a sack, or a shorn bear. It is cloth upon cloth, clumsiness made clumsier, sometimes thrice over,—cloth waistcoat, cloth coat, cloth great-coat,—a "three-piled hyperbole." It is only proper for travellers, coachmen, and others who require to have no drapery in the way. A cloak is the only handsome over-all.

The neck-cloth is worthy of the coat. What a heaping of monstrosity on monstrosity ! The woollen horse collar is bad enough ; yet, as if this were not sufficient, a linen one must be superadded. Men must look as if they were twice seized with symbols of apoplexy,—the horse-collar to shorten the neck, and the linen-collar to squeeze it. Some man with a desperately bad throat must have invented the neck-cloth, especially as it had a *padding*, or *pudding* in it, when it first came up. His neck could not have been fit to be seen. It must have been like a pole, or a withered stalk ; or else he was some faded fat dandy, ashamed of his double chin. There can be no objection to people's looking as well as they can contrive, young or old ; but it is a little too much to set a fashion, which besides being deformed, is injurious. The man was excusable, because he knew no better ; but it is no wonder if painters, and poets, and young Germans, and other romantic personages, have attempted to throw off the nuisance, especially such as have lived in the south. The neck-cloth is ugly, is useless, is dangerous to some, and begets effeminate fear of colds with all. The English, in consequence of their living more in-doors than they used, fancy they have too many reasons for muffling themselves up,—not aware



that the more they do so, the more they subject themselves to what they dread; and that it is by a general sense of warmth in the person they are to be made comfortable and secure, and not by filling up every creek and cranny of their dress to the very chin.

But some may tell us they cannot feel that general warmth, without thus muffling themselves up. True, if they accustom themselves to it; but it is the custom itself which is in fault. They can have the warmth without it, if they please; just as well as they can without muffling up their eyes. "How can you go with your body naked?" said a not very wise person to an Indian. "How can you go with your face naked?" said the Indian. "I am used to it," replied the man. "Well, and I am used to the other," rejoined the Indian; "I am *all face*." Now it will not exactly do to be "all face," in a civilised country; the police would object;—Piccadilly is not Paradise. But then it is not necessary to be all muffle.

The ladies in the reign of Edward I. once took to wearing a cloth round their throats and ears, in a way which made a poet exclaim, "*Par Dieu! I have often thought in my heart, when I have seen a lady so closely tied up, that her neck-cloth was nailed to her chin.*" There is a figure of her in Mr. Planché's book, p. 115. Now this was the precise appearance of a neck-cloth some years back, when it was worn with a pad or stiffener, and the point of the chin reposed in it: nay, it is so at present, with many. The stock looks even more stiff and apoplectic, especially if there is a red face above it. When dandies faint, the neck-cloth is always the first thing loosed, as the stays are with a lady.

By the way, the dandies wear stays too! We have some regard for these gentlemen, because they have reckoned great names among them in times of old, and have some very clever and amiable ones now, and manly withal too. They may err, we grant, from an excess of sympathy with what is admired, as well as from mere folly or effeminacy. But whatever approximates a man's shape to a woman's is a deformity. We have seen some of them with hips, upon which they should have gone carrying pails, and cried "milk!" And who was it that clapped those monstrous protuberances upon the bosoms of our brave life-guards? No masculine dandy we may be sure. A man's breast should look as if it would take a hundred blows upon it, like a glorious anvil; and not be deformed with a frightened wadding; still less resemble the bosom that tenderness peculiarly encircles, and that is so beautiful because it is so different from his own.

#### XXXIV.—ENGLISH WOMEN VINDICATED.

SLENDER, complaining of the masquerade trick that had been put on him at the close of the comedy, says that he had "married Anne Page" and "she was a great lubberly boy." Far better were a surprise of the reverse order, which should betray itself in some tone of voice, or sentiment, or other unlooked for emanation of womanhood, while we were thinking ourselves quietly receiving the visit of lubberly himself, or rather some ingenious cousin of his; and of some such pleasure we have had a taste, if not in the shape of any Viola, or Julia, or other such flattering palpability, yet in that of a fair invisible; for we recollect well our Indicator friend "Old Boy," who sends us the following letter; but what if we have discovered meanwhile that "Old Boy" is no boy at all, nor man neither, but a pretty woman, and one that we think this a pretty occasion for unmasking; since in the hearts of the male sex, English women will find defenders enough; but few of themselves have the courage to come forward. Even our would-be "Old Boy" cannot do it but in disguise; which though a thing very well for her to assume, it is no less becoming in us, we think, on such an occasion, to take off, seeing that it gives the right touching effect to that pretty petulance in her letter, and that half-laughing tone of ill-treatment, which somehow has such a feminine breath in it, and must double the wish to be on her side.

Wonderful is the effect produced in a letter by the tone in which we read it or suppose it written, and by the knowledge of its being male or female. The one before us would be a good "defiance" to Old Crony, were its signature true; but to know that it is written by a woman, gives it a new interest, and quite another sort of music. Cannot we see the face glow, and the dimples playing with a frown; and hear the light, breathing voice bespeaking the question in its favour? Does it not make "Old Crony" himself glad to be "defied to the uttermost?"

*To the Editor.*

Dear old Friend with a new face,

Your correspondent "Old Crony," seems as deficient in temper as in judgment, in his *brusque* remarks upon the dress and gait of our fair countrywomen; nor can it be allowed him that he has chosen the best place to study the finest specimens of English women, either as regards refinement in dress or bearing. The women who most frequent bazaars and fashionable drapers' are generally the most vacant-minded and petty creatures in existence; who wander from one lounge to another, seeking to dispel the *ennui* which torments them, by any frivolous kill-time. I really loathe the sight of such places, and think

they have done much mischief among the idle and ignorant part of my countrywomen. But to return to the subject, I maintain, in opposition to "Old Crony," that in no other country can we see assembled together so much beauty and grace, good dressing and elegance of carriage, as in our fashionable promenades, our brilliant assemblies, and still more in those delightful *home parties*, where sprightliness and intelligence combine to give grace and fascination:—nothing parallel, I am sure, is to be found in the celebrated *Longchamps*, or the gardens of the Tuileries at Paris, or in the Gräben at Vienna, or "under the Lindens" of Berlin, or in any of the numerous public gardens on the Continent, wherever I have been; and I call upon all my brother and sister tourists to bear testimony with me on this mighty question; and furthermore, like a good and faithful champion in the cause of the fair dames and damsels of Old England, I do defy "Old Crony" to the uttermost, more especially for his inhuman wish of screwing English faces on to French figures, which would be a fearful "dove-tailing" of lovely faces upon parchment skeletons; seeing, that the generality of French females are terribly deficient in that plumpness and roundness, which are usually considered desirable in womanhood.

I agree with you, dear *Ci-devant* Indicator, that French women are generally more respected, and are on more equal terms with the male sex than our countrywomen; but I must differ as to their reading more, or being better informed. It is true that in society they will bear their part well in general or political conversation; but when alone with a Frenchwoman, she would be grievously offended if you chose any other subject than her own personal attractions, and did not conclude by making a tender "*declaration*." These are the eternal themes by which alone you can please the young and the old, the ugly and the pretty; and of this truth many will assure you, besides your old friend, admirer, and correspondent,

July the 23rd.

OLD BOY.

P.S.—In defending the dress of my countrywomen, I except the poorer and working orders. Every other nation has a peculiar and picturesque costume for theirs; ours is remarkable only for its sluttish, draggle-tailed appearance, at least in London: in country-places the peasant's dress is comfortable, if not very piquant.

We suspect that in this as in most controversies, there is less real difference of opinion between the fair and *unfair* parties, than might be thought. Our fair correspondent gives up the bazaar and shop-hunting people, and those too, whose dresses are of the "poorer sort;" and betwixt these classes, or rather including them, are to be found, we conceive, all the dresses and the walks, to which Old Crony would find himself objecting. The residue might prove its claims to a participation in the general refinement of Europe, without giving up a certain colouring of manners, as natural to it as the colour to its sky. And as to what is "delightful" and "fascinating," do not all people make that for themselves, more or less,

out of the amount of their own sympathy and imagination? and does not each nation, as we said before, think the *élite* of its own charmers the most charming? No parties are so delightful to our fair correspondent, as those in her own country. Is not this precisely what would be said by a cordial Frenchwoman, of French parties; by an Italian, of Italian; and so on? Custom itself is a good thing, if it is an innocent one. We feel easy in it as in a form and mould to which we have grown; but when, in addition to this easiness, we think of all the feelings with which we have coloured it, all the pleasure we have given and received, all our joys, sorrows, friendships, loves, and religions, we may conceive how difficult it is to give up the smallest and most superficial forms in which they appear, or to learn how to admit the superiority of anything which is foreign to them.

*Brusque* attacks—sharp and loud outcries—may sometimes be desirable in order to begot notice to a question; but undoubtedly, the way to persuade is to approve as much as one can; to maintain, by loving means, a loving attention. If we do not, we run a chance, instead of mending the mistakes of other people, of having our own cast in our teeth. See for instance what Old Crony has done for himself and his fair Frenchwomen with our correspondent, who does not deny perhaps that the French "middle classes" walk better "generally" speaking, than the English—at least we find this no where surely stated or implied—but she avails herself of his error in using the word "figures" instead of "carriage," to taunt him with the want of plumpness and womanhood in the composition of his favourites, and accuse the universal French femininity of being "parchment skeletons!" Here is the comparative French thinness, and want of red and white, made the very worst of, because its panegyrist made the worst of the appearance of the other parties. For as to his compliment to their handsome faces, this, it seems, is not enough in these intellectual days:

"Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and heaven!)  
The living fountain in itself contains  
Of beauteous and sublime!

There must be soul from head to foot—evidence of thorough gracefulness and understanding; otherwise the ladies will have none of his good word. Well: here is the principle admitted on both sides. Let those who wish to see it thoroughly in action, set lovingly about the task. The loving will soonest persuade, and soonest become perfect. Had old Crony, instead of expressing his "inhuman wish of screwing English faces on to French figures," observed, that the latter are better in spirit than in substance, and shown his anxiety to consult the feelings and enumerate the merits of his countrywomen, we suspect that nobody



would have been readier than his fair antagonist to do justice to what is attractive in her French sisterhood.

That there are, and have always been, numbers of beautiful women in France as well as in England, and beautiful in figure too, and plump withal, no Antigallican, the most pious that ever existed, could take upon him to deny; though the praise conveyed by their word *embonpoint* (in good case), which means "fleshy and fattish," (as the poet has it), would imply, that the beauty is not apt to be of that order. The country of Diana de Poitiers, of Agnes Sorel, and of all the charmers of the reigns of Valois and the Bourbons, is not likely to lose its reputation in a hurry for "beves of bright dames." Charming they were, that is certain, whether plump or not; at least in the eyes of the princes and wits that admired them; and French admiration must go for something, and have at least a geographical voice in the world, whatever Germany or Goethe himself may think of the matter. On the other hand, far are we from abusing all or any of the dear plump Germans who have had graceful and loving souls, whether fifteen, like poor Margaret, or "fat, fair, and forty," like Madame Schroeder-Devrient. We have been in love with them time out of mind, in the novels of the good village pastor, the reverend and most amatory Augustus La Fontaine. The Peninsular and South American ladies, albeit beautiful walkers, and well-grounded in shape, are understood not to abound in plump figures; yet who shall doubt the abundance of their fascinations, that has read what Cervantes and Camoens have said of them, and what is said of their eyes and gait by all enamoured travellers? Is not Dorothea for ever sitting by the brook-side, beautiful, and bathing her feet, in the pages of the immortal Spaniard? And was not Inez de Castro taken out of the tomb, in order to have her very coffin crowned with a diadem; so triumphant was the memory of her love and beauty over death itself? Italian beauties are almost another word for Italian paintings, and for the muses of Ariosto and of song. And yet, admiring all these as we do, are we for that reason traitors to the beauties of our own country? or do we not rather the more admire the charmers that are nearest to us, and that perpetuate the train of living images of grace and affection which runs through the whole existence of any loving observer, like a frieze across the temple of a cheerful religion?

And yet all this does not hinder us from wishing that the *generality* of our countrywomen walked better and dressed better, and even looked a little less reserved and misgiving. A Frenchman is not bound to wish the generality of his countrywomen plumper, because he admires them for other beauties,

or sees plumpness enough in his friends. A Spaniard may reasonably wish his a little more red and white, if it be only for the sake of their health; and if a jovial table-loving Viennese desired, after all, a little less plumpness in his adorable for the same reason (and in himself too), we should not quarrel with his theory, however it might object to his practice.

The *handsomest* female we ever beheld was at Turin; she was a maid-servant crossing a square. The most *ladylike*-looking female in *humble life* was a French girl, the daughter of a small innkeeper. We heard one of her humble admirers speak of her as having the air *d'une petite duchesse* (of a little duchess). But the most *charming face* that ever furnished us with a vision for life, (and we have seen many) was one that suddenly turned round in a concert-room in England,—an English girl's, radiant with truth and goodness. All expressions of that kind make us love them, and here was the height of material charmingness added. And we thought the figure equal to the face. We know not whether we could have loved it for ever, as some faces can be loved without being so perfect. Habit and loving-kindness, and the knowledge of the heart and soul, could alone determine that. But if not, it was the divinest imposition we ever met with.

#### XXXV.—SUNDAY IN LONDON. No. I.

It is astonishing what a deal of good stuff, of some sort or another, inherent or associated, there is in every possible thing that can be talked of; and how it will look forth out of the dullest windows of common-place, if sympathy do but knock at the door.

There is that house for instance, this very Sunday, No. 4, Ballycroft-row, in the Smithy; did you ever see such a house, so dull, so drearily insipid, so very rainy-bad-Sunday like? old, yet not so old as to be venerable; poor, yet not enough so to be pitied; the bricks black; the place no thoroughfare; no chance of a hackney-coach going by; the maid-servant has just left the window, yawning. But now, see who is turning the corner, and comes up the row. Some eminent man, perhaps? Not he. He is eminent for nothing, except, among his fellow-apprentices, for being the best hand among them at turning a button. But look how he eyes, all the way, the house we have been speaking of—see how he bounds up the steps—with what a face, now cast down the area, and now raised to the upper windows, he gives his humble yet impressive knock—and lo! *now* look at the maid-servant's face, as she darts her head out of the window, and instantly draws it back again, radiant with delight. It is Tom Hicks,

who has come up from Birmingham a week before she expected him. The door is opened almost as soon as the face is seen ; and now is there love and joy in that house, and consequently a grace in the street ; and it looks quite a different place, at least in the eyes of the loving and the wise.

This is our secret for making the dulllest street in the metropolis, nay the squalidest and worst, put forth some flower of pleasantness (for the seeds of good find strange corners to grow in, could people but cultivate them) : and if our secret is not productive to everybody, it is no fault of ours : nay, for that matter, it is none of theirs ; but we pity them, and have reason to think ourselves richer. We happened to be walking through some such forlorn-looking street with the late Mr. Hazlitt, when we told him we had a charm against the melancholy of such places ; and on his asking what it was, and being informed, he acknowledged, with a look between pleasure and sorrow, that it was a true one. The secret came home to him ; but he could have understood, though he had not felt it. Fancy two lovers, living in the same street, either of whom thinks it a delight to exist in the same spot, and is happy for the morning if one look is given through the window-pane. It puts your thoughts in possession of the highest and most celestial pleasure on earth. No "milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale" is necessary to it, though it is a very fitting accompaniment. The dulllest street, the dulllest room upon earth, is sufficient, and becomes a spot radiant beyond the dreams of princes. Think of George the Fourth in the midst of all the splendour of Windsor Castle, and then of this poor maid-servant, with her health, her youth, and her love, looking in the eyes of the man she is fond of, and hardly able to speak for gratitude and joy. We grant that there is no comparison, in one sense, between the two individuals,—the poor old King, with his efforts at being fine and happy, and the poor young girl, with her black worsted stockings and leaping bosom, as happy as her heart can make her. But the contrast may serve to remind us that we may attribute happiness wrongly in fine places, and miss it erroneously in common ones. Windsor Castle is sufficient beauty to itself, and has poetical memories ; but in the commonest street we see there may be the richest real joy\*.

Love is not peculiar to London on Sundays : they have it even in Edinburgh, notwithstanding what a fair charmer in 'Tait's Magazine' tells us, with such a staid countenance, of the beatitudes of self-reflection into which her countrymen retire on that day. Otherwise, out of love alone, we might render our dull-

looking metropolitan Sabbath the brightest day in the week. And so it is, and in Edinburgh too, and all the Sabbath-day world over ; for though, seriously speaking, we do not deny the existence of the tranquil and solitary contemplations just alluded to, yet assuredly they are as nothing compared to the thoughts connected with every-day matters ; and love, fortunately, is an every-day matter, as well as money. Our Sunday streets look dull enough, Heaven knows, especially in the more trading parts of the metropolis. At the west end of the town, in Marylebone, and the squares, it looks no duller than it does on other days ; and taking the spirit of the thing, there is no real Sunday among the rich. Their going to church is a lounge and a show ; their meals are the same as at other times ; their evenings the same ; there is no difference in the look of their houses outside. But in the city, the Strand, &c., the shutting-up of the shops gives an extreme aspect of dulness and melancholy to the streets. Those windows, full of gaiety, and colour, and bustle, being shut, the eyes of the houses seem put out. The clean clothes and comparatively staid demeanour of the passengers make no amends for the loss ; for with the exception of special friends and visitors, lovers in particular, it is well understood in London, that Sunday is really a dull day to most people. They have outlived the opinions which gave it an interest of a peculiar sort, and their notions of religion have become either too utilitarian or too cheerful to admire the old fashion of the day any longer. Rest, with insipidity, is its character in the morning, newspaper reading excepted : church is reckoned dull, perhaps attended out of mere habit "and for the sake of example," or avoided from day to day, till non-attendance becomes another habit : dinner under any circumstances is looked to with eagerness as the great relief ; the day then brightens up with the help of an extra dish, pudding, or friend ; and the visits of friends help to make the evening as lively as it well can be without the charm of business and money-taking. Should there be no visitors, the case is generally helpless. The man and wife yawn, or are quiet, or dispute ; a little bit of book is read, till the reader complains of "weak eyes," or says that it is unaccountable how sleepy reading makes him, considering he is so "fond" of it ; bibs are pulled up about the gentleman's chin, and gowns admired by their fair wearers ; and the patients lounge towards the window, to wonder whether it is fine, or is clearing up, or to look at the rain-drops, or see what Mrs. Smith is doing over the way. The young gentlemen or ladies look at the Bible, or the calendar, or the army-list, or the last magazine, or their trinkets, and wonder whether Richard will come ; and the little children are told not to sing.

\* There is now, thank God, love, as well as splendour, in Windsor Castle. One may fancy the graces of Mr. Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," realised there, without the troubles of it.



But the lovers !

These, however, we shall keep till the last, agreeably to the demands of climax.

But, stay a moment.—

So tender, or rather, according to Mr. Bentham's philosophy, so "extra-regarding prudent," and so "felicity-maximising," is our heart, that we fear we may have been thought a little hard, by those whom we have described as uniting a sleepiness over their books with a profession of astonishment at their tendency, considering they are "so fond of books." But mistake us not, dear non-readers who happen to be reading us, or who read a newspaper though you read little else. Nothing would we ever willingly say to the useless mortification of anybody, much less of those who love anything whatsoever, especially a newspaper ; and all the fault we find with you is, for thinking it necessary to vindicate your reputation for sense and sympathy on one particular score, when you might do it to better advantage by regretting the want of the very fondness you lay claim to. For in claiming to be fond of books, when you are not, you show yourselves unaware of the self-knowledge which books help us to obtain ; whereas, if you boldly and candidly expressed your regret at not being fond of them, you would show that you had an understanding so far superior to the very want of books, and far greater than that of the mechanical scholar, who knows the words in them, and nothing else. You would show that you knew what you wanted, and were aware of the pleasures that you missed : and perhaps it would turn out, on inquiry, that you had only been indifferent to books in the gross, because you had not met with the sort of reading suitable to your turn of mind. Now, we are not bound to like books unsuitable to us, any more than a poet is bound to like law-books, or a lawyer the study of Arabic, or a musician any books but his own feelings ; nor is any one, more than the musician, bound to like books at all, provided he loves the things which books teach us to love, and is for sowing harmony and advancement around him, in tones of good-humour and encouragement, to the kindly dance of our planet.

One of the pleasant sights on a Sunday morning in the metropolis—to us, of course, particularly so—but justly also to all well-disposed and thinking Christians—is the numerous shops exhibiting weekly papers for sale—the placards of our hebdomadal brethren, blue, yellow, and white, vociferous with large types, and calling the passenger's attention to Parliamentary investigations, monstrous convictions, horrible murders, noble philanthropies, and the humanities of books, theatres, and the fine arts. Justly did the divine heart, who suffered his disciples to pluck the ears of corn, and would have the sheep extricated

from the ditch on a Sabbath, refuse to disconnect the day of worship with works of necessity and mercy ; and what so necessary for the poor, the especial objects of his regard, as a knowledge of what can be done for them ? what so merciful as to help them to supply their wants both of body and mind ? Leaving this more serious part of the subject (which, however, is not inharmoniously mixed up with our lighter matter, for the greatest gravity and the most willing cheerfulness have but one object), we pass by the other open or peeping shops (such as the pastry-cooks' who keep up the supply of indigestion, and the apothecary's who is conveniently ready against the consequences), and stop a moment at our friend the barber's, who provides a newspaper for his waiting customers, as men of his trade formerly provided a lute or a guitar. The solace is not so elegant. There must have been something very peculiar, and superior to the occasion, in the sound of a guitar in a barber's shop—of "Beauty retire," gracefully played into the face of a long-visaged old gentleman under the soap-suds ; or,

" Since first I saw your face I resolved  
To honour and renown you ; "

or,

" In this pleasant place retired ; "

or,

" Come if you dare ; "

just as the operator's fingers were approaching the patient's nose. The newspaper, however, though not so choice, or furnishing opportunities to the poor polite to show the selectness and segregation of their accomplishments, shows a higher refinement on the part of the poor in general, or the many. But we must be moving onward.

There is the bell going for church. Forth come Mrs. and Miss A ; then the Mr. B's, in their new brown coats and staid gloves ; then Mr. Mrs. and the Miss C's, in a world of new bonnets and ribands. Oh, ho ! young Mr. D, from over the way, joins them, and is permitted to walk with Miss C by herself ; so the thing is certain. See ! she explains to him that she has forgotten her prayer-book—by accident ; and he joyfully shows her his own ; which means, that he means to read the Collect with her out of the same book ; which makes her blush and smile, and attempt to look gratefully indifferent, which is impossible ; so she does not much endeavour it, and they are both as happy as if the church were made of tarts and cheesecakes. We are passing the church now, so we see no more of them. But there is the beadle, in his laced hat, taking the apple from the charity boy, and looking very angry, for it is not a good one ; and there come the E's quarrelling up to the church-door about which walks the heaviest ; and F, making his sisters laugh beforehand,

at the way in which the clerk opens his mouth ; and G, who hates the parson ; and the parson, who hates G ; and H, I, J, K, and L, who are indifferent about the matter, and are thinking of their dinner, boots, neck-cloths, and next day ; and, not to go through the whole alphabet, here is M, dashing up in his carriage, which the coachman is to keep for him, till he has "walked humbly with his God," and is ready to strut forth again.

In childhood the church bells used to make us melancholy. They have not that effect now. The reason we take to be, that they sounded to us then from the remote regions of the whole world out of doors, and of all the untried hopes and fears and destinies which they contained. We have since known them more familiarly, and our regard is greater and even more serious, though mixed with cheerfulness, and is not at all melancholy, except when the bell tolls for a funeral ; which custom by the way is a nuisance, and ought to be abolished, if only out of consideration for the sick and sorrowful. One of the reasons why church bells have become cheerful to us, is the having been accustomed to hear them among the cheerful people of Tuscany. The Catholic countries' bells are ringing at all seasons, not always to the comfort of those who hear them ; but the custom has associated them in our minds with sunshine and good-nature. We also like them on account of their frequency in colleges. Finally, they remind us of weddings and other holidays ; and there is one particular little jingle in some of them, which brings to our memory the walking to church by the side of a parent, and is very dear to us.

### XXXVI.—SUNDAY IN LONDON.

No. II.

HARD is it, thou coming kindness, and hard, thou already-existing knowledge, and kindness too, of Christian philanthropists and philosophers, not to feel a wish to take the cane out of the hands of the beadle yonder, who is tyrannising over barrow-women and little boys, and lay it about his own hat. In the name of God, what sort of Christianity would the law have, if it is not to be Christian?—if it is not to prefer "spirit" to "letter?" There are some men, according to whose notions it would appear as if heaven itself ought to shut up shop on Sundays, and afford us no light and sunshine. We verily believe, that they think the angels go to church on that day, and put on clean wings, and that St. Paul preaches a sermon.

See now—here comes a little fellow whom they would suppress, clean as a pink, far happier than a prince, a sort of little angel himself, making allowance for the pug-nose ;

but innocence and happiness are in his face, and before him (not to speak it profanely) is the beatific vision of the piece of hot mutton, which he is carrying home from the baker's, and devouring with his eyes. He is an honest boy, for his mother has trusted him with carrying the meat and the baked potatoes ; and it is the only bit of meat which he or she, or his father, can get to eat all the week round ; and his little sisters are to have some of it, for they have all been good, and helped to earn it ; and so here is a whole, good, hard-working, honest family, whom the religious eaters of hot meat every day would prevent from having their bit on Sundays, because why? Because it would do the poor souls any harm? No ; but because it would do their rich dictators the harm of seeing their own pragmatistical will and pleasure opposed,—humours, the very result perhaps of their own stuffing and indigestion.

A Sunday evening in London, with its musical and other social meetings, such as cannot take place between men in business during the rest of the week, has parties enough to render it much livelier than it appears. But the lovers—the lovers are the thing. With them we begin, and with them we conclude ; for what so good to begin or to end with as love? We loved as early as we can recollect ; we love now ; and our death will be a loving one, let it be coloured otherwise as it may.

When we speak of lovers on a Sunday evening, we mean, of course, lovers who cannot well visit on any other day in the week ; and whose meetings, therefore, are rendered as intense as they can be by the infrequency. What signify the circumstances that may have hindered them? Let them be button-making, bread-making, or a clerkship, or servitude, or any other chance or condition of life, what care we, provided the love be genuine, and the pleasure truly felt? Burns was a ploughman, Allan Ramsay a hair-dresser, Gay at one time a mercer, Richardson a printer, Dodsley a *foot-man*. Do we suppose that the authors of "Sir Charles Grandison," "Black-Eyed Susan," and the finest love-songs in the world, did not make as cordial and exquisite lovers as the best-bred gentlemen about town? and that their mistresses and they did not worship each other with a vivacity and a passion infinite?

Our Sunday lover, then, is an apprentice or a clerk, and his mistress is a tradesman's daughter, and they meet only on Sundays and Sunday evenings, counting every minute till the time arrives, listening to every knock, trying to look calm when the other joins the family party ; for they seldom see one another alone, even then. But now they are at least in the same room, and happiness is with them. They see and hear each other ; they see the



little manœuvres to get a nearer seat; at length they sit close together. The parents are not displeased, and let things take their course. This is, perhaps, the happiest time of courtship—when lovers feel secure of one another's affections, and only have just sufficient doubt of other security to make everything seem dependent on themselves and the result of their own will and choice. By degrees, as the family divide in their talk, they are suffered to talk exclusively together. Every word is precious; every question the most indifferent has a meaning: it is sufficient for one to say "I like this," or "I like that," and the other thinks it a charming observation—a proof of fine sense, or feeling, or taste, or above all, of love; for the eyes or the quivering lips, or the panting bosom, speak with it; and the whole intercourse, whether speaking or silent, is one of intense acquiescence and delight. A gentleman comes up and gallantly addresses some smiling remark to the lady; the lover, if he is not quite sure of her *mind*, begins to be jealous. The gentleman moves off, and a remark at his expense prostrates the lover's soul with gratitude. The lady leaves the room to put a child to bed, or speak to a sister, or look after the supper, and darkness falls upon the place. She returns, and her footsteps, her face, her frock, her sweet countenance, is thrice blessed, and brings happiness back again. She resumes her chair, with a soft "thank ye" as he elaborately, and for no need whatsoever, puts it in its best position for being resumed; and never, he thinks, did soul, breath, and bosom, go so sweetly together as in the utterance of that simple phrase. For her part, she has, secretly, hardly any bounds to her gratitude; and it is lucky that they are both excellent good people, otherwise the very virtues of one or other of them might be their destruction. (Ah! they will think of this in aftertimes, and not look with severe countenances on the victims of the less honourable.) At length they sit looking over some pictures together, or a book, which they are as far from reading as if they did not see it. They turn over the leaves, however, with a charming hypocrisy, and even carry their eyes along the lines; their cheeks touch—his hand meets hers, by favour of the table-cloth or the handkerchief; its pressure is returned; you might hear their hearts beat, if you could listen.

Oh! welcome, war; welcome, sorrow; welcome, folly, mistake, perverseness, disease, death, disappointment, all the ills of life, and the astonishments of man's soul! Those moments, nay, the recollections of them, are worth the whole payment. Our children will love, as we have loved, and so cannot be wholly miserable. To love, even if not beloved, is to have the sweetest of faiths, and riches fineless, which nothing can take from us but our own

unworthiness. And once to have loved truly, is to know how to continue to love everything which unlovingness has not had a hand in altering—all beauties of nature and of mind, all truth of heart, all trees, flowers, skies, hopes, and good beliefs, all dear decays of person, fading towards a two-fold grave, all trusts in heaven, all faiths in the capabilities of loving man. Love is a perpetual proof that something good and earnest and eternal is meant us, such a bribe and foretaste of bliss being given us to keep us in the lists of time and progression: and when the world has realised what love urges it to obtain, perhaps death will cease; and all the souls which love has created, crowd back at its summons to inhabit their perfected world.

Truly we have finished our Sunday evening with a rapt and organ-like note. Let the reader fancy he has heard an organ indeed. Its voice is not unapt for the production of such thoughts, in those who can rightly listen to its consummate majesty and warbling modulations.

[Something yet remains to be said of "Sunday in the Suburbs."]

### XXXVII.—SUNDAY IN THE SUBURBS.

BEING MORE LAST WORDS ON 'SUNDAY IN LONDON:'  
WITH A DIGRESSION ON THE NAME OF SMITH.

IN writing our articles on this subject, we have been so taken up, first with the dull look of the Sunday streets, and afterwards with the lovers who make their walls lively on the hidden side, that we fairly overlooked a feature in our Metropolitan Sabbath, eminently sabbatical; to wit, the suburbs and their holiday-makers. What a thing to forget! What a thing to forget, even if it concerned only Smith in his new hat and boots! Why, he has been thinking of them all the week; and how could we, who sympathise with all the Smith-ism and boots in existence, forget them? The hatter did not bring home his hat till last night, the boot-maker his boots till this morning. How did not Smith (and he is a shrewd fellow too, and reads us) pounce upon the hat-box, undo its clinging pasteboard lid, whisk off the silver paper, delicately develop the dear beaver, and put it on before the glass! The truth must be owned:—he sate in it half supper-time. Never was such a neat fit. All Aldersgate, and the City-road, and the New-road, and Camden and Kentish towns, glided already before him, as he went along in it,—hatted in thought. He could have gone to sleep in it,—if it would not have spoiled his nap, and its own.

Then his boots!—Look at him.—There he goes—up Somers-town. Who would suspect, from the ease and superiority of his counte-

nance, that he had not had his boots above two hours,—that he had been a good fourth part of the time labouring and fetching the blood up in his face with pulling them on with his boot-hooks,—and that at this moment they horribly pinch him ! But he has a small foot—has Jack Smith ; and he would squeeze, jam, and damn it into a thimble, rather than acknowledge it to be a bit larger than it seems.

Do not think ill of him, especially you that are pinched a little less. Jack has sympathies ; and as long as the admiration of the community runs towards little feet and well-polished boots, he cannot dispense, in those quarters, with the esteem of his fellow-men. As the sympathies enlarge, Jack's boots will grow wider ; and we venture to prophesy, that at forty he will care little for little feet, and much for his corns and the public good. We are the more bold in this anticipation, from certain reminiscences we have of boots of our own. We shall not enter into details, for fear of compromising the dignity of literature ; but the good-natured may think of them what they please. *Non ignara mali* (said Dido), *miseris succurrere disco* : that is, having known what it was to wear shoes too small herself, she should never measure, for her part, the capabilities of a woman's head, by the pettiness of her slippers.

Napoleon was proud of a little foot ; and Cæsar, in his youth, was a dandy. So go on, Smith, and bear your tortures like a man ; especially towards one o'clock, when it will be hot and dusty.

Smith does not carry a cane with a twist at the top of it for a handle. That is for an inferior grade of holiday-maker, who pokes about the suburbs, gaping at the new buildings, or treats his fellow-servant to a trip to White Conduit-house, and an orange by the way—always too sour. Smith has a stick or a whanghee ; or, if he rides, a switch. He is not a good rider ; and we must say it is his own fault, for he rides only on Sundays, and will not scrape acquaintance with the ostler on other days of the week. You may know him on horseback by the brisk forlornness of his steed, the inclined plane of his body, the extreme outwardness or inwardness of his toes, and an expression of face betwixt ardour, fear, and indifference. He is the most without a footman of any man in the world ; that is to say, he has the most excessive desire to be taken for a man who ought to have one ; and, therefore, the space of road behind him pursues him, as it were, with the reproach of its emptiness.

A word, by the way, as to our use of the generic name 'Smith.' A Correspondent wrote to us the other day, intimating that it would be a good-natured thing if we refrained in future from designating classes of men by the name of 'Tomkins.' We know not whether he was

a Tomkins himself, or whether he only felt for some friend of that name, or for the whole body of the Tomkinses ; all we know is, that he has taken the word out of our mouth for ever. How many paragraphs he may have ruined by it, we cannot say ; but the truth is, he has us on our weak side. We can resist no appeal to our good-nature made by a good-natured man. Besides, we like him for the seriousness and good faith with which he took the matter to heart, and for the niceness of his sympathy. Adieu, then, name of Tomkins ! Jenkins also, for a like respectful reason, we shall abstain from in future. But let nobody interfere in behalf of Smith ; for Smith does not want it. Smith is too universal. Even a John Smith could not regard the use of his name as personal ; for John Smith, as far as his name is concerned, has no personality. He is a class, a huge body ; he has a good bit of the Directory to himself. You may see for pages together (if our memory does not deceive us) John Smith, John Smith, John Smith, or rather,

Smith, John,  
Smith, John,  
Smith, John,  
Smith, John,  
Smith, John,  
Smith, John,

and so on, with everlasting Smith-Johnism, like a set of palisades or iron rails ; almost as if you could make them clink as you go, with drawing something along them. The repetition is dazzling. The monotony bristles with sameness. It is a *chevaux-de-Smith*. John Smith in short, is so public and multitudinous a personage, that we do not hesitate to say we know an excellent individual of that name, whose regard we venture thus openly to boast of, without fearing to run any danger of offending his modesty : for nobody will know whom we mean. An Italian poet says he hates his name of John, because if anybody calls him by it in the street, twenty people look out of window. Now let anybody call "John Smith !" and half Holborn will cry out "Well ?"

As to other and famous Smiths, they are too strongly marked out by their fame, sometimes by their Christian names, and partly, indeed, by the uncommon lustre they attain through their very commonness, to make us at all squeamish in helping ourselves to their generic appellation at ordinary times. Who will ever think of confounding Smith, in the abstract, with Adam Smith, or Sir Sydney Smith, or the Reverend Sydney Smith, or James and Horace Smith, or Dr. Southwood Smith, or any other concretion of wit, bravery, or philosophy ?

By this time, following, as we talk, our friend Jack up the road, we arrive at the first suburb tea-gardens, which he, for his part, passes with disdain ; not our friend, John Smith, be it observed, for his philosophy is as universal as his



name ; but Jack Smith, our friend of the new hat and boots. And yet he will be a philosopher, too, by-and-by ; and his boots shall help him to philosophise ; but all in good time. Meanwhile, we who are old enough to consult our inclination in preference to our grandeur, turn into the tea-gardens, where there is no tea going forward, and not much garden, but worlds of beer, and tobacco-pipes, and alcoves ; and in a corner behind some palings there is (we fear) a sound of skittles. May no unchristian christian hear it, who is twirling his thumbs, or listening to the ring of his wine-glasses. How hot the people look ! how unpinned the goodly old dames ! how tired, yet untired, the children ! and how each alcove opens upon you as you pass, with its talk, smoke, beer, and bad paint ! Then what a feast to their eyes is the grass-plat ! Truly, without well knowing it, do they sit down almost as much to the enjoyment of that green table of Nature's in the midst of them, as to their tobacco and "half-and-half." It is something which they do not see all the rest of the week ; the first bit of grass, of any size, which they come to from home ; and here they stop and are content. For our parts, we wish they would go further, as Smith does, and get fairly out in the fields ; but they will do that, as they become freer, and wiser, and more comfortable, and learn to know and love what the wild-flowers have to say to them. At present how should they be able to hear those small angelic voices, when their ears are ringing with stock-ing-frames and crying children, and they are but too happy in their tired-heartedness to get to the first bit of holiday ground they can reach ?

We come away, and mingle with the crowds returning home, among whom we recognise our friend of the twisted cane, and his lass ; who looks the reddest, proudest, and most assured of maid-servants, and sometimes "snubs" him a little, out loud, to show her power ; though she loves every blink of his eye. Yonder is a multitude collected round a methodist preacher, whom they think far "behind his age," extremely ignorant of yesterday's unstamped, but "well-meaning," a "poor mistaken fellow, sir," and they will not have him hustled by the police. Lord X. should hear what they say. It might put an idea in his head.

The gas-lights begin to shine ; the tide of the crowd grows thinner ; chapel-windows are lit up ; maid-servants stand in door-ways ; married couples carry their children, or dispute about them ; and children, not carried, cry for spite, and jumble their souls out.

As for Smith, he is in some friend's room, very comfortable, with his brandy and water beside him, his coloured handkerchief on his knee, and his boots *intermittent*.\*

### XXXVIII. — A HUMAN BEING AND A CROWD.

THE reader will allow us to relate him an apologue.—A Seer of visions, walking out one evening, just before twilight, saw a being standing in a corner by the way-side, such as he never remembered to have seen before. It said nothing, and threatened him no harm : it seemed occupied with its own thoughts, looking in an earnest manner across the fields, where some children were playing ; and its aspect was inexpressibly affecting. Its eyes were very wonderful, a mixture of something that was at once substance and no substance, body and spirit ; and it seemed as if there would have been tears in them, but for a certain dry-looking heat, in which nevertheless was a still stranger mixture of indifference and patience, of hope and despair. Its hands, which it now and then lifted to its head, appeared to be two of the most wonderful instruments that were ever beheld. Its cheeks varied their size in a remarkable manner, being now sunken, now swollen, or apparently healthy, but always of a marvellous formation, and capable, it would seem, of great beauty, had the phenomenon been happy. The lips, in particular, expressed this capability ; and now and then the creature smiled at some thought that came over it ; and then it looked sorrowful, and then angry, and then patient again, and finally, it leaned against the tree near which it stood, with a gesture of great weariness, and heaved a sigh which went to the very heart of the beholder. The latter stood apart, screened from its sight, and looked towards it with a deep feeling of pity, reverence, and awe. At length the creature moved from its place, looked first at the fields, then at the setting sun, and after putting its hands together, in an attitude of prayer, and again looking at the fields and the children, drew down, as if from an unseen resting place, a huge burthen of some kind or other, which it received on its head and shoulders ; and so with a tranquil and noble gesture, more affecting than any symptom it had yet exhibited, went gliding onwards towards the sunset, at once bent with weakness, and magnificent for very power. The seer then, before it got out of sight, saw it turn round yearning towards the children ; but what was his surprise, when on turning its eyes upon himself, he recognised, for the first time, an exact counterpart of his own face ; in fact, himself looking at himself !

Yes, dear reader, the seer was the phenomenon and the phenomenon is a human being, *any care-worn man* ; you yourself, if you are such ; or the Seer of the other sights in this book ;—with this difference, however, as far as regards you and us ; that inasmuch as we are readers and writers of things hopeful, we are more hopeful people, and possess the twofold faith

\* Intermit—"To grow mild between the fits or paroxysms."—JOHNSON.

which the phenomenon seems to have thought a divided one, and not to be united; that is to say, we think hopefully of heaven and hopefully of earth; we behold the sunset shining towards the fields and the little children, in all the beauty of its double encouragement.

A human being, whatever his mistakes, whatever his cares, is, in the truest and most literal sense of the word, a respectable being (pray believe it);—nay, an awful, were he not also a loving being;—a mystery of wonderful frame, hope, and capacity, walking between heaven and earth. To look into his eyes is to see a soul. He is surely worth twice, thrice, and four times looking at and considering\*,—worth thinking what we can do for him, and he for us, and all for each other. Our general impressions of things (as the reader knows) are cheerful, and ready to receive abundance of pleasure. Our greatest sorrow, when we look abroad, is to think that mankind do not extract a millionth part of the pleasure they might, from the exceeding riches of Nature; and it is speedily swallowed up by a conviction, that Nature being so rich, and inciting them to find it out, find it out they will. But meanwhile, we look upon the careful faces we meet—upon the human phenomenon and his perplexities,—and as long as our sorrow lasts, an indescribable emotion siezes us, of pity and respect.

We feel a tenderness for every man when we consider that he has been an infant, and a respect for him when we see that he has had cares. And if such be the natural feelings of reflection towards individual faces, how much more so towards a multitude of them—towards an assemblage—a serious and anxious crowd!

We believe, that without any reference to politics whatsoever, no man of reflection or sensibility looked upon the great and moving mass and succession of human beings, which assembled a little while ago in London, without being consciously or unconsciously moved with emotions of this kind. How could they help it? A crowd is but the reduplication of ourselves,—of our own faces, fears, hopes, wants, and relations,—our own connexions of wives and children,—our own strengths, weaknesses, formidable power, pitiable tears. We may differ with it, we may be angry with it, fear it, think we scorn it; but we must scorn ourselves first, or have no feeling and imagination. All the hearts beating in those bosoms are palpitations of our own. We feel them somehow or other, and glow, or turn pale. We cannot behold ourselves in that shape of power or mighty want, and not feel that we are *men*.

We have only to fancy ourselves born in any particular class, and to have lived, loved, and suffered in it, in order to feel for the mis-

takes and circumstances of those who belong to it, even when they appear to sympathise least with ourselves: for *that* also is a part of what is to be pitied in them. The less they feel for us, the less is the taste of their own pleasures, and the less their security against a fall. Who that has any fancy of this kind, can help feeling for all those *aristocrats*, especially the young and innocent among them, that were brought to the scaffold during the French revolution? Who for all those *democrats*, not excepting the fiercest that were brought there also—some of whom surprised the bystanders with the tenderness of their domestic recollections, and the faltering ejaculations they made towards the wives and children they left behind them? Who does not feel for the mistaken popish conspirators, the appalling story of whose execution is told in one of Disraeli's books, with that godlike woman in it, who is never to be passed over when it is mentioned? Who does not feel for the massacres of St. Bartholomew, of Ireland, of Sicily, of any place; and the more because they are perpetrated by men upon their fellow-creatures, the victims and victim-makers of pitiable mistake? The world are finding out that mistake; and not again in a hurry, we trust, will anything like it be repeated among civilised people. All are learning to make allowance for one another: but we must not forget, among our lessons, that the greatest allowances are to be made for those who suffer the most. Also, the greatest number of reflections should be made for them.

Blessings on the progress of reflection and knowledge, which made that great meeting we speak of as quiet as it was! We have received many letters from friends and correspondents on the setting up of this paper for which we have reason to be grateful; but not one which has pleased us so much (nor, we are sure, with greater leave from the rest to be so pleased) than a communication from our old "Tatler" friend, S. W. H. in which he tells us that he saw a copy of it in the hands of "one of the sturdiest" of the trades' unions, who was "reading it as he marched along;" and who (adds our correspondent) "could hardly be thinking of burning down half London, even if the government did continue bent upon not receiving his petition."

May we ever be found in such hands on such occasions. It will do harm to nobody in the long-run; will prevent no final good; and assuredly encourage no injustice, final or intermediate. "To sympathise with all" is an old motto on our flag. None, therefore, can be omitted in our sympathy; and assuredly not those who compose the greatest part of all. If we did not feel for them as we do, we should not feel for their likenesses in more prosperous shapes.

We had thought of saying something upon

\* Respectable, *respectabilis* (Latin), worth again looking at.



crowds under other circumstances, such as crowds at theatres, and in churches, crowds at executions, crowds on holidays, &c.; but the interest of the immediate ground of our reflections has absorbed us. We will close this article however, with one of the most appalling descriptions of a crowd under circumstances of exasperation, that our memory refers us to. On sending for the book that contains it to the circulating library, (for though too like the truth, it is a work of fiction,) we find that it is not quite so well-written, or simple in its intensity, as our recollection had fancied it. Nothing had remained in our memory but the roar of the multitude, the violence of a moment, and a shapeless remnant of a body. But the passage is still very striking. Next to the gratification of finding ourselves read by the many, is the discovery that our paper finds its way into certain accomplished and truly gentlemanly hands, very fit to grapple, in the best and most kindly manner, with those many; and to these, an extract at this time of day, from Monk Lewis's novel, will have a private as well as public interest.

The author is speaking of an abbess, who has been guilty of the destruction of a nun under circumstances of great cruelty. An infuriated multitude destroy her, under circumstances of great cruelty on their own parts; and a lesson, we conceive, is here read, both to those who exasperate crowds of people, and to the crowds that, *almost before they are aware of it*, reduce a fellow-creature to a mass of unsightliness. For, though vengeance was here intended, and perhaps death (which is what we had not exactly supposed, from our recollection of the passage,) yet it is not certain that the writer wished us to understand as much, however violent the mob may have become by dint of finding they had gone so far; and what we wish to intimate is, that a human being may be seized by his angry fellow-creatures, and by dint of being pulled hither and thither, and struck at, even with no direct mortal intentions on their parts, be reduced in the course of a few frightful moments to a condition, which, in the present reflecting state of the community, would equally fill with remorse the parties that regarded it, *on either side*,—the one from not taking care to avoid giving offence, and the other from not considering how far their resentment of it might lead;—a mistake from which, thank Heaven, the good sense and precautions of both parties saved them on the occasion we allude to.

"St. Ursula's narrative," says Mr. Lewis, speaking of a nun who had taken part against the abbess, and who was relating her cruelty to the people, "created horror and surprise throughout; but when she related the inhuman murder of Agnes, the indignation of the mob was so audibly testified, that it was scarcely possible to hear the conclusion. This confusion increased with every moment. At length a multitude of voices exclaimed, that the prioress should be given up to their fury. To this Don Ramirez positively refused to consent. Even Lorenzo bade the people remember that she had undergone no trial, and advised them to leave her punishment to the Inquisition. All representations were fruitless; the disturbance grew still more violent, and the populace more exasperated. In vain did Ramirez attempt to convey his prisoner out of the throng. Wherever he turned, a band of rioters barred his passage, and demanded her being delivered over to them more loudly than before. Ramirez ordered his attendants to cut their way through the multitude. Oppressed by numbers, it was impossible for them to draw their swords. He threatened the mob with the vengeance of the Inquisition: but, in this moment of popular frenzy, even this dreadful name had lost its effect. Though regret for his sister made him look upon the prioress with abhorrence, Lorenzo could not help pitying a woman in a situation so terrible: but in spite of all his exertions and those of the duke, of don Ramirez and the archers, the people continued to press onwards. They forced a passage through the guards who protected their destined victim, dragged her from her shelter, and proceeded to take upon her a most summary and cruel vengeance. Wild with terror, and scarcely knowing what she said, the wretched woman shrieked for a moment's mercy; she protested that she was ignorant of the death of Agnes, and could clear herself from suspicion beyond the power of doubt. The rioters heeded nothing but the gratification of their barbarous vengeance. They refused to listen to her: they showed her every sort of insult, loaded her with mud and filth, and called her by the most opprobrious appellations. They tore her one from another, and each new tormentor was more savage than the former. They stifled with howls and execrations her shrill cries for mercy, and dragged her through the streets, spurning her, trampling her, and treating her with every species of cruelty which hate or vindictive fury could invent. At length a flint, aimed by some well-directed hand, struck her full upon the temple. She sank upon the ground bathed in blood, and in a few minutes terminated her miserable existence. Yet though she no longer felt their insults, the rioters still exercised their impotent rage upon the lifeless body. They beat it, trod upon it, and ill-used it, till it became no more than a mass of flesh, unsightly, shapeless, and disgusting."





# THE SEER;

OR,

COMMON-PLACES REFRESHED.

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PART II.

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# THE SEER ;

OR,

## COMMON-PLACES REFRESHED.

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“ Love adds a precious seeing to the eye.”—SHAKSPEARE.

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### XXXIX.—THE CAT BY THE FIRE.

A BLAZING fire, a warm rug, candles lit and curtains drawn, the kettle on for tea (nor do the “first circles” despise the preference of a kettle to an urn, as the third or fourth may do), and finally, the cat before you, attracting your attention,—it is a scene which everybody likes unless he has a morbid aversion to cats ; which is not common. There are some nice inquirers, it is true, who are apt to make uneasy comparisons of cats with dogs,—to say they are not so loving, that they prefer the house to the man, &c. But agreeably to the good old maxim, that “comparisons are odious,” our readers, we hope, will continue to like what is likeable in anything, for its own sake, without trying to render it unlikeable from its inferiority to something else,—a process by which we might ingeniously contrive to put soot into every dish that is set before us, and to reject one thing after another, till we were pleased with nothing. Here is a good fireside, and a cat to it ; and it would be our own fault, if, in removing to another house and another fireside, we did not take care that the cat removed with us. Cats cannot look to the moving of goods, as men do. If we would have creatures considerate towards us, we must be so towards them. It is not to be expected of everybody, quadruped or biped, that they should stick to us in spite of our want of merit, like a dog or a benevolent sage. Besides, stories have been told of cats very much to the credit of their benignity ; such as their following a master about like a dog, waiting at a gentleman’s door to thank him for some obligation over night, &c. And our readers may remember the history of the famous Godolphin Arabian, upon whose grave a cat that had lived with him in the stable went and stretched itself, and died.

[PART II.]

The cat purrs, as if it applauded our consideration,—and gently moves its tail. What an odd expression of the power to be irritable and the will to be pleased there is in its face, as it looks up at us ! We must own, that we do not prefer a cat in the act of purring, or of looking in that manner. It reminds us of the sort of smile, or *simmer* (*simper* is too weak and fleeting a word) that is apt to be in the faces of irritable people when they are pleased to be in a state of satisfaction. We prefer, for a general expression, the cat in a quiet unpretending state, and the human countenance with a look indicative of habitual grace and composure, as if it were not necessary to take any violent steps to prove its amiability,—the “smile without a smile,” as the poet beautifully calls it\*.

Furthermore (in order to get rid at once of all that may be objected to poor Pussy, as boys at school get down their bad dumpling as fast as possible, before the meat comes), we own we have an objection to the way in which a cat sports with a mouse before she kills it, tossing and jerking it about like a ball, and letting it go, in order to pounce upon it with the greater relish. And yet what right have we to apply human measures of cruelty to the inferior reflectability of a cat ? Perhaps she has no idea of the mouse’s being alive, in the sense that we have,—most likely she looks upon it as a pleasant moveable toy, made to be eaten,—a sort of lively pudding, that oddly jumps hither and thither. It would be hard to beat into the head of a country squire, of the old class, that there is any cruelty in hunting a hare ; and most assuredly it would be still harder to beat mouse-sparing into the head of a cat. You might read the most pungent essay on the subject into her ear, and she would only sneeze at it.

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\* Knowles, in the “Beggars of Bethnal Green.”

As to the unnatural cruelties, which we sometimes read of, committed by cats upon their offspring, they are exceptions to the common and beautiful rules of nature, and accordingly we have nothing to do with them. They are traceable to some unnatural circumstances of breeding or position. Enormities as monstrous are to be found among human beings, and argue nothing against the general character of the species. Even dogs are not always immaculate; and sages have made slips. Dr. Franklin cut off his son with a shilling, for differing with him in politics.

But cats resemble tigers? They are tigers in miniature? Well,—and very pretty miniatures they are. And what has the tiger himself done, that he has not a right to his dinner, as well as Jones? A tiger treats a man much as a cat does a mouse;—granted; but we have no reason to suppose that he is aware of the man's sufferings, or means anything but to satisfy his hunger; and what have the butcher and poulterer been about, meanwhile? The tiger, it is true, lays about him a little superfluously sometimes, when he gets into a sheepfold, and kills more than he eats; but does not the Squire or the Marquis do pretty much like him in the month of September? Nay, do we not hear of venerable judges, that would not hurt a fly, going about in that refreshing month, seeking whom they may lame? See the effect of habit and education! And you can educate the tiger in no other way than by attending to his stomach. Fill that, and he will want no men to eat, probably not even to lame. On the other hand, deprive Jones of his dinner for a day or two, and see what a state he will be in, especially if he is by nature irascible. Nay, keep him from it for an half-an-hour, and observe the tiger propensities of his stomach and fingers,—how worthy of killing he thinks the cook, and what boxes of the ear he feels inclined to give the footboy.

Animals, by the nature of things, in their present state, dispose of one another into their respective stomachs, without ill-will on any side. They keep down the several populations of their neighbours, till time may come when superfluous population of any kind need not exist, and predatory appearances may vanish from the earth, as the wolves have done from England. But whether they may or not, is not a question by a hundred times so important to moral inquirers, as into the possibilities of human education and the nonsense of ill-will. Show the nonentity of that, and we may all get our dinners as jovially as we can, sure of these three undoubted facts,—that life is long, death short, and the world beautiful. And so we bring our thoughts back again to the fireside, and look at the cat.

Poor Pussy! she looks up at us again, as if she thanked us for those vindications of dinner; and symbolically gives a twist of a yawn, and

a lick to her whiskers. Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant person,—beginning judiciously with her paws, and fetching amazing tongues at her hind-hips. Anon, she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head towards it, and shutting her eyes, half to accommodate the action of the skin, and half to enjoy the luxury. She then rewards her paws with a few more touches;—look at the action of her head and neck, how pleasing it is, the ears pointed forward, and the neck gently arching to and fro. Finally, she gives a sneeze, and another twist of mouth and whiskers, and then, curling her tail towards her front claws, settles herself on her hind quarters, in an attitude of bland meditation.

What does she think of?—Of her saucer of milk at breakfast? or of the thump she got yesterday in the kitchen for stealing the meat? or of her own meat, the Tartar's dish, noble horse-flesh? or of her friend the cat next door, the most impassioned of serenaders? or of her little ones, some of whom are now large, and all of them gone? Is *that* among her recollections when she looks pensive? Does she taste of the noble prerogative-sorrows of man?

She is a sprightly cat, hardly past her youth; so happening to move the fringe of the rug a little with our foot, she darts out a paw, and begins plucking it and inquiring into the matter, as if it were a challenge to play, or something lively enough to be eaten. What a graceful action of that foot of hers, between delicacy and petulance!—combining something of a thrust out, a beat, and a scratch. There seems even something of a little bit of fear in it, as if just enough to provoke her courage, and give her the excitement of a sense of hazard. We remember being much amused with seeing a kitten manifestly making a series of experiments upon the patience of its mother,—trying how far the latter would put up with positive bites and thumps. The kitten ran at her every moment, gave her a knock or a bite of the tail; and then ran back again, to recommence the assault. The mother sate looking at her, as if betwixt tolerance and admiration to see how far the spirit of the family was inherited or improved by her sprightly offspring. At length, however, the “little Pickle” presumed too far, and the mother, lifting up her paw, and meeting her at the very nick of the moment, gave her one of the most unsophisticated boxes of the ear we ever beheld. It sent her rolling half over the room, and made her come to a most ludicrous pause, with the oddest little look of premature and wincing meditation.

That lapping of the milk out of the saucer is what one's human thirst cannot sympathize with. It seems as if there could be no satisfaction in such a series of atoms of drink. Yet the saucer is soon emptied; and there is a refreshment to one's ears in that sound of plash-



ing with which the action is accompanied, and which seems indicative of a like comfort to Pussy's mouth. Her tongue is thin, and can make a spoon of itself. This, however, is common to other quadrupeds with the cat, and does not, therefore, more particularly belong to our feline consideration. Not so the electricity of its coat, which gives out sparks under the hand; its passion for the herb valerian (did the reader ever see one roll in it? it is a mad sight) and other singular delicacies of nature, among which perhaps is to be reckoned its taste for fish, a creature with whose element it has so little to do, that it is supposed even to abhor it; though lately we read somewhere of a swimming cat, that used to fish for itself. And this reminds us of an exquisite anecdote of dear, dogmatic, diseased, thoughtful, surly, charitable Johnson, who would go out of doors himself, and buy oysters for his cat, because his black servant was too proud to do it! Not that we condemn the black, in those enslaving, unliberating days. He had a right to the mistake, though we should have thought better of him had he seen farther, and subjected his pride to affection for such a master. But Johnson's true practical delicacy in the matter is beautiful. Be assured that he thought nothing of "condescension" in it, or of being eccentric. He was singular in some things, because he could not help it. But he hated eccentricity. No: in his best moments he felt himself simply to be a man, and a good man too, though a frail,—one that in virtue as well as humility, and in a knowledge of his ignorance as well as his wisdom, was desirous of being a Christian philosopher; and accordingly he went out, and bought food for his hungry cat, because his poor negro was too proud to do it, and there was nobody else in the way whom he had a right to ask. What must anybody that saw him have thought, as he turned up Bolt-court! But doubtless he went as secretly as possible,—that is to say, if he considered the thing at all. His friend Garrick could not have done as much! He was too grand, and on the great "stage" of life. Goldsmith could; but he would hardly have thought of it. Beauclerc might; but he would have thought it necessary to excuse it with a jest or a wager, or some such thing. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his fashionable, fine-lady-painting hand, would certainly have shrunk from it. Burke would have reasoned himself into its propriety, but he would have reasoned himself out again. Gibbon! Imagine its being put into the head of Gibbon!! He and his bag-wig would have started with all the horror of a gentleman-usher; and he would have rung the bell for the cook's-deputy's-under-assistant-errand-boy.

Cats at firesides live luxuriously, and are the picture of comfort; but lest they should not bear their portion of trouble in this world, they have the drawbacks of being liable to be shut

out of doors on cold nights, beatings from the "aggravated" cooks, overpettings of children, (how should we like to be squeezed and pulled about in that manner by some great patronizing giants?) and last, not least, horrible merciless tramples of unconscious human feet and unfeeling legs of chairs. Elegance, comfort, and security seem the order of the day on all sides, and you are going to sit down to dinner, or to music, or to take tea, when all of a sudden the cat gives a squall as if she was mashed; and you are not sure that the fact is otherwise. Yet she gets in the way again, as before; and dares all the feet and mahogany in the room. Beautiful present sufficingness of a cat's imagination! Confined to the snug circle of her own sides, and the two next inches of rug or carpet.

#### XL.—PUT UP A PICTURE IN YOUR ROOM.

MAY we exhort such of our readers as have no pictures hanging in their room, to put one up immediately? we mean in their principal sitting-room;—in all their rooms, if possible, but, at all events, in that one. No matter how costly, or the reverse, provided they *see something in it*, and it gives them a profitable or pleasant thought. Some may allege that they have "no taste for pictures;" but they have a taste for objects to be found in pictures,—for trees, for landscapes, for human beauty, for scenes of life; or, if not for all these, yet surely for some one of them; and it is highly useful for the human mind to give itself helps towards taking an interest in things apart from its immediate cares or desires. They serve to refresh us for their better conquest or endurance; to render sorrow unselfish; to remind us that we ourselves, or our own personal wishes, are not the only objects in the world; to instruct and elevate us, and put us in a fairer way of realizing the good opinions which we would all fain entertain of ourselves, and in some measure do; to make us compare notes with other individuals, and with nature at large, and correct our infirmities at their mirror by modesty and reflection; in short, even the admiration of a picture is a kind of religion, or additional tie on our consciences, and *rebinding* of us, (for such is the meaning of the word religion) to the greatness and goodness of nature.

Mr. Hazlitt has said somewhere, of the portrait of a beautiful female with a noble countenance, that it seems as if an unhand-some action would be impossible in its presence. It is not so much for restraint's sake, as for the sake of diffusiveness of heart, or the going out of ourselves, that we would recommend pictures; but, among other advantages, this also, of reminding us of our duties, would doubtless be one; and if reminded with

charity, the effect, though perhaps small in most instances, would still be something. We have read of a Catholic money-lender, who, when he was going to cheat a customer, always drew a veil over the portrait of his favourite Saint. Here was a favourite vice, far more influential than the favourite Saint; and yet we are of opinion that the money-lender was better for the Saint than he would have been without him. It left him faith in something; he was better for it in the intervals; he would have treated his daughter the better for it, or his servant, or his dog. There was a bit of heaven in his room,—a sun-beam to shine into a corner of his heart,—however he may have shut the window against it, when heaven was not to look on.

The companionship of anything greater or better than ourselves must do us good, unless we are destitute of all modesty or patience. And a picture is a companion, and the next thing to the presence of what it represents. We may live in the thick of a city, for instance, and can seldom go out, and “feed” ourselves

With pleasure of the breathing fields;

but we can put up a picture of the fields before us, and, as we get used to it, we shall find it the next thing to seeing the fields at a distance. For every picture is a kind of window, which supplies us with a fine sight; and many a thick, unpierced wall thus lets us into the studies of the greatest men, and the most beautiful scenes of nature. By living with pictures we learn to “read” them,—to see into every nook and corner of a landscape, and every feature of the mind; and it is impossible to be in the habit of these perusals, or even of being vaguely conscious of the presence of the good and beautiful, and considering them as belonging to us, or forming a part of our common-places, without being, at the very least, less subject to the disadvantages arising from having no such thoughts at all.

And it is so easy to square the picture to one's aspirations, or professions, or the powers of one's pocket. For, as to resolving to have no picture at all in one's room, unless we could have it costly, and finely painted, and finely framed, that would be a mistake so vulgar, that we trust no reader of any decent publication now-a-days could fall into it. The greatest knave or simpleton in England, provided he is rich, can procure one of the finest paintings in the world to-morrow, and know nothing about it when he has got it; but to feel the beauties of a work of art, or to be capable of being led to feel them, is a gift which often falls to the lot of the poorest; and this is what Raphael or Titian desired in those who looked at their pictures. All the rest is taking the clothes for the man. Now it so happens, that the cheapest engravings, though they cannot

come up to the merits of the originals, often contain no mean portion or shadow of them; and when we speak of putting pictures up in a room, we use the word “picture” in the child's sense, meaning any kind of graphic representation, oil, water-colour, copper-plate, drawing, or wood-cut. And any one of these is worth putting up in your room, provided you have mind enough to get a pleasure from it. Even a frame is not necessary, if you cannot afford it. Better put up a rough, varnished engraving, than none at all,—or pin, or stick up, any engraving whatsoever, at the hazard of its growing never so dirty. You will keep it as clean as you can, and for as long a time; and as for the rest, it is better to have a good memorandum before you, and get a fresh one when you are able, than to have none at all, or even to keep it clean in a portfolio. How should you like to keep your own heart in a portfolio, or lock your friend up in another room? We are no friends to portfolios, except where they contain more prints than can be hung up. The more, in that case, the better.

Our readers have seen in all parts of the country, over the doors of public-houses, “Perkins and Co.'s Entire.” This Perkins, who died wealthy a few years ago, was not a mere brewer or rich man. He had been head-clerk to Thrall, the friend of Dr. Johnson; and, during his clerkship, the Doctor happening to go into his counting-house, saw a portrait of himself (Johnson) hanging up in it. “How is this, Sir?” inquired Johnson. “Sir,” said Perkins, “I was resolved that my room should have had one great man in it.” “A very pretty compliment,” returned the gratified moralist, “and I believe you mean it sincerely.”

Mr. Perkins did not thrive the worse for having the portrait of Johnson in his counting-house. People are in general quite enough inclined to look after the interests of “number one;” but they make a poor business of it, rich as they may become, unless they include a power of forgetting it in behalf of number two; that is to say, of some one person, or thing, besides themselves, able to divert them from mere self-seeking. It is not uncommon to see one solitary portrait in a lawyer's office, and that portrait, a lawyer's, generally some judge. It is better than none. Anything is better than the poor, small unit of a man's selfish self, even if it be but the next thing to it. And there is the cost of the engraving and frame. Sometimes there is more; for these professional prints, especially when alone, are meant to imply, that the possessor is a shrewd, industrious, proper lawyer, who sticks to his calling, and wastes his time in “no nonsense;” and this ostentation of business is in some instances a cover for idleness or disgust, or a blind for a father or rich uncle. Now it would be better, we think, to have two pictures instead of one,



the judge's by all means, for the professional part of the gentleman's soul,—and some one other picture, to show his client that he is a man as well as a lawyer, and has an eye to the world outside of him, as well as to his own ; for as men come from that world to consult him, and generally think their cases just in the eyes of common sense as well as law, they like to see that he has some sympathies as well as cunning.

Upon these grounds, it would be well for men of other callings, if they acted in a similar way. The young merchant should reasonably have a portrait of some eminent merchant before his eyes, with some other, not far off, to hinder him from acknowledging no merit but in riches. Or he might select a merchant of such a character as could serve both uses,—Sir Thomas Gresham, for instance, who encouraged knowledge as well as money-getting,—or Lorenzo de Medici, the princely merchant of Italy. So with regard to clergymen, to professions of all sorts, and to trade. The hosier, in honour of his calling, might set up Defoe, who was one of that trade, as well as author of *Robinson Crusoe* ; the bookseller, may the footman, Dodsley, who was at one time a footman as well as a bookseller and author, and behaved excellently under all characters ; and the tailor might baulk petty animadversions on his trade, by having a portrait, or one of the many admirable works, of the great Annibal Caracci, who was a tailor's son. It would be advisable, in general, to add a landscape, if possible, for reasons already intimated ; but a picture of some sort we hold to be almost indispensably necessary towards doing justice to the habitation of every one who is capable of reflection and improvement. The print-shops, the book-stalls, the portfolios containing etchings and engravings at a penny or twopence a-piece (often superior to plates charged twenty times as much), and lastly, the engravings that make their way into the shop-windows, out of the *Annals* of the past season, and that are to be had for almost as little, will furnish the ingenuous reader of this article with an infinite store to choose from ; and if he is as good-natured as he is sensible, we will venture to whisper into his ear, that we should take it as a personal kindness of him, and hope he would consider us as a friend assisting him in putting it up.

## XLI.—A GENTLEMAN-SAINT.

BEAUTIES OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

Looking over the catalogue, the other day, of Mr. Cawthorn's excellent circulating library (which has the books it professes to have,—a rare virtue in such establishments) our curiosity was raised by a volume intitled "*Beauties of St.*

Francis de Sales." We sent for it, and found we had started so delicious a saint, that we vowed we must make him known to our readers. He is a true godsend, a man of men, a real quintessence of Christian charity and shrewd sense withal (things not only far from incompatible, but thoroughly amalgamable) ; in short, a man as sensible as Dr. Johnson, with all the piety and patience which the Doctor desired to have, all the lowliness and kind fellowship which it would have puzzled him to behold in a prelate, and all the delicacy and true breeding which would have transported him. Like Fenelon, he was a sort of angel of a gentleman, a species of phoenix which, we really must say, the French Church seems to have produced beyond any other. Not that we undervalue the Hookers and Jewels, and other primitive excellences of our own. Deeply do we love and venerate them. But we like to see a human being develop all the humanities of which he is capable, those of outward as well as inward elegance not excepted ; not indeed in the inconsistent and foppish shape of a Sir Charles Grandison (who comes hushing upon us with insinuations of equal perfection in dancing and the decalogue, with soft deprecations of our astonishment, and all sorts of equivocal worldly accomplishments, which the author has furnished him with, on purpose to keep his piety safe—swordsmanship, for one) but in whatsoever, being the true spirit of a gentleman, manifests itself outwardly in consequence, shaping the movements of the commonest and most superficial parts of life to the unaffected elegance of the spirit within, and at the same time refusing no fellowship with honesty of any sort, nor ostentatiously claiming it, but feeling and having it, because of its true, natural, honest heart's blood, and a tendency to relish all things in common with us, "passioned as we."

When a man exhibits this nature, as St. Francis de Sales did, and exhibits it too in the shape of a mortified saint of the Romish Church, a lone lodger, a celibatory, entering into everybody else's wishes and feelings, but denying himself some of the most precious to a being so constituted, we feel proud for the sake of the capabilities of humanity—proud because we belong to a species which we are utterly unable to illustrate so in our own persons—proud, and happy, and hopeful that if one human being can do so much, thousands, nay all, by like opportunities, and a like loving breeding, may ultimately do, not indeed the same, but enough—enough for themselves, and enough for the like exalted natures, too, who have the luck to live in such times.

Even if such times are not to come, but are merely among the fancies or necessary activities of the human mind, then still we are grateful for the vision by the way, and, above all, for the exquisite real fellowship.

We need not deprecate any ill construction of our use of the term "gentleman saint." In some sort, we do confess, we use it with a delighted smile on our face, astonished to start such a phenomenon in high life; but while the conversational sense of the word is included, we claim for it, as we have explained, the very largest and truest sense. One of our brave old English dramatists, brave because his humanity misgave him in nothing, dared to call the divinest of beings that have trod the earth—

"The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Here is another (at far distance) of the same heraldry, his shield—

"heart shaped, and vermeil dyed."

Fenelon was another, but not so active or persuasive as De Sales. St. Vincent de Paul, if we mistake not, the founder of the Sisters of Charity, was a fourth. So, we believe, was St. Thomas Aquinas. So, perhaps, was Jeremy Taylor, and certainly Berkeley—the latter, the more unquestionably of the two, because he was the more active in doing good, and manifestly did not care twopence for honours and profits, compared with the chance of benefiting his fellow-creatures. At one time, for this purpose, he *petitioned* to give up his preferences! Swift has a pleasant passage in furtherance of this object, in which he tells the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that Dr. Berkeley will be miserable in case he is not allowed to give up some hundreds a year.

We will first give the "General Biographical Dictionary" account of St. Francis de Sales, and follow it with a notice of the book before us.

"St. Francis de Sales was born at the Castle of Sales, in the diocese of Geneva, August 21, 1567. He descended from one of the most ancient and noble families of Savoy. Having taken a doctor of law's degree at Padua, he was first advocate at Chambéry, then provost of the church of Geneva at Annecy. Claudius de Granier, his bishop, sent him as a missionary into the valleys of his diocese, to convert the Zuinglians and Calvinists, which he is said to have performed in great numbers, (*sic*) and his sermons were attended with wonderful success. The bishop of Geneva chose him afterwards for his coadjutor, but was obliged to use authority before he could be persuaded to accept the office. Religious affairs called him afterwards into France, where he was universally esteemed; and Cardinal du Perron said, "There were no heretics whom he could not convince, but M. de Geneva must be employed to convert them." Henry IV., being informed of his merit, made him considerable offers, in hopes of detaining him in France; but he chose rather to return to Savoy, where he arrived in 1602, and found Bishop Granier had died a few days before. St. Francis then

undertook the reformation of his diocese, where piety and virtue soon flourished through his zeal: he restored regularity in the monasteries, and instituted the order of the Visitation in 1610, which was confirmed by Paul V., 1618, and of which the Baroness de Chantal, whom he converted by his preaching at Dijon, was the foundress. He also established a congregation of hermits in Chablais, restored ecclesiastical discipline to its ancient vigour, and converted numerous heretics to the faith. At the latter end of 1618, St. Francis was obliged to go again to Paris, with the Cardinal de Savoy, to conclude a marriage between the Prince of Piedmont and Christina of France, second daughter of Henry IV. This princess, herself, chose de Sales for her chief almoner; but he would accept the place only on two conditions; one, that it should not preclude his residing in his diocese; the other, that whenever he did not execute his office, he should not receive the profits of it. These unusual terms the princess was obliged to consent to; and immediately, as if by way of investing him with his office, presented him with a very valuable diamond, saying, 'On condition that you will keep it for my sake.' To which he replied, 'I promise to do so, madam, unless the poor stand in need of it.' Returning to Annecy, he continued to visit the sick, relieve those in want, instruct the people, and discharge all the duties of a pious bishop, till 1662; when he died of an apoplexy at Lyons, December 28, aged fifty-six, leaving several religious works, collected in 2 vols. folio. The most known are, the 'Introduction to a Devout Life,' and 'Philo, or a treatise on the Love of God.' Marsollier has written his life, (2 vols. 12mo,) which was translated into English by Mr. Crathorne. He was canonized in 1665."—(Moreri.—Dict. Hist.—Butler.)

The writers of this notice do not seem to have been aware, that Camus, Bishop of Bellay, the disciple and friend of St. Francis, wrote a large account of him, "the Beauties" of which the work before us professes to give the public. This English volume is itself a curiosity. It is printed at Barnet, and emanates most likely from some public-spirited enthusiast of the Roman Catholic persuasion, who has thought, not without reason, to sow a good seed in these strange, opinion-conflicting, yet truth-desiring times, when a little *genuine* Christianity stands a chance of being well received, from whatever quarter it comes. A friend of ours, smitten with love of the book, has applied for a copy at Messrs. Longman's, whose name is in the title page, but is told that they have not one left; so that if the Barnet press do not take Christian pity upon the curious, we know not what is to be done for them, apart from the following extracts; which, however, we take to be quite enough to set any handsome mind upon salutary reflections.



Camus, the Boswell of a saint, is himself a curiosity. He was a man of wit and a satirist, and so far (in the latter respect) not very well fitted for ultra Christian aspiration. But he was also an enthusiastic lover of goodness, and of his great seraphical friend ; whom he looked up to with all the congregated humilities of a younger age, a real self-knowledge, and an unaffected modesty. He was naturally as hasty in his temperament as St. Francis was the reverse ; and was always for getting on too fast, and being angry that others would not be Christian enough ; and it is quite delightful to see with what sense and good-humour his teacher reproves him, and sets him in the right way ; upon which the young bishop begins over-emulating the older one (for they were both prelates together), trying to imitate his staid manners and deliberate style of preaching ; and then St. Francis reproves him again, joking as well as reasoning, and showing how he was spoiling the style peculiar to himself (Camus), with no possibility of getting at the style of another man—the result of his habits and particular turn of mind.

But let the reader see for himself what a nature this man had, — what wisdom with simplicity, what undeviating kindness, what shrewd worldly discernment with unworldly feelings ; what capital Johnsonian good sense, and wit too, and illustration, sometimes as familiar as any table-talk could desire, at others in the very depth of the heart of sentiment and poetical grace. Observe also what a proper saint he was for every-day, as well as for holidays, and how he could sit down at table and be an ordinary unaffected gentleman among gentlemen, and dine at less elegant tables at inns, and say a true honest word, with not a syllable of pretence in it, for your hard-working innkeeper, — “publican,” and, perhaps, “sinner,” as he was.

“Beautiful are the ceremonies of the church !” said a Roman Catholic prelate, when a great wax-candle was brought before him, stuck full of pieces of gold (his perquisite.) “Beautiful are the ceremonies of the church !” think we, also, though no Roman Catholic, when we hear the organ roll, and the choir voices rising, and see the white wax-candles on the altar, and the dark glowing paintings, full of hopeful or sweet-suffering faces. But most truly beautiful, certainly, must they have been, when they had such a man as this St. Francis de Sales ministering at the altar, and making those seraphical visions true, in the shape of an every-day human being. But to our extracts :—

“In speaking of brotherly correction (says the good Bishop Camus), St. Francis gave me a lesson which I have not forgotten. He repeated it often, the better to impress it on my memory. ‘That sincerity,’ said he, ‘which is

not charitable, proceeds from a charity which is not sincere.’ A worthy saying, worthy of being deeply considered and faithfully remembered.

“IT IS BETTER TO REMAIN SILENT THAN SPEAK THE TRUTH ILL-HUMouredLY, AND SO SPOIL AN EXCELLENT DISH BY COVERING IT WITH BAD SAUCE.

“I asked St. Francis, if there were no other way by which I might discern from what fountain reproaches flowed. He, whose heart was wrapped up in benevolence, replied, in the true spirit of the great apostle,—‘When they are made with mildness—*mildness is the sister of love, and inseparable from her.* With this idea St. Paul says, She beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. God, *who is charity*, guides the meek with his counsel, and teaches his ways to the simple. His spirit is not in the hurricane, the foaming cataract, or the tempestuous winds ; but in the soft breath of the gentle zephyr. Is mildness come ? said the prophet ; then are we corrected. I advise you to imitate the good Samaritan, who poured oil and wine into the wounds of the unhappy traveller. *You know that in a good salad there should be more oil than vinegar or salt.* Be always as mild as you can ; a spoonful of honey attracts more flies than a barrel of vinegar. *If you must fall into any extreme, let it be on the side of gentleness.* The human mind is so constructed, that it resists rigour, and yields to softness. A mild word quenches anger, as water quenches the rage of fire ; and by benignity any soil may be rendered fruitful. Truth, uttered with courtesy, is heaping coals of fire on the head ; or, rather, **THROWING ROSES IN THE FACE.** *How can we resist a foe whose weapons are pearls and diamonds ?* Some fruits, like nuts, are by nature bitter, but rendered sweet by being candied with sugar ; such is reproof, bitter till candied with meekness, and preserved with the fire of charity.’

“St. Francis always discouraged professions of humility, if they were not *very* true and *very* sincere. ‘Such professions,’ he said, ‘are the very cream, the very essence of pride ; the real humble man wishes to be, and not to appear so. Humility is timorous, and starts at her shadow ; and so delicate, that if she hears her name pronounced, it endangers her existence. He who blames himself, takes a by-road to praise ; and, like the rower, turns his back to the place whither he desires to go. *He would be irritated if what he said against himself were believed ;* but from a principle of pride, he desires to appear humble.’

“I esteemed my friend (resumes excellent Camus) so highly, that all his actions appeared to me perfect. It came into my head that it would be a very good thing to copy his manner of preaching. Do not suppose that I attempted to equal him in the loftiness of his ideas, in the depth of his arguments, in the strength of

his reasonings, in the excellence of his judgment, the mildness of his expressions, the order and just connection of his periods, or that incomparable sweetness which could soften the hardest heart ; no, that was quite beyond my powers. I was like a fly, which, not being able to walk on the polished surface of a mirror, is contented to remain on the frame which surrounds it. I amused myself in copying his gesture, in conforming myself to his slow and quiet manner of pronouncing and moving. My own manner was naturally the very reverse of all this ; the metamorphosis was therefore so strange, that I was scarcely to be recognised. I was no longer myself. I contrived to spoil my own original manner, without acquiring the admirable one which I so idly copied.

"St. Francis heard of this, and one day took an opportunity of saying to me—'Speaking of sermons reminds me of a strange piece of news which has reached my ears. It is reported that you try, in preaching, to adopt the Bishop of Geneva's peculiarities.' I warded off this reproof by saying, 'And do you think I have chosen a bad example ? What is your opinion of the Bishop of Geneva's preaching ?' 'Ha !' said he, '*this grave question attacks reputation. Why, he really does not preach badly ; but the fact is, that you are accused of being so bad a mimic, that nothing is to be seen but an unsuccessful attempt, which spoils the Bishop of Bellay, without representing the Bishop of Geneva.* So that you ought to do as a bad painter did ; he wrote under his picture the name of the objects which they misrepresented.' 'Let them talk,' said I, 'and you will find that, by degrees, the apprentice will become master, and the copies be mistaken for originals.' 'Joking apart,' rejoined my friend, 'you do yourself an injury. Why demolish a well-built edifice to erect one in its stead in which no rules of nature or art are adhered to ? and at your age, if you once take a wrong bias, it will be difficult to set you right again. *If natures could be exchanged, gladly would I exchange with you. I do all I can to rouse myself to animation. I try to be less tedious, but the more haste I make the more I impede my course.* I have difficulty in finding words, and greater still in pronouncing them. I am as slow as a tortoise. I can neither raise emotion in myself nor in my auditors. All my labour to do so is inefficient. You advance with crowded sail, I make my way with rowing. You fly—I creep. You have more fire in one finger than I have in my whole body. Your readiness and promptitude are wonderful, your vivacity unequalled, and now people say you weigh each word, count every period, appear languid yourself, and weary your audience.' *You may well imagine how this well-timed reproof and commendation cured my folly. I returned immediately to my original manner.*"—

"The best fish are nourished in the unpalatable waters of the sea, and the best souls are

improved by such opposition as does not extinguish charity."

"I asked St. Francis what disposition of mind was the best with which to meet death ? He coolly replied, '*A charitable disposition.*'"—

"Do not overrate the blessings which God gives to others, and then underrate or despise what are given to yourself. It is the property of a little mind to say, Our neighbour's harvest is always more plentiful than our own, and his flock more prosperous."

"I complained of some great hardships which I had experienced ; it was obvious that St. Francis agreed in thinking that I had been ill-treated. Finding myself so well seconded, *I was triumphant, and exaggerated the justice of my cause in a superfluity of words.* To stop the torrent of complaint St. Francis said, 'Certainly they are wrong in treating you in this manner. It is beneath them to do so, especially to a man in your condition ; but in the whole of the business I see only one thing to your disadvantage.' 'What is that ?' '*That you might have been wiser, and remained silent !*' This answer came so immediately home to me, that I felt immediately silenced, and found it impossible to make any reply."

The following was a strange bit of supererogation in the lively Bishop of Bellay. His candour hardly excuses it. Yet it increases our interest in his friend.

"St. Francis practised himself the lessons which he taught to others ; and during fourteen years that I was under his direction, and made it my study to remark all his actions, and even his very gestures and words, I never observed in him the slightest affectation of singularity. I will confess one of my contrivances when he visited me in my own house, and remained, as his custom was, a week annually : *I contrived to bore holes, by which I saw him when alone, engaged in study, prayer, or reading, meditating, dressing, sitting, walking, or writing, when usually persons are most off their guard ; yet I could not trace any difference in attitude or manner : his behaviour was ever as sincere and undisguised as his heart.* He had, when alone, the same dignified manners as when in society ; *when he prayed, you would have imagined that he saw himself surrounded by holy angels ; motionless, and with a countenance of humble reverence.* I never saw him indulge in any indolent attitude (!), neither crossing his legs, nor resting his head on his hand ; at all times he presented the same aspect of mingled gravity and sweetness, which never failed to inspire love and respect. He used to say, *that our manners should resemble water, best when clearest, most simple, and without taste.* However, though he had no peculiarities of behaviour, it appeared so singular that he should have no singularities, that he struck me therefore as very singular."



"WILLINGLY, NOT BY CONSTRAINT."

"This was my friend's favourite saying, and the secret of his government. He used to say that those who would force the human will exercise a tyranny odious to God. He never could bear those haughty persons who would be obeyed, whether willingly or not, they cared not; 'Those,' he said, 'who love to be feared, fear to be loved; they themselves are of all people the most abject; some fear them, but they fear every one. *In the royal galley of Divine Love there is no force—the rowers are all volunteers.*' On this principle he always moulded his commands into the softer form of entreaty. St. Peter's words—'Feed the flock of God, not by constraint,' he was very fond of. I complained of the resistance I met with in my parochial visits. 'What a commanding spirit you have!' he replied; 'you want to walk on the wings of the wind, and you let yourself be carried away with zeal. Like an *ignis-fatuus*, it leads to the edge of precipices. *Do you seek to shackle the will of man, when God has seen fit to have it free?*'—"

"St. Francis did not approve of the saying—'Never rely on a reconciled enemy.' He rather preferred a contrary maxim; and said, 'that a quarrel between friends, when made up, added a new tie to friendship; as experience shows, that the callosity formed round a broken bone makes it stronger than before. Those who are reconciled, often renew their friendship with increased warmth: the offender is on his guard against a relapse, and anxious to atone for past unkindness; and the offended glory in forgiving and forgetting the wrongs that have been done to them. Princes are doubly careful of reconquered towns, and preserve them with more care than those the enemy never gained.'—"

"St. Francis had particular delight in contemplating a painting of the Penitent Magdalen at the foot of the Cross; and sometimes called it his manual and his library. Seeing a copy of this picture at Bellay, 'Oh,' said he, 'what a blessed and advantageous exchange the penitent Mary made; she pours tears on the feet of Christ, and from those feet blood streams to wash away all her sins.' To this thought he added another—'How carefully we should cherish the little virtues which spring up at the foot of the cross, since they are sprinkled with the blood of the Son of God.'"

"What virtues do you mean?" He replied, 'Humility, patience, meekness, benignity, bearing one another's burden, condescension, softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordiality, compassion, forgiving injuries, simplicity, candour; all, in short, of that sort. *They, like unobtrusive violets, love the shade; like them are sustained by dew; and though, like them, they make little show, they shed a sweet odour on all around.*'—"

"To obey a ferocious, savage, ill-humoured, thankless master, is to draw clear water from a

*fountain streaming from the jaws of a brazen lion.* As Samson says. It is to find food in the devourer. It is to see *God only.*" [This is beautiful; and that is a fine bit of poetry about the lion; strength and sweetness meet in it. He is speaking of a master whom it happens to be incumbent on us to obey.]

"St. Francis highly esteemed those persons who kept inns, and entertained travellers\*, provided they were civil and obliging, saying, that no condition in life, he thought, had greater means of serving God and man; for it is a continual exercise of benevolence and mercy, though, like a physician, the fee is paid."

[How oddly the following sounds in a Protestant ear, said of a "St. Francis!"]

"One day, after dinner, my friend was amusing us with his entertaining conversation, and the subject of innkeepers being accidentally started, the different persons present very freely gave their opinions on the subject, and one among them declared the whole set to be rogues.

"This did not please St. Francis; but as it was neither a fit time nor place for reproof, nor was the sarcastic gentleman in a mood to receive it, he turned the discourse by telling the following anecdote:—

"A Spanish pilgrim, little burdened with money, arrived at an inn, where, after having served him very ill, they charged him so much for his bad fare, that he loudly exclaimed at the injustice. However, being the weaker one, he was forced to give way and be satisfied. He left the inn in anger, and observing that it was facing another inn, and that in the intermediate space a cross had been erected, he soothed his rage by exclaiming, Truly, this place is a second Calvary, where the Holy Cross is stationed between two thieves (meaning the two innkeepers). The host of the opposite hotel, without appearing to notice his displeasure, coolly asked what injury he had received from him, which he thus repaid with abuse? Hush, hush, said the pilgrim, my worthy friend, be not offended, you are the good thief; but what say you of your neighbour, who has flayed me alive! This civility,\* pursued St. Francis, soothed the pilgrim's wrath; but we should be careful not to stigmatise whole nations or trades, by terming them rogues, impertinent, &c., for even if we have no individual in view, each individual of the nation or trade is a sufferer by the sarcasm, and cannot like to be so stigmatised."

"To this I must add, that St. Francis so highly esteemed innkeepers, that, in travelling, he forbade his servants to dispute about their charges, and ordered them rather to pay than to expostulate; and when told that the bills were unreasonable, and that they asked more than

\* The reader is to bear in mind that these were foreign inns, and in old times, when a tavern-keeper's life was not so easy as it is now.

they deserved, he would reply, 'What ought we to reckon in the account for their trouble, care, civility, and frequent disturbances at night? Certainly they cannot be too well paid.' This good-nature of my friend was so well known, that the innkeepers were always anxious to present their bills to him rather than to his servants; or else to throw themselves on his liberality, well knowing that he would give more than they could have asked."

POORNESS IN SPIRIT, AND SPIRIT IN POVERTY.

Of these we have two opposite examples in St. Charles Borromeo and St. Francis de Sales. St. Charles was nephew to the pope, and very wealthy; he had an income of more than 100,000 crowns, besides his considerable patrimony; but, amidst this wealth, he was poor in spirit, he had neither tapestry, plate, nor magnificent furniture:—his table was so frugal, as to be almost austere; and he himself lived chiefly on bread, water, and vegetables. The coffers which contained his treasures were the hands of the poor; thus in splendour was he humble.

Our saint had a different spirit: he was *rich in his poverty*; of his bishopric little remained to him, and his patrimony he let his brothers enjoy. But he never rejected tapestry, plate, nor fine furniture, especially what might adorn the altar, for he loved to adorn the house of God.

THOROUGH LOVE.

"We cannot deny that love is, of all mild emotions, the mildest—the very sweetener of bitterness—yet we find it compared to death and the grave; the reason of which is, that nothing is so forcible as gentleness, and nothing so gentle and so amiable as firmness.

"There was a society of holy men," said St. Francis, "who one day accosted me thus,—'Oh, sir, what can we do this year? Last year we failed, and did penance thrice a week; what shall we do now? Must we not do something more, both to testify our gratitude for the blessings we have received during the last year, and also that we may make some progress in the work of God?'"

"'Very right,' I replied, 'that you should always be advancing; however, your progress will not be made by the methods you propose—of increasing your religious exercises—but by the improved heart and dispositions with which you afford them, trusting in God more and more, and watching yourselves more and more. Last year you fasted three days in each week; if you double the number of fasts this year, every day will be a day of abstinence, and the year following what will you do?—you will be obliged to make weeks of nine days long, or else to fast each day twice over.'"

[Here follows a strong and apparently a dangerous meat: yet the essence of sweetness, and even of safety, is in it. But pray ever mark

our bold and admirable, as well as amiable, saint.]

"I do not know," said St. Francis, "how that poor virtue, prudence, has offended me, but I cannot cordially like it—I care for it by necessity, as being the salt and lamp of life. The beauty of simplicity charms me—I would give a hundred serpents for one dove. Both together, they are useful, and Scripture enjoins us to unite them; but, as in medical compounds, many drugs must be put together to form a salutary draught, so I would not place any reliance on an equal dose; for the serpent might devour the inoffensive dove. People say, that in a corrupt age like the present, prudence is absolutely requisite to prevent being deceived. I do not blame this maxim, but I believe it is more Christian to let ourselves be devoured, and our goods spoiled, knowing that a better and more lasting inheritance awaits us. A good Christian would rather be robbed than rob others—rather be murdered than murderer—martyred than tyrant;—in a word it is far better to be good and simple, than shrewd and mischievous."

"There is a strange inconsistency in the human mind, which leads men to scrutinise with severity the secrets of their fellow-creatures' souls, which it is impossible they should ever clearly discover; while they neglect to examine and probe into the springs of their own conduct, which, if they do not, they certainly ought to know. The first they are forbidden, and the second they are commanded to do.

"This reminds me of a woman remarkable for her waywardness, and constant disobedience to the orders of her husband. She was drowned in a river. On hearing of it, her husband desired that the river should be dragged in search of the body; he bid his servants go against the current of the stream, observing, *We have no reason to suppose that she should have lost her spirit of contradiction.*"

St. Francis gave an excellent rule, which is, that "if an action may be considered in more lights than one, always to choose the most favourable. If there is no apology to be found, soften the bad impression it makes, by reflecting that the intention might not have been equally blameable; remember that the temptation might have been greater than you are aware of. Throw the odium on ignorance, carelessness, or the infirmity of human nature, to diminish the scandal."

"True devotion consists in performing the duties of life. St. Francis was in the habit of blaming an inconsistency very common in persons more than ordinarily devout, who frequently turn their attention to the attainment of virtues of no use to them in their own sphere of action, and neglect the more needful. This inconsistency he attributed to a distaste, which people often experience for the station in which Providence has placed them, and the duties they are obliged to perform. Great laxity of



manner creeps into monasteries, when their inmates devote themselves to the practice of virtues fitted for secular life; and errors are not less likely to make their way into private families, who, from a mistaken and ill-judged zeal, introduce among themselves the austerities and religious exercises of their secluded brethren.

"Some persons think they pronounce the highest eulogium in saying of a family who ought to perform the active charities of life, 'it is quite a monastery; they live in it like monks or nuns;' not reflecting that it is trying to find figs on thorns, or grapes on brambles.

"Not that exercises of piety are not right and good, but then the time, the place, the persons, the situation; in short, all circumstances must be duly considered. Devotion misplaced ceases to be devotion: it resembles a fish out of water, or a tree in a soil not congenial to its nature.

"He compared this error of judgment, so unreasonable and injudicious, to those lovers of luxury who feed on strawberries at Christmas, not contented with delicacies in their proper season. *Such heated brains require the physician's discipline rather than the cool voice of sober reason.*"

AN ADMIRABLE RULE IN SELF-CORRECTION FOR  
MORBID OR VIOLENT CONSCIENCES.

"Since the degree of affection which we are commanded by God to feel for our neighbours ought to be measured by the reasonable and Christian love which we bear towards ourselves; since charity, which is benign and patient, obliges us to correct our neighbours for their failings with great gentleness; *it does not appear right to alter that temper in correcting ourselves, or to recover from a fault, with feelings of bitter and intemperate displeasure.*"

SCALE OF VIRTUES.

"1st. *St. Francis preferred the virtues most frequently called into action—the commonest; and to exercise which, opportunities are oftenest found.*

"2ndly, He did not judge of the greatness and supernatural excellence of a virtue by an external demonstration; forasmuch as what appears a mere trifle may proceed from an exalted sentiment of charity and great assisting grace; while, on the contrary, great show may exist where the love of God operates but slightly, though that is the criterion by which we may judge whether or not a good work becomes acceptable to God.

"3rdly. He preferred the virtues of more general influence, rather than those more limited in their good effects (the love of God excepted). For example, he preferred prayer, as the star which gives light to every other excellence; piety, which sanctifies all our actions to the glory of God; humility, from which we have a lowly opinion of ourselves and our actions; meekness, which yields to the will of

others; and patience, which teaches us to suffer all things: *rather than magnanimity, munificence, or liberality; because they embrace fewer objects, and their influence is less generally felt on the heart and temper.*

"4thly. He was often inclined to doubt the use of dazzling qualities, because by their brilliancy they gave an opening to vain-glory, the bane of all intrinsic worth.

"5thly. He blamed those who never set any value on virtues till they gained the sanction of fashion (a very bad judge of such merchandize); thus preferring ostensible to spiritual benevolence; fasting, penances, corporeal austerities, to gentleness, modesty, and self-government, *which are of infinitely more value.*

"6thly. He also reproved those who would not seek to obtain any virtues which were unsuited to their inclinations, to the neglect of what their duties more particularly required, serving God as it pleased themselves, and not in the manner which he commands. So common is this error, that a great number of persons, some very devout, suffer themselves to fall into it."

WE MAY BE VERY REGULAR IN DEVOTION AND VERY  
WICKED!

"*'Do not deceive yourself,' said my friend; 'it is not impossible to be very devout, and yet very wicked.' 'Very hypocritical,' I replied, 'and not sincerely pious.' 'No; I speak of intentional devotion.'* This enigma appearing to me inexplicable, I begged he would explain his meaning more clearly. 'Devotion of self and of nature,' he answered, 'is only a morally acquired virtue, and not a heavenly one assisted by grace; otherwise it would be theological, which certainly it is not. It is a quality subordinate to what is termed religion; or, as some say, it is only one of its effects, or fruits, *as religion is in itself subordinate to that one of the cardinal virtues called justice, or righteousness.*

"*'You well know that all moral virtues, and also faith and hope, which are theological, may subsist with sin. They are then without form or life, being deprived of CHARITY, which is their substance, their soul, and on which all their power depends.'*"—

"I lamented bitterly to St. Francis of the very hard treatment which I had received. 'To any other person,' he said, 'I should apply the unction of consolation, but the consideration of your situation in life, and the sincerity of my affection for you, render any such expression of affection needless. Pity would inflame the wound you have received. *I shall, therefore, throw vinegar and salt upon it.*' [Is not this affected cruelty, and truly flattering candour, admirable?]

"You said that it required amazing and well-tried patience to bear such an insult in silence."

"Certainly; yours cannot be of a very fine temperament, *since you complain so loudly.*

"But it is only in your friendly bosom, in the

ear of your affection, that I pour out my sorrows. To whom should a child turn for compassion, but to a kind parent ?”

“*Oh, you babe!* Is it fit, do you suppose, for one who occupies a lofty station in the church of Christ, to encourage himself in such childishness ? When I was a child, said St. Paul, I spake as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. *The imperfect articulation, so engaging in an infant, becomes an imperfection if continued in riper years.* Do you wish to be fed with milk and pap, instead of solid food ? Have you not *teeth* to masticate bread, *EVEN THE BITTER BREAD OF GRIEF?*”

“What! can you delight in bearing on your breast a golden cross, and then let your heart sink beneath the weight of slight affliction, and pour out bitter lamentations ?”

WE ARE APT TO GIVE THE NAME OF CALUMNY TO UNPLEASANT BUT WHOLESOME TRUTHS.

“Have patience with *all things*, but chiefly have patience with *yourself*. Do not lose courage in considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them ;—*every day begin the task anew.* The best method of attaining to Christian perfection is to be aware that you have not yet reached it ; but never to be weary of re-commencing. For, in the first place, *how can you patiently bear your brother's burden, if you will not bear your own?*”

“Secondly. How can you reprove any one with gentleness, when you correct yourself with asperity ?

“Thirdly. Whosoever is overcome with a sense of his faults, will not be able to subdue them : correction, to answer a good end, must proceed from a tranquil and thoughtful mind.”—He means a mind made tranquil by its own consciousness of good intention, and a mild consideration of what is best.

Erasmus said, that when he considered the life and doctrines of Socrates, he was inclined to exclaim “*Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis*” (Saint Socrates, pray for us) ; that is, to put him in the saintly and Christian calendar. We do not live under a Catholic dispensation ; but, certainly, while reading this book, we have been inclined to exclaim, “Would to God there were but one Christian church, and such men as Saint Francis de Sales were counted saints by everybody ;—not to be imitated by them in by-gone, ascetical customs, much less in opinions that must have perplexed such natures more than any others, but in the ever-living necessities of charity and good faith, and the hope that such a church may come. And it may, and we believe will ; for utility itself will find it indispensable,—to say nothing of those indestructible faculties of man, that are necessary to render utility itself beautiful and useful. If earth is to be made smoother, most assuredly the sky cannot be left out of its consideration, nor will appear less lovely ;

and we never see an old quiet village church among the trees, under a calm heaven,—such as that, for instance, of Finchley or Hendon,—without feeling secure that such a time will arrive, with “*Beauties*” such as those of St. Francis de Sales preached in it, and congregations who have *really* discovered that “*God is love.*”

## XLII.—THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

THE reader should give us three pence \*, for this number of our publication, for it presents him with the *whole* of Mr. Keats's beautiful poem, entitled as above,—to say nothing of our loving commentary.

St. Agnes was a Roman virgin, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian. Her parents, a few days after her decease, are said to have had a vision of her, surrounded by angels, and attended by a white lamb, which afterwards became sacred to her. In the Catholic church formerly the nuns used to bring a couple of lambs to her altar during mass. The superstition is, (for we believe it is still to be found) that by taking certain measures of divination, damsels may get a sight of their future husbands in a dream. The ordinary process seems to have been by fasting. Aubrey (as quoted in “*Brand's Popular Antiquities*”) mentions another, which is, to take a row of pins, and pull them out one by one, saying a Pater-noster ; after which, upon going to bed, the dream is sure to ensue. Brand quotes Ben Jonson :—

“And on sweet St. Agnes' night,  
Please you with the promised sight—  
Some of husbands, some of lovers,  
Which an empty dream discovers.”

But another poet has now taken up the creed in good poetic earnest ; and if the superstition should go out in every other respect, in his rich and loving pages it will live for ever.

## THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

BY JOHN KEATS.

I.

ST. AGNES EVE—Ah ! bitter chill it was ;  
*The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold :*  
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen  
And silent was the flock in woolly fold ; [grass,  
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told  
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
*Like pious incense, from a censer old,*  
Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a death,  
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer  
he saith.

What a complete feeling of winter-time is here, together with an intimation of those

\* The price of the Journal in which the article first appeared.



Catholic elegances, of which we are to have more in the poem!

"The owl with all his feathers was a-cold."

Could he have selected an image more warm and comfortable in itself, and, therefore, better contradicted by the season? We feel the plump, feathery bird in his nook, shivering in spite of his natural household warmth, and staring out at the strange weather. The hare limping through the chill grass is very piteous, and the "silent flock" very patient; and how quiet and gentle, as well as winterly, are all these circumstances, and fit to open a quiet and gentle poem! The breath of the pilgrim, likened to "pious incense," completes them, and is a simile in admirable "keeping," as the painters call it; that is to say, is thoroughly harmonious in itself, and with all that is going on. The breath of the pilgrim is visible, so is that of a censor; his object is religious, and so is the use of the censor; the censor, after its fashion, may be said to pray, and its breath, like the pilgrim's, ascends to heaven. Young students of poetry may, in this image alone, see what imagination is, under one of its most poetical forms, and how thoroughly it "tells." There is no part of it unfitting. It is not applicable in one point, and the reverse in another.

#### II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man,  
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,  
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,  
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:  
The sculptured dead on each side seem'd to freeze,  
*Imprison'd in black purgatorial rails:*  
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb oratories,  
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails  
*To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.*

The germ of this thought, or something like it, is in Dante, where he speaks of the figures that perform the part of sustaining columns in architecture. Keats had read Dante in Mr. Cary's translation, for which he had a great respect. He began to read him afterwards in Italian, which language he was mastering with surprising quickness. A friend of ours has a copy of Ariosto, containing admiring marks of his pen. But the same thought may have originally struck one poet as well as another. Perhaps there are few that have not felt something like it, in seeing the figures upon tombs. Here, however, for the first time, we believe, in English poetry, is it expressed, and with what feeling and elegance! Most wintery as well as penitential is the word "aching" in "icy hoods and mails," and most felicitous the introduction of the Catholic idea in the word "purgatorial." The very colour of the rails is made to assume a meaning, and to shadow forth the gloom of the punishment—

"*Imprison'd in black purgatorial rails.*"

#### III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,  
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue  
*Flatter'd* to tears this aged man and poor;  
But no; already had his death-bell rung;  
The joys of all his life were said and sung:  
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:  
Another way he went, and soon among  
Rough ashes sat he, for his soul's reprieve;  
And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to grieve.

"*Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.*"

This "flattered" is exquisite. A true poet is by nature a metaphysician; far greater in general than metaphysicians professed. He feels instinctively what the others get at by long searching. In this word "flattered" is the whole theory of the secret of tears; which are the tributes, more or less worthy, of self-pity to self-love. Whenever we shed tears, we take pity on ourselves; and we feel, if we do not consciously say so, that we deserve to have the pity taken. In many cases, the pity is just, and the self-love not to be construed unhandsomely. In many others, it is the reverse; and this is the reason why selfish people are so often found among the tear-shedders, and why they seem even to shed them for others. They imagine themselves in the situation of the others, as indeed the most generous must, before they can sympathise; but the generous console as well as weep. Selfish tears are niggardly of everything but themselves.

"Flatter'd to tears." Yes, the poor old man was moved by the sweet music to think that so sweet a thing was intended for his comfort as well as for others. He felt that the mysterious kindness of heaven did not omit even his poor, old, sorry case in its numerous workings and visitations; and, as he wished to live longer, he began to think that his wish was to be attended to. He began to consider how much he had suffered—how much he had suffered wrongly or mysteriously—and how much better a man he was, with all his sins, than fate seemed to have taken him for. Hence he found himself deserving of tears and self-pity, and he shed them, and felt soothed by his poor, old, loving self. Not undeservedly either; for he was a pains-taking pilgrim, aged, patient, and humble, and willingly suffered cold and toil for the sake of something better than he could otherwise deserve; and so the pity is not exclusively on his own side: we pity him too, and would fain see him well out of that cold chapel, gathered into a warmer place than a grave. But it was not to be. We must, therefore, console ourselves with knowing, that this icy endurance of his was the last, and that he soon found himself at the sunny gate of heaven.

## IV.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft,  
 And so it chanced (for many a door was wide  
 From hurry to and fro) soon up aloft  
*The silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide ;*  
 The level chambers, ready with their pride,  
 Were glowing to receive a thousand guests :  
*The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,*  
*Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,*  
*With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on*  
*their breasts.*

## V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,  
 With plume, tiara, and all rich array,  
 Numerous as shadows haunting fairly  
 The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay  
 Of old romance. These let us wish away,  
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,  
 Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,  
 On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,  
 As she had heard old dames full many times de-  
 clare.

## VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,  
 Young virgins might have visions of delight ;  
 And soft adorings from their loves receive  
 Upon the honey'd middle of the night,  
 If ceremonies due they did aright ;  
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white ;  
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
 Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they de-  
 sire.

## VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline ;  
*The music, yearning like a god in pain,*  
 She scarcely heard ; her maiden eyes divine  
 Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train  
 Pass by—she heeded not at all ; in vain  
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
 And back retired ; not cool'd by high disdain ;  
 But she saw not ; her heart was elsewhere ;  
 She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the  
 year.

## VIII.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,  
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short ;  
 The hallow'd hour was near at hand ; she sighs  
 Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort  
 Of whisperers, in anger or in sport ;  
 'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn ;  
*Hood-wink'd with faery fancy ;* all amorn,  
 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,  
 And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

## IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,  
 She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,  
 Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire  
 For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,  
 Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and im-  
 plores  
 All saints to give him sight of Madeline,  
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,  
 That he might gaze, and worship all unseen,  
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such  
 things have been.

## X.

He ventures in ; let no buzz'd whisper tell ;  
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords  
 Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel.  
 For him those chambers held barbarian hordes,  
 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,  
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl  
 Against his lineage. Not one breast affords  
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,  
 Save one old beldame weak in body and in soul.

## XI.

Ah, happy chance ! the aged creature came  
 Shuffling along with ivory headed wand,  
 To where he stood, hid from the torches' flame,  
 Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond  
 The sound of merriment and chorus bland.  
 He startled her ; but soon she knew his face,  
 And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand :  
 Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro ! hie thee from this  
 place ;  
 They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty  
 race.

## XII.

"Get hence ! Get hence ! there's dwarfish Hilde-  
 He had a fever late, and in the fit [brand,  
 He cursed thee and thine, both house and land :  
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, *not a whit*  
*More tame for his grey hairs*—Alas, me ! flit ;  
 Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, gossip dear,  
 We're safe enough ; here in this arm-chair sit,  
 And tell me how—"—"Good Saints ! not here !  
 not here !  
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy  
 bier."

## XIII.

He follow'd through a lowly, arched way,  
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume ;  
 And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day !"  
 He found him *in a little moonlight-room,*  
*Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.*  
 "Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,  
 "Oh, tell me, Angela, by the holy loom  
 Which none but secret Sisterhood may see,  
 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

The poet does not make his "little moon-  
 light room" comfortable, observe. The high  
 taste of the exordium is kept up. All is still  
 wintry. There is to be no comfort in the  
 poem but what is given by love. All else  
 may be willingly left to the cold walls.

## XIV.

"St. Agnes ! Ah ! it is St. Agnes' Eve—  
 Yet men will murder upon holy days ;  
 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,  
 And be the liege-lord of all elves and fays  
 To venture so : it fills me with amaze  
 To see thee, Porphyro !—St. Agnes' Eve !  
 God's help ! my lady fair the conjuror plays  
 This very night : good angels her deceive !  
 But let me laugh awhile ; I've mickle time to  
 grieve."

## XV.

*Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,*  
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,  
 Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone,  
*Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,*



*As spectacted she sits in chimney nook ;  
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told  
His lady's purpose ; and he scarce could brook  
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,  
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.*

He almost shed tears of sympathy, to think how his treasure is exposed to the cold—and of delight and pride to think of her sleeping beauty, and her love for himself. This passage "asleep in the lap of legends old" is in the highest imaginative taste, fusing together the tangible and the spiritual, the real and the fanciful, the remote and the near. Madeline is asleep in her bed ; but she is also asleep in accordance with the legends of the season ; and therefore the bed becomes *their* lap as well as sleep's. The poet does not critically think of all this ; he feels it : and thus should other young poets draw upon the prominent points of their feelings on a subject, sucking the essence out of them into analogous words, instead of beating about the bush for *thoughts*, and, perhaps, getting very clever ones, but confused—not the best, nor any one better than another. Such, at least, is the difference between the truest poetry and the degrees beneath it.

## XVI.

Sudden a thought came, like a full-blown rose,  
Flushing his brow ; and in his pained heart  
Made purple riot ; then doth he propose  
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start.  
"A cruel man, and impious, thou art :  
Sweet lady ! let her pray, and sleep, and dream,  
Alone with her good angels, far apart  
From wicked men like thee. Go ! go !—I deem  
Thou canst not, surely, be the same that thou  
dost seem."

## XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"  
Quoth Porphyro : "Oh, may I ne'er find grace,  
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,  
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,  
Or look with *ruffian-passion* in her face :  
Good Angela, believe me, by these tears,  
Or I will, even in a moment's space,  
Awake with horrid shout my foemen's ears,  
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than  
wolves and bears."

## XVIII.

"Ah ! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul ?  
A poor, weak palsy-stricken church-yard thing,  
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll ;  
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,  
Were never miss'd ?" Thus, plaining, doth she  
bring  
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro ;  
So woeful and of such deep sorrowing,  
That Angela gives promise she will do  
Whatever he shall wish, betide or weal or woe ;

## XIX.

Which was, to lead him in close secrecy,  
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide  
Him in a closet, of such privacy  
That he might see her beauty unespied,

And win perhaps that night a peerless bride ;  
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,  
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.  
Never on such a night have lovers met,  
Since Merlin paid his demon all the monstrous  
debt.

What he means by Merlin's "monstrous debt," we cannot say. Merlin, the famous enchanter, obtained King Uther his interview with the fair Igerne ; but though he was the son of a devil, and conversant with the race, we are aware of no debt that he owed them.

## XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame ;  
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there,  
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame  
Her own lute thou wilt see : no time to spare,  
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare  
On such a catering trust my dizzy head ;  
Wait here, my child, with patience ; kneel in  
prayer

The while : ah ! thou must needs the lady wed :  
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

## XXI.

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear ;  
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd,  
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear  
To follow her ; with aged eyes aghast  
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,  
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain  
The maiden's chamber, *silken, hush'd, and chaste*,  
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain :  
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her  
brain.

## XXII.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,  
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,  
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,  
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware :  
With silver taper's light, and pious care,  
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led  
To a safe level matting. Now prepare  
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed ;  
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd  
and fled.

## XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;  
*Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died :*  
She closed the door, she panted all akin  
To spirits of the air, and visions wide ;  
Nor utter'd syllable, or, woe betide !  
*But to her heart her heart was volute,*  
*Paining with eloquence her balmy side :*  
*As though a tongueless nightingale should swell*  
*Her throat in vain, and die heart-stifled in her*  
*dell.*

"Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died,"

is a verse in the taste of Chaucer, full of minute grace and truth. The smoke of the waxen taper seems almost as ethereal and fair as the moonlight, and both suit each other and the heroine. But what a lovely line is the seventh, about the heart,

"Paining with eloquence her balmy side !"

And the nightingale! how touching the simile! the heart a "tongueless nightingale," dying in that dell of the bosom. What thorough sweetness, and perfection of lovely imagery! How one delicacy is heaped upon another! But for a burst of richness, noiseless, coloured, suddenly enriching the moonlight, as if a door of heaven were opened, read the following:—

## XXIV.

*A casement, high and triple-arch'd, there was,  
All garlanded with carven imageries  
Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-  
grass,  
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
As are the tiger-moth's deep damask'd wings;  
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,  
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,  
A shielded 'scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens  
and kings.*

Could all the pomp and graces of aristocracy, with Titian's and Raphael's aid to boot, go beyond the rich religion of this picture, with its "twilight saints," and its 'scutcheons "blushing with the blood of queens?" But we must not stop the reader:—

## XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
And threw warm *gules* on Madeline's fair  
breast,  
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;  
*Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,  
And on her silver cross soft amethyst;  
And on her hair a glory like a saint:*  
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,  
*Save wings, for heaven:*—Porphyro grew faint,  
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal  
taint.

The lovely and innocent creature thus praying under the gorgeous painted window, completes the exceeding and unique beauty of this picture,—one that will for ever stand by itself in poetry, as an addition to the stock. It would have struck a glow on the face of Shakespeare himself. He might have put Imogen or Ophelia under such a shrine. How proper, as well as pretty, the heraldic term *gules*, considering the occasion! *Red* would not have been a fiftieth part so good. And with what elegant luxury he touches the "silver cross" with "amethyst," and the fair human hands with "rose colour," the kin to their carnation! The lover's growing "faint," is one of the few inequalities which are to be found in the later productions of this great but young and over-sensitive poet. He had, at the time of writing his poems, the seeds of a mortal illness in him, and he, doubtless, wrote as he had felt—for he was also deeply in love; and extreme sensibility struggled in him with a great understanding. But our picture is not finished:—

## XXVI.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,  
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;  
Unclasps her *warmed* jewels one by one;  
Loosens her fragrant bodice; *by degrees*  
*Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:*  
Half-hidden, *like a mermaid in sea-weed,*  
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees  
In fancy fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is  
fled.

How true and cordial the "*warmed* jewels!" and what matter of fact also, made elegant, is the rustling downward of the attire; and the mixture of dress and undress, and dishevelled hair, likened to a "mermaid in sea-weed!" But the next stanza is perhaps the most exquisite in the poem.

## XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,  
Until the popped warmth of sleep oppress'd  
Her soothed limbs, and soul, fatigued away,  
*F'low'n, like a thought, until the morrow-day;*  
*Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;*  
*Clasp'd like a missal, where swart Paynims*  
*pray;*  
*Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,*  
AS THOUGH A ROSE SHOULD SHUT, AND BE A BUD  
AGAIN.

Can the beautiful go beyond this? We never saw it. And how the imagery rises! Flown like a *thought*—*Blissfully haven'd*—*Clasp'd like a missal* in a land of *Pagans*: that is to say, where Christian prayer-books must not be seen, and are, therefore, doubly cherished for the danger. And then, although nothing can surpass the preciousness of this idea, is the idea of the beautiful, crowning all—

*"Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again."*

Thus it is that poetry, in its intense sympathy with creation, may be said to create anew, rendering its words almost as tangible as the objects they speak of, and individually more lasting; the spiritual perpetuity putting them on a level (not to speak it profanely) with the fugitive forms of the substance.

But we are to have more luxuries still, presently.

## XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,  
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,  
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced  
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;  
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,  
And breathed, himself; then from the closet crept,  
*Noiseless as fear in a wild wilderness,*  
And over the hush'd carpet silent stopt,  
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo! how  
fast she slept.



XXIX.

Then, by the bedside, where the faded moon  
Made a dim silver twilight,—soft he set  
A table, and, half-anguish'd, threw thereon  
A cloth of *woven crimson, gold, and jet* :—  
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet !  
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,  
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarinet,  
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone :—  
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX.

And still she slept an *azure-tided sleep*  
In blanched linen, smooth and lavender'd,  
While he from forth the closet brought a heap  
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,  
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,  
And *lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon* :  
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd  
From Fez ; and *spiced dainties, every one*,  
From *silken Samarcand* to *cedar'd Lebanon*.

Here is delicate modulation, and super-refined epicurean nicety !

"Lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon,"

make us read the line delicately, and at the tip-end, as it were, of one's tongue.

XXXI.

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing hand  
On golden dishes and in baskets bright  
Of wreathed silver : sumptuous they stand  
In the retired quiet of the night,  
*Filling the chilly room with perfume light.*—  
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake !  
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite :  
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,  
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth  
ache."

XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerv'd arm  
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream  
By the dusk curtains :—'twas a midnight charm  
Impossible to melt as iced stream ;  
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam ;  
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies ;  
It seem'd he never, never could redeem  
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes ;  
So mused awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—  
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,  
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,  
In Provence call'd, "*La belle dame sans mercy* :"  
Close to her ear touching the melody ;—  
Wherewith disturb'd she utter'd a soft moan :  
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly  
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone :  
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured  
stone.

XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,  
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep :  
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd  
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,  
At which fair Madeline began to weep,  
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh ;  
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep ;  
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,  
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

[PART II.]

XXXV.

"Ah, Porphyro !" said she, "but even now  
Thy voice was a sweet tremble in mine ear,  
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow,  
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear ;  
How changed thou art ! how pallid, chill, and  
drear,—  
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,  
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear ;  
Oh ! leave me not in this eternal woe,  
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to  
go."

Madeline is half awake, and Porphyro reassures her with living kind looks, and an affectionate embrace.

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far  
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,  
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star  
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose ;  
Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—  
Solution sweet. Meanwhile the frost wind blows  
Like love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet  
Against the window panes: St. Agnes' moon hath  
set.

XXXVII.

'Tis dark ; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet :  
"This is no dream ; my bride, my Madeline !"  
'Tis dark : the iced gusts still rave and beat.  
"No dream, alas ! alas ! and woe is mine ;  
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine ;—  
Cruel ! what traitor could thee hither bring ?  
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,  
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing ;—  
A dove, forlorn and lost, with sick unpruned  
wing."

XXXVIII.

"My Madeline ! sweet dreamer ! lovely bride !  
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest ?  
*Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped, and vermeil-  
dyed ?*  
Ah ! silver shrine, here will I take my rest,  
After so many hours of toil and quest—  
A famish'd pilgrim, saved by miracle,  
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest  
Saving of thy sweet self ; if thou think'st well  
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel."

With what a pretty wilful conceit the *costume* of the poem is kept up in the third line about the shield ! The poet knew when to introduce apparent trifles forbidden to those who are void of real passion, and who, feeling nothing intensely, can intensify nothing.

XXXIX.

"Hark ! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,  
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed ;  
Arise—arise ! the morning is at hand ;  
The bloated wassailers will never heed :—  
Let us away, my love, with happy speed ;  
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—  
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead :  
Awake ! arise ! my love, and fearless be,  
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for  
thee."

C

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,  
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,  
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—  
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,—  
 In all the house was heard no human sound.  
 A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;  
 The arras, rife with horseman, hawk, and hound,  
 Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar :  
*And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.*

This is a slip of the memory, for there were hardly carpets in those days. But the truth of the painting makes amends, as in the un-chronological pictures of old masters.

XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall ;  
 Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,  
 Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,  
 With a huge empty flagon by his side ;  
 The wakeful blood-hound rose, and shook his hide,  
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns :  
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide :  
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones ;  
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII.

And they are gone : ay, ages long ago  
 These lovers fled away *into the storm*.  
 That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,  
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form  
 Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,  
 Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old  
 Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform :  
 The beadsman, after thousand aves told,  
 For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

Here endeth the young and divine Poet, but not the delight and gratitude of his readers ; for, as he sings elsewhere—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

#### XLIII.—A "NOW;"

DESCRIPTIVE OF A COLD DAY.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year.—THOMSON.

A FRIEND tells us, that having written a "Now," descriptive of a hot day (see "Indicator,") we ought to write another, descriptive of a cold one ; and accordingly we do so. It happens that we are, at this minute, in a state at once fit and unfit for the task, being in the condition of the little boy at school, who, when asked the Latin for "cold," said he had it "at his fingers' ends ;" but this helps us to set off with a right taste of our subject ; and the fire, which is clicking in our ear, shall soon enable us to handle it comfortably in other respects.

*Now*, then, to commence.—But first, the reader who is good-natured enough to have a regard for these papers, may choose to be told of the origin of the use of this word *Now*, in case he is not already acquainted with it. It was

suggested to us by the striking convenience it affords to descriptive writers, such as Thomson and others, who are fond of beginning their paragraphs with it, thereby saving themselves a world of trouble in bringing about a nicer conjunction of the various parts of their subject.

*Now* when the first foul torrent of the brooks—

*Now* flaming up to heaven the potent sun—

*Now* when the cheerless empire of the sky—

But now—

When now—

Where now—

For now—&c.

We say nothing of similar words among other nations, or of a certain *But* of the Greeks which was as useful to them on all occasions as the *And* so of the little children's stories. Our business is with our old indigenous friend. No other *Now* can be so present, so instantaneous, so extremely *Now*, as our own *Now*. The now of the Latins,—*Nunc*, or *Jam*, as he sometimes calls himself,—is a fellow of past ages. He is no *Now*. And the *Nun* of the Greek is older. How can there be a *Now* which was *Then* ? a "*Now-then*," as we sometimes barbarously phrase it. "*Now and then*" is intelligible ; but "*Now-then*" is an extravagance, fit only for the delicious moments of a gentleman about to crack his bottle, or to run away with a lady, or to open a dance, or to carve a turkey and chine, or to pelt snow-balls, or to commit some other piece of ultra-vivacity, such as excuses a man from the nicer proprieties of language.

But to begin.

*Now* the moment people wake in the morning, they perceive the coldness with their faces, though they are warm with their bodies, and exclaim "Here's a day !" and pity the poor little sweep, and the boy with the water-cresses. How anybody can go to a cold ditch, and gather water-cresses, seems marvellous. Perhaps we hear great lumps in the street of something falling ; and, looking through the window, perceive the roofs of the neighbouring houses thick with snow. The breath is visible, issuing from the mouth as we lie. *Now* we hate getting up, and hate shaving, and hate the empty grate in one's bed-room ; and water freezes in evers, and you may set the towel upright on its own hardness, and the window-panes are frost-whitened, or it is foggy, and the sun sends a dull, brazen beam into one's room ; or, if it is fine, the windows outside are stuck with icicles ; or a detestable thaw has begun, and they drip ; but, at all events, it is horribly cold, and delicate shavers fidget about their chambers looking distressed, and cherish their hard-hearted enemy, the razor, in their bosoms, to warm him a little, and coax him into a consideration of their chins. Savage is a cut, and makes them think destiny really too hard.



Now breakfast is fine ; and the fire seems to laugh at us as we enter the breakfast-room, and say "Ha ! ha ! here's a better room than the bed-chamber !" and we always poke it before we do anything else ; and people grow selfish about seats near it ; and little boys think their elders tyrannical for saying, "Oh, *you* don't want the fire ; your blood is young." And truly that is not the way of stating the case, albeit young blood is warmer than old. Now the butter is too hard to spread ; and the rolls and toast are at their maximum ; and the former look glorious as they issue smoking out of the flannel in which they come from the baker's ; and people who come with single knocks at the door are pitied ; and the voices of boys are loud in the street, sliding or throwing snow-balls ; and the dustman's bell sounds cold ; and we wonder how anybody can go about selling fish, especially with that hoarse voice ; and schoolboys hate their slates, and blow their fingers, and detest infinitely the no-fire at school ; and the parish-beadle's nose is redder than ever.

Now sounds in general are dull, and smoke out of chimneys looks warm and rich, and birds are pitied, hopping about for crumbs, and the trees look wiry and cheerless, albeit they are still beautiful to imaginative eyes, especially the evergreens, and the birch with boughs like dishevelled hair. Now mud in roads is stiff, and the kennel ices over, and boys make illegal slides in the pathways, and ashes are strewed before doors ; or you crunch the snow as you tread, or kick mud-flakes before you, or are horribly muddy in cities. But if it is a hard frost, all the world is buttoned up and great-coated, except ostentatious elderly gentlemen, and pretended beggars with naked feet ; and the delicious sound of "All hot" is heard from roasted apple and potatoe stalls, the vender himself being cold, in spite of his "hot," and stamping up and down to warm his feet ; and the little boys are astonished to think how he can eat bread and cold meat for his dinner, instead of the smoking apples.

Now skaters are on the alert ; the cutlers' shop-windows abound with their swift shoes ; and as you approach the scene of action (pond or canal) you hear the dull grinding noise of the skaits to and fro, and see tumbles, and Banbury cake-men and blackguard boys playing "hockey," and ladies standing shivering on the banks, admiring anybody but their brother, especially the gentleman who is cutting figures of eight, who, for his part, is admiring his own figure. Beginners affect to laugh at their tumbles, but are terribly angry, and long to thump the by-standers. On thawing days, idlers persist to the last in skating or sliding amidst the slush and bending ice, making the Humane-Society-man ferocious. He feels as if he could give them the deaths from which it is his business to save

them. When you have done skaiting, you come away feeling at once warm and numb in the feet, from the tight effect of the skaits ; and you carry them with an ostentatious air of indifference, as if you had done wonders ; whereas you have fairly had three slips, and can barely achieve the inside edge.

Now riders look sharp, and horses seem brittle in the legs, and old gentlemen feel so ; and coachmen, cabmen, and others, stand swinging their arms across at their sides to warm themselves ; and blacksmiths' shops look pleasant, and potatoe shops detestable ; the fishmongers' still more so. We wonder how he can live in that plash of wet and cold fish, without even a window. Now clerks in offices envy the one next the fire-place ; and men from behind counters hardly think themselves repaid by being called out to speak to a countess in her chariot ; and the wheezy and effeminate pastry-cook, hatless and aproned, and with his hand in his breeches-pockets (as the graphic Cruikshank noticeth in his almanack) stands outside his door, chilling his household warmth with attending to the ice which is brought him, and seeing it unloaded into his cellar like coals. Comfortable look the Miss Joneses, coming this way with their muffs and furs ; and the baker pities the maid-servant cleaning the steps, who, for her part, says she is not cold, which he finds it difficult to believe.

Now dinner rejoiceth the gatherers together, and cold meat is despised, and the gout defieth the morrow, thinking it but reasonable on such a day to inflame itself with "t'other bottle ;" and the sofa is wheeled round to the fire after dinner, and people proceed to burn their legs in their boots, and little boys their faces ; and young ladies are tormented between the cold and their complexions, and their fingers freeze at the piano-forte, but they must not say so, because it will vex their poor comfortable grand-aunt, who is sitting with her knees in the fire, and who is so anxious that they should not be spoilt.

Now the muffin-bell soundeth sweetly in the streets, reminding us, not of the man, but his muffins, and of twilight, and evening, and curtains, and the fireside. Now play-goers get cold feet, and invalids stop up every crevice in their rooms, and make themselves worse ; and the streets are comparatively silent ; and the wind rises and falls in moanings ; and the fire burns blue and crackles ; and an easy-chair with your feet by it on a stool, the lamp or candles a little behind you, and an interesting book just opened where you left off, is a bit of heaven upon earth. People in cottages crowd close into the chimney, and tell stories of ghosts and murders, the blue flame affording something like evidence of the facts.

"The owl, with all her feathers, is a cold \*,"

\* Keats, in the "Eve of St. Agnes." Mr. Keats gave us

or you think her so. The whole country feels like a petrification of slate and stillness, cut across by the wind ; and nobody in the mail-coach is warm but the horses, who steam pitifully when they stop. The "oldest man" makes a point of never having "seen such weather." People have a painful doubt whether they have any chins or not ; ears ache with the wind ; and the waggoner, setting his teeth together, goes puckering up his cheeks, and thinking the time will never arrive when he shall get to the Five Bells.

At night, people become sleepy with the fire-side, and long to go to bed, yet fear it on account of the different temperature of the bed-room ; which is furthermore apt to wake them up. Warming-pans and hot-water bottles are in request ; and naughty boys eschew their night-shirts, and go to bed in their socks.

"Yes," quoth a little boy, to whom we read this passage, "and make their younger brother go to bed first."

#### XLIV.—ICE,—WITH POETS UPON IT.

It is related of an Emperor of Morocco, that some unfortunate traveller having thought to get into his good graces by telling him of the wonders of other countries, and exciting, as he proceeded, more and more incredulity in the imperial mind, finished, as he imagined, his delightful climax of novelties, by telling him, that in his native land, at certain seasons of the year, people could walk and run upon the water ; upon which such indignation seized his majesty, that, exclaiming, "Such a liar as this is not fit to live !" he whipped off the poor man's head with his scymitar.

It is a pity that some half dozen captives had not been present, from other northern regions, to give the monarch's perplexity a more salutary turn, by testifying to similar phenomena ; as, how you drove your chariot over the water ; how lumps of water came rolling down-hill like rocks ; and how you chopped, not only your stone-hard meat, but your stone-hard drink, holding a pound of water between pincers, and pelting a fellow with a gill of brandy instead of a stone. For such things are in Russia and Tartary ; where, furthermore, a man shall have half a yard of water for his beard ; throw a liquid up in the air, and catch it a solid ; and be employed in building houses made of water, for empresses to sit in and take supper. Catherine the Second had one.

"It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice ;"

some touches in our account of the "Hot Day" (first published in the "Indicator") as we sat writing it in his company, alas ! how many years back. We have here made him contribute to our "Cold Day." This it is to have immortal friends, whose company never forsakes us.

thus realising Mr. Coleridge's poetical description of the palace of Kubla Khan.

Many a natural phenomenon is as poetical as this, and adjusts itself into as imaginative shapes and lights. Fancy the meeting an island-mountain of green or blue ice, in a sunny sea, moving southwards, and shedding fountains from its sparkling sides ! The poet has described the icicle,

"Quietly shining to the quiet moon :"

but the icicle (so to speak) described itself first to the poet. Water, when it begins to freeze, makes crystals of itself ; the snow is all stars or feathers, or takes the shape of flowers upon your window ; and the extreme of solemn grandeur, as well as of fairy elegance, is to be found in the operations of frost. In Switzerland gulfs of petrified billows are formed in whole valleys by the descent of ice from the mountains, its alternate thawing and freezing, and the ministry of the wind. You stand upon a crag, and see before you wastes of icy solitude, looking like an ocean heaven-struck in the midst of its fury, and fixed for ever. Not another sight is to be seen, but the ghastly white mountains that surround it ;—not a sound to be heard, but of under-currents of water breaking away, or the thunders of falling ice-crag, or, perhaps the scream of an eagle. 'Tis as if you saw the world before heat moved it,—the rough materials of the masonry of creation.

"Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,  
Mont Blanc appears, still, snowy, and serene—  
Its subject-mountains their unearthly forms  
File round it, ice and rock ; broad vales between  
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,  
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread  
And wind among the accumulated steeps ;  
A desert, peopled by the storms alone."—SHELLEY.

On the other hand, what is more prettily beautiful than the snow above mentioned, or the hoar-frost upon the boughs of a tree, like the locks of Spenser's old man,

"As hoary frost with spangles doth attire  
The mossy branches of an oak half dead ;"

or the spectacle (in the verses quoted below) of a Northern garden,

"Where through the ice the crimson berries glow."

Our winters of late have been very mild ; and most desirable is it, for the poor's sake, that they should continue so, if the physical good of the creation will allow it. But when frost and ice come, we must make the best of them ; and Nature, in her apparently severest operations, never works without some visible mixture of good, as well as a great deal of beauty (itself a good). Cold weather counteracts worse evils : the very petrification of the water furnishes a new ground for sport and pastime. Then in every street the little boys find a gliding pleasure, and the sheet of ice in



the pond or river spreads a joyous floor for skaters. We touched upon this the other day in a "Now;" but *now* we have the satisfaction of being able to quote some fine verses of Mr. Wordsworth's on the subject, which we happened not to have by us at the moment. They are taken from a new edition of Mr. Hine's judicious and valuable 'Selections' from that fine poet, just published by Mr. Moxon. They are the more interesting, inasmuch as they show Mr. Wordsworth to be a skaiter himself,—no mean reason for his being able to write so vigorously.

"SKAITING.

—In the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set, and, *visible for many a mile,*  
*The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,*  
I heeded not the summons:—happy time  
It was indeed for all of us; for me  
It was a time of rapture!—clear and loud  
The village clock toll'd six—I wheel'd about,  
*Proud and exulting like an untired horse,*  
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel,  
We hiss'd along the polish'd ice in games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase  
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,  
The pack loud bellowing, and the hunted hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle; with the din  
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud.  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
*Tinkled like iron,* while the distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an *alien sound*  
*Of melancholy,* not unnoticed, while the stars  
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the West  
The orange sky of evening died away.  
Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay,—or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
To cut across the reflex of a star,  
Image, that, flying still before me, gleam'd  
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,  
When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
*Came sweeping through the darkness,* spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopp'd short; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheel'd by me—even as if the earth had roll'd  
With visible motion her diurnal round!  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watch'd  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea."

Better for great poets to write in this manner, and show Nature's kindness in the midst of what might seem otherwise, than to do as Dante and Milton have done, and add the tortures of frost and ice to the horrors of superstition. Be never their names, however, mentioned without reverence. The progress of things may have required at their hands what we can smile at now as a harmless terror of poetry. With what fine solid lines Milton always "builds" his verse!

Beyond this flood\* a frozen continent  
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems

\* The river of Oblivion.

Of ancient pile, or else deep snow and ice,  
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog  
Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk†. The parching air  
*Burns froze,* and cold performs the effect of fire.  
Thither, by harpy-footed furies hal'd,  
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd  
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce  
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire‡.

We will take the taste of the bitter-cold barbarity of this passage out of the reader's heart by plunging him into the "warm South," with its good-natured sunshine; where, when he has basked enough in some noon of heat, vine-leaves, and brown laughing faces, so as to make the idea of cold pleasant to him again,

† "Serbonis," says Hume (not the historian, but the commentator on Milton), "was a lake of 200 furlongs in length and 1,000 in compass, between the ancient mountain Casius and Damiatra, a city of Egypt, on one of the more eastern mouths of the Nile. It was surrounded on all sides by hills of loose sand, which, carried into the water by high winds, so thickened the lake, as not to be distinguished from part of the continent, where whole armies have been swallowed up. Read 'Herodotus,' lib. iii., and 'Lucan's *Pharsalia*,' viii. 539, &c." Todd's edition of Milton, vol. ii. p. 47.

‡ We add another note or two from Mr. Todd's 'Milton,' to show what pleasant reading there is in these Variorum editions, and to recommend them to more general attention. A great poet cannot be too thoroughly studied:—

"This circumstance of the damned suffering the extremes of heat and cold by turns, seems to be founded upon Job xxiv. 19, not as it is in the English translation, but in the vulgar Latin version, which Milton often used:—'*Ad nimum calorem transeat ab aquis nivium*;'—'Let him pass to *excessive heat* from *waters of snow*.' And so Jerome and other commentators understand it. The same punishments after death are mentioned by Shakspeare, 'Measure for Measure,' act iii. sc. i.—

— "and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,"

BISHOP NEWTON.

"This circumstance of the damned's feeling the fierce extremes is also in Dante, 'Inferno,' c. iii. 86.—

'I vengo per menarvi all' altra riva  
Nelle tenebre eterne, in caldo e'n gelo.'

(I come to lead thee to the other shore  
Of the eternal glooms, through heat and ice.

See also the 'Purgatorio,' c. iii. 31. So in 'Songs and Sonnets,' by Lord Surrey and others, 1587, fol. 83.—

'The soules that lacked grace,  
Which lie in bitter pain,  
Are not in such a place  
As foolish folk do fayne:  
Tormented all with fire,  
And boyle in lead again—  
Then cast in frozen pits  
To freeze there certain hours.'

And in 'Heywood's Hierarchie of Angels,' 1635, p. 345:—

'And suffer as they sinned, in wrath, in paines  
Of frosts, of fires, of furies, whips, and chains.'

"In the preceding quotation from 'Surrey's Songs and Sonnets,' there is evidently a sneer at the monks, from whose legendary hell, according to Mr. Warton, the punishment by cold derives its origin."—TODD.

and his eye turn wistfully to those snow-topped mountains yonder, cooling the blue burning air, let him refresh his wine with the Bacchus of the Italian poet Redi :—

## ICE NECESSARY TO WINE.

Col topazio pigiato in Lamporecchio,  
Ch'è famoso Castel per quel Masetto,  
A inghirlandar le tazze or m' apparecchio,  
Purchè gelato sia, e sia puretto,  
Gelato, quale alla stagion del' gielo  
Il più freddo Aquilon fischia pel cielo.  
Cantinette e cantimprole  
Stieno in pronto a tutte l' ore  
Con forbite bombolette  
Chiuse e strette tra le brine  
Delle nevi cristalline.  
Son le nevi il quinto elemento  
Che compongono il vero bevère :  
Ben è folle chi spera ricevere  
Senza nevi nel bere un contento :  
Venga pur da Vallombrosa  
Neve a josa ;  
Venga pur da ogni bicocca  
Neve in chiocca ;  
E voi, Satiri, lasciate  
Tante frottole, e tanti riboboli,  
E del ghiaccio mi portate  
Da la grotta del Monte di Boboli.  
Con alti picchi  
De' mazzapicchi  
Dirompetelo,  
Sgretolatelo,  
Infragnetelo,  
Stritolatelo,  
Finchè tutto si possa risolvere  
In minuta freddissima polvere,  
Che mi renda il ber più fresco  
Per rinfresco del palato,  
Or ch' io son mortoassetato.

*Bacco in Toscana.*

You know Lamporecchio, the castle renown'd  
For the gardener so dumb, whose works did abound ;  
There's a topaz they make there ; pray let it go round.  
Serve, serve me a dozen,  
But let it be frozen ;  
Let it be frozen and finish'd with ice,  
And see that the ice be as virginly nice,  
As the coldest that whistles from wintery skies.  
Coolers and cellarets, crystal with snows,  
Should always hold bottles in ready repose.  
Snow is good liquor's fifth element ;  
No compound without it can give content :  
For weak is the brain, and I hereby scout it,  
That thinks in hot weather to drink without it.  
Bring me heaps from the Shady Valley\* :  
Bring me heaps  
Of all that sleeps  
On every village hill and alley.  
Hold there, you satyrs,  
Your beard-shaking chatters,  
And bring me ice duly, and bring it me doubly,  
Out of the grotto of Monte di Boboli.  
With axes and pickaxes,  
Hammers and rammers,  
Thump it and hit it me,  
Crack it and crash it me,  
Hew it and split it me,  
Pound it and smash it me,  
Till the whole mass (for I'm dead-dry, I think)  
Turns to a cold, fit to freshen my drink.

\* Vallombrosa, which an Englishman may call *Milton's* Vallombrosa. The convent is as old as the time of Ariosto, who celebrates the monks for their hospitality.

Ice is such a luxury in the South of Europe, and has become also such a necessity, that in some places a dearth of it is considered the next thing to a want of bread. To preach tortures of ice at Naples, would be the counterpart of the mistake of the worthy missionary, who was warned how he said too much of the reverse kind of punishment to the Laplanders. Dante was a native of Florence, where they have winters hard enough ; and where, by the way, during its delightful summers, we have eaten, for a few pence, ice-cream enough to fill three of our silver-costing glasses in England. They bring it you in goblets. The most refreshing beverage we ever drank, was a Florentine lemonade, made with fresh lemons (off the tree), sweetened with capillaire, and floating with ice.

But, if it were not for our subject, we ought to keep these summer reminiscences for next August. We conclude with a proper winter picture, painted by one who has been thought (and is, compared with great ones) a very small poet (Ambrose Philips), but who had a vein of truth in all he wrote, which would have obtained him more esteem in an age of poets, than it did in an age of wits. Good-natured Steele, however, discerned his merits ; and the poem before us, which Steele inserted in the 'Tatler,' was admired by them all. It was too new in its localities, and too evidently drawn from nature, not to please them ; and was, furthermore, addressed to, and patronised by a wit—the Earl of Dorset.

## A NORTHERN WINTER.

*Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.*

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,  
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,  
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,  
Or how so near the Pole attempt to sing ?  
The hoary winter here conceals from sight  
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.  
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,  
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,  
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,  
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring,  
Nor birds within the desert region sing.  
The ships unmoved the boisterous winds defy,  
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.  
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,  
And spout his waters in the face of day ;  
The starving wolves along the main sea prowls,  
And to the moon in icy valleys howls.  
For many a shining league, the level main  
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain :  
There solid billows of enormous size,  
*Alps of green ice*, in wild disorder rise.

And yet, but lately have I seen, even here,  
The winter in a lovely dress appear.  
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,  
Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,  
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose  
And the descending rain unsullied froze.  
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,  
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view  
The face of nature in a rich disguise,  
And brighten'd every object to my eyes ;



*For every shrub, and every blade of grass,  
And every pointed thorn seem'd wrought in glass.  
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,  
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.  
The thick-sprung reeds the watery marshes yield  
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.  
The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,  
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.  
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,  
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.  
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,  
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.  
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,  
The brittle forest into atoms flies:  
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,  
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends;  
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,  
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,  
The traveller a miry country sees,  
And journeys sad beneath the dripping trees.  
Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads  
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads;  
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,  
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,  
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue;  
And while he thinks the fair illusion true,  
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,  
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:  
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,  
And as he goes, the transient vision mourns.*

#### XLV.—THE PIANO-FORTE.

HENRY THE FOURTH expressed a patriotic hope to see the time arrive when every man in France should have "a fowl boiling in his pot." The anathemas of an able political writer\* against music-playing in farmers' houses (very just if his calculation of the effect of it were the only one) do not hinder us from expressing a hope, that the time may arrive when every family that can earn its subsistence shall have its Piano-forte. Not to make them "fine and fashionable," or contemptuous of any right thinking; but to help them to the pleasures of true refinement, to reward them for right thinking and right doing, and make them feel how compatible are the homeliest of their duties with an elegant recreation;—just as the fields and homesteads around them are powdered with daisies and roses, and the very cabbages in their gardens can glitter with sunny dew-drops, to those that have eyes beyond their common use.

In Germany they have Piano-fortes in inns and cottages; why should they not have them in England? The only true answer is, because we seafaring and commercial Saxons, by very reason of our wealth, and of the unequal advance of knowledge in comparison with it, have missed the wiser conclusions, in this respect, of our Continental brethren, and been accustomed to the vulgar mistake of identifying all refinement with riches, and, consequently, all the right of being refined with the attainment of them. We fancy that nobody can or will be industrious and condescend to a

homely duty, who has a taste for an elegance; and, so fancying, we bring up the nation, at their peril, to have the same opinion, and thus the error is maintained, and all classes suffer for it; the rich, because it renders them but half sensible of the real enjoyment of their accomplishments, and makes them objects of jealousy to the poor; and the poor, because it forces them to work out, with double pain, that progression towards a better state of things, the steps of which would be healed and elevated by such balmy accompaniments. In England, it is taken for an affectation, or some worse sign, if people show an inclination to accomplishments not usually found within their sphere. But the whole evil consists in the accomplishments not being there already, and constituting a part of their habits; for in Germany the circumstance is regarded with no such ill-will; nor do the male or female performers who can play on the Piano-forte or sing to it (and there are millions of such) fancy they have the fewer duties to perform, or that they are intitled a bit the more to disrespect those duties. On the contrary, they just know so much the better what is good both in the duty and the recreation; for no true thing can co-exist falsely with another that is true; each reflects light and comfort on each. To have one set of feelings harmonised and put in good key, is to enable us to turn others to their best account; and he or she who could go from their music to their duties in a frame of mind the worse for it, would only be the victim of a false opinion eradicable, and not of a natural feeling improveable. But false refinements are first set up, and then made judges of true ones. A foolish rich man, who can have concerts in his house, identifies his music, not with anything that he really feels or knows about it, but with his power to afford it. He is of opinion with *Hugh Rebeck* in the play, when he is asked why music is said to have a "silver sound,"—"Because musicians sound for silver." But if he knew what music really was, he would not care twopence for the show and flare of the thing, any more than he would to have a nightingale painted like a parrot. You may have an *Æolian* harp in your window that shall cost twenty guineas—you may have another that shall cost little more than as many pence. Will the winds visit the poor one with less love? or the true ear hear it with the less rapture? One of the obstacles in the way of a general love of music, in this country, is the dearness of it, both print and instrument; and this is another effect of the mistakes of wealth. The rich, having monopolised music, have made it costly; and the mistaken spirit of trade encourages the delusion, instead of throwing open the source of comfort to greater numbers. A costly Piano-forte makes a very fine, and, it must be owned, a very pleasing show in a

\* Mr. Cobbett.

room, if made in good taste; but not a bit of the fineness is necessary to it. A Piano-forte is a harp in a box; and the box might be made of any decent materials, and the harp strung for a comparative nothing to what it is now. If we took a lesson from our cousins in Saxony and Bavaria, the demand for cheap Piano-fortes would soon bring down the price; and instead of quarrelling over their troubles, or muddling them with beer and opium, and rendering themselves alike unfit for patience and for action, the poor would "get up" some music in their villages, and pursue their duties, or their claims, with a calmness beneficial to everybody.

We are aware of the political question that might be put to us at these points of our speculation; but we hold it to be answered by the real nature of the case, and, in fact, to have nothing whatever to do with it. We are an unmusical people at present (unless the climate have to do with it,) simply because of what has been stated, and not for any reason connected with questions of greater or less freedom. The most musical countries—Greece, Italy, and Germany—have alike been free or enslaved, according as *other* circumstances happened; not as music was more or less regarded; with this difference, that the more diffused the music, the more happy the peace, or the more "deliberate" the "valour." The greatest among the most active as well as most contemplative of mankind have been lovers of music, often performers of it, and have generally united, in consequence, both action and contemplation. Epaminondas was a flute-player; so was Frederick the Second; and Luther and Milton were organists.

In connexion with music, then, let us hear nothing about politics, either way. It is one of God's goods which we ought to be desirous to see cultivated among us, next after corn, and honesty, and books. The human hand was made to play it, the ear to hear it, the soul to think it something heavenly; and if we do not avail ourselves of it accordingly, we turn not our hands, ears, and souls to their just account, nor reap half the benefit we might from the very air that sounds it.

A Piano-forte is a most agreeable object. It is a piece of furniture with a soul in it, ready to waken at a touch, and charm us with invisible beauty. Open or shut, it is pleasant to look at; but open, it looks best, smiling at

us with its ivory keys, like the mouth of a sweet singer. The keys of a Piano-forte are, of themselves, an agreeable spectacle,—an elegance not sufficiently prized for their aspect, because they are so common; but well worth regarding even in that respect. The colour of the white keys is not a cold white; or even when at their whitest, there is something of a warmth in the idea of ivory. The black furnish a sort of tessellation, and all are smooth and easy to the touch. It is one of the advantages of this instrument to the learner, that there is no discord to go through in getting at a tone. The tone is ready made. The finger touches the key, and there is music at once. Another and greater advantage is, that it contains a whole concert in itself; for you may play with all your fingers, and then every finger performs the part of a separate instrument. True, it will not compare with a real concert,—with the rising winds of an orchestra; but in no single instrument, except the organ, can you have such a combination of sounds; and the organ itself cannot do for you what the Piano-forte does. You can neither get it so cheap, nor will it condescend to play everything for you as the other does. It is a lion which has "no skill in dandling the kid." It is a Jupiter, unable to put off his deity when he visits you. The Piano-forte is not incapable of the grandest music, and it performs the light and neat to admiration, and does not omit even the tender. You may accompany with it, almost equally well, the social graces of Mozart, and the pathos of Winter and Paesiello; and, as to a certain miniature brilliancy of taste and execution, it has given rise to a music of its own, in the hands of Clementi and others. All those delicate ivory keys which repose in such evenness and quiet, wait only the touch of the master's fingers to become a dancing and singing multitude, and, out of apparent confusion, make accordant loveliness. How pleasant to the uninitiated to see him lay his hand upon them, as if in mere indifference, or at random; and as he dimples the instrument with touches wide and numerous as rain-drops on a summer-sea, play upon the ear the most regular harmonies, and give us, in a twinkling, elaborations which it would take us years to pick out! We forget that he has gone through the same labour, and think only of the beautiful and mysterious result. He must have a taste, to be sure, which no labour can gift him with, and of this we have a due sense. We wish we had a book by us, written a few years back, intitled "A Ramble among the Musicians in Germany," in order that we might quote a passage from it about the extempore playing of Hummel, the celebrated master who was lately in this country; but, if we are not mistaken, it is the hand of the same writer which, in so good a style, between sport and scholarship, plays its

\* \* \* \* \* Anon they move

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders: such as raised  
To height of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,  
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved,  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat:  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
With solemn touches troubled thought, and chase  
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,  
From mortal or immortal minds."—*Paradise Lost*.



musical criticisms every week in "The Atlas;" for they are the next thing to an instrument themselves; and we recommend our readers to get a sight of that paper as often as they can, in order to cultivate the taste of which England at present seems to be so promisingly ambitious. By the way, we know not whether the Italians use the word in the same sense at present; but in an old dictionary in our possession, the keys of musical instruments are called "tasti,"—*tastes*,—a very expressive designation. You do *taste* the Piano-forte the moment you touch it. Anybody can taste it; which, as we said before, is not the case with other instruments, the tone in them not being ready made; though a master, of course, may apply the word to any.

"So said,—his hand, sprightly as fire, he flings,  
And with a quavering coyness *tastes* the strings."

There are superfine ears that profess not to be able to endure a Piano-forte after a concert; others that always find it to be out of tune; and more who veil their insensibility to music in general, by protesting against "everlasting tinkles," and school-girl affectation or sullenness. It is not a pleasure, certainly, which a man would select, to be obliged to witness affectations of any sort, much less sullenness, or any other absurdity. Such young ladies as are perpetually thinking of their abstract pretensions, and either affectedly trying to screw up their musical skill to them, or resenting, with tears and petty exclamations, that they cannot do it, are not the most sensible and agreeable of all possible charmers. But these terrible calamities may be safely left to the endurance, or non-endurance, of the no less terrible critics, who are so merciless upon them, or pretend to be. The critics and the performers will equally take themselves for prodigious people; and music will do both parties more good than harm in the long-run, however their zeal may fall short of their would-be capacity for it. With respect to Piano-fortes not perfectly in tune, it is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that no instrument is ever perfectly in tune. Even the heavenly charmer, music, being partly of earth as well as of heaven, partakes the common imperfection of things sub-lunary. It is, therefore, possible to have senses too fine for it, if we are to be always sensible of this imperfection; to

"Die of an *air* in *achromatic* pain;"

and if we are not to be thus sensible, who is to judge at what nice point of imperfection the disgust is to begin, where no disgust is felt by the general ear? The sound of a trumpet, in Mozart's infancy, is said to have threatened him with convulsions. To such a man, and especially to so great a master, every right of a horror of discord would be conceded, supposing his ear to have grown up as it began;

but that it did not do so is manifest from his use of trumpets; while at the same time so fine *beyond* ultra-fineness was his ear, that there is a passage in his works, pronounced impracticably discordant by the whole musical world, which nevertheless the critics are agreed that he must have written as it stands\*. In other words, Mozart perceived a harmony in discord itself, or what universally appeared to be such,—just as very fine tastes in eating and drinking relish something which is disliked by the common palate; or, as the reading world discovered, not long ago, that Pope, for all his sweetness, was not so musical a versifier as those "crabbed old English poets." The crabs were found to be very apples of the Hesperides. What we would infer from this is, that the same exquisite perception which discerned the sweetness in the sour of that discord, would not have been among the first to despise an imperfection in the tuning of an instrument, nor, though he might wish it away, be rendered insensible by it of that finest part of the good music it performed, which consists in invention, and expression, and grace,—always the flower of music, as of every other art, and to be seen and enjoyed by the *very* finest ears as well as the humbler ones of good-will, because the soul of a thing is worth more to them than the body of it, and the greater is greater than the less.

Thus much to caution true lovers of music how they suffer their natural discernment to be warped by niceties "more nice than wise," and to encourage them, if an instrument pleases the general lovers of music, to try and be pleased with it as much as they can themselves, maugre what technical refiners may say of it, probably out of a jealousy of those whose refinements are of a higher order. *All* instruments are out of tune, the acoustic philosopher tells us. Well, be it so; provided we are not so much out of tune ourselves as to know it, or to be unable to discern something better in spite of it.

As to those who, notwithstanding their pretended love of music at other times, are so ready to talk of "jingling" and "tinkling," whenever they hear a Piano-forte, or a poor girl at her lesson, they have really no love of music whatsoever, and only proclaim as much to those who understand them. They are among the wiseacres who are always proving their spleen at the expense of their wit.

Piano-fortes will probably be much improved by the next generation. Experiments are daily making with them, sometimes of much promise; and the extension of science on all hands bids fair to improve whatever is connected with mechanism. We are very well content, however, for ourselves, with the instrument as it is; are grateful for it, as a concert

\* We cannot refer to it in its place; but it was quoted some time since in "The Atlas."

in miniature ; and admire it as a piece of furniture in all its shapes : only we do not like to see it made a table of, and laden with moveables ; nor when it is upright, does it seem quite finished without a bust on it ; perhaps, because it makes so good a pedestal, and seems to call for one.

*Piano-forte* (soft and strong) is not a good name for an instrument which is no softer nor stronger than some others. The organ unites the two qualities most ; but *organ* (*органов*, instrumentum,—as if *the instrument*, by excellence) is the proper word for it, not to be parted with, and of a sound fit for its nobleness. The word *Piano-forte* came up, when the harpsichord and spinet, its predecessors, were made softer. *Harpsichord* (*arpichorda*,—commonly called in Italian *clavicembalo*, or keyed cymbal, *i.e.* a box or hollow, *Fr.* *clavecin*) is a sounding but hardly a good word, meaning a harp with chords—which may be said of any harp. *Spinet*, an older term (*spinette*, thorns), signifies the quills which used to occupy the place of the modern clothed hammers, and which produced the harsh sound in the old instruments ; the quill striking the edge of the strings, like the nicking of a guitar-string by the nail. The spinet was preceded by the *Virginals*, the oldest instrument, we believe, of the kind,—so called, perhaps, from its being chiefly played upon by young women, or because it was used in singing hymns to the Virgin. Spenser has mentioned it in an English *Trimeter-Iambic* ; one of those fantastic attempts to introduce the uncongenialities of Latin versification, which the taste of the great poet soon led him to abandon. The line, however, in which the virginals are mentioned, presents a picture not unworthy of him. His apostrophe, at the outset, to his “unhappy verse,” contains an involuntary satire :

“ *Unhappy Verse !* the witness of my unhappy state,  
Make thyself flutt’ring wings of thy fast-flying  
Thought, and fly forth unto my Love whosoever she be ;  
Whether lying restless in heavy bedde, or else  
Sitting so cherelesse at the cheerful boarde, or else  
*Playing alone carelesse on her heavenly virginals.*”

Queen Elizabeth is on record as having played on the virginals. It has been supposed by some that the instrument took its name from her ; but it is probably older. The musical instrument mentioned in one of Shakspeare’s sonnets is of the same keyed family. What a complete feeling of the *andante*, or *going* movement (as the Italians call it), is there in the beautiful line which we have marked ! and what a pleasant mixture of tenderness and archness throughout !

“ How oft when thou, my music, music play’st  
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway’st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,

Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, that should that harvest reap,  
At the wood’s boldness by thee blushing stand !  
To be so tickled, they would change their state  
And situation with those dancing chips  
*O’er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait !*  
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.”

Thus we have two out of our great poets, Spenser and Shakspeare, showing us the delight they took in the same species of instrument which we have now, and so bringing themselves near to our *Piano-fortes*.

“ Still virginalling  
Upon his palm—”

says the jealous husband in the “*Winter’s Tale*.” Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, all mention the organ. Chaucer speaks of several instruments, but we cannot trace to him any other keyed one. It is rather surprising that the poets, considering the love of music natural to them, and their frequent mention of the art, have spoken of so few musical instruments—at least as if conversant with them in their houses. Milton was an organ-player, and Gay a flute-player (how like the difference of their genius !). Thomson possessed an *Æolian* harp, of which he seems to have been very fond. He has addressed an ode to it (from which the verses have been set to music, beginning

“ *Methinks I hear the full celestial choir ;*”)

and has again mentioned the instrument in his “*Castle of Indolence*,” a most fit place for it.

All the truest lovers of any one art admire the other arts. Farinelli had several harpsichords to which he gave the names of painters, according to their respective qualities,—calling one his Raphael, another his Correggio, &c. And the exquisite little painting, by Annibal Carracci, in the British Gallery, of “*Silenus teaching Apollo to play the pan-pipe*” (together with a companion picture hanging near it) is said to have formed one of the compartments of the harpsichord belonging to that great painter. This is the natural magnificence of genius, which thinks no ornaments too precious for the objects of its love. We should like to be rich enough to play at imitating these great men, and see how much we could do to aggrandise a *Piano-forte*. Let us see : it should be of the most precious, aromatic wood ; the white keys, ivory (nothing can be better than that) ; the black, ebony ; the legs sculptured with foliage and Loves and Graces ; the pannels should all be Titians and Correggios ; the most exquisite verses out of the Poets should be carved between them ; an arabesque cabinet should stand near it, containing the finest compositions ; and Rossini should come from Italy to play them, and Pasta to sing.



Meantime, what signifies all this luxury? The soul of music is at hand, wherever there are keys and strings and loving fingers to touch them; and this soul, which disposes us to fancy the luxury, enables us to do without it. We can enjoy it in vision, without the expense.

We take the liberty of closing this article with two copies of verses, which two eminent living musicians, Messrs. Barnett and Novello, have done us the honour to set to music. The verses have been printed before, but many of our readers will not have seen them. We did not think it possible for any words of our own to give us so much pleasure in the repetition, as when we heard her father's composition sung by the pure and most tuneful voice of Miss Clara Novello (Clara is she well named); and the reader may see what is thought of Mr. Barnett's powers, by musical judges, in a criticism upon it in a late number of "The Atlas," or another in a new cheap periodical publication, called "The Englishwoman," heiress to the graces and good stock of her deceased parents, "The Ladies' Gazette" and "The Penny Novelist," and uniting them both to better advantage:—

## THOUGHTS ON HEARING SOME BEAUTIFUL MUSIC.

(Set to music by Vincent Novello.)

When lovely sounds about my ears  
Like winds in Eden's tree-tops rise,  
And make me, though my spirit hears,  
For very luxury close my eyes:  
Let none but friends be round about,  
Who love the smoothing joy like me,  
That so the charm be felt throughout,  
And all be harmony.

And when we reach the close divine,  
Then let the hand of her I love  
Come with its gentle palm on mine,  
As soft as snow, or lighting dove;  
And let, by stealth, that more than friend  
Look sweetness in my opening eyes;  
For only so such dreams should end,  
Or wake in Paradise.

## THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO HIS PIANO-FORTE.

(From Barnett's "Lyrical Illustrations of the Modern Poets.")

O friend, whom glad or grave we seek,  
Heaven-holding shrine!  
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,  
And peace is mine.  
No fairy casket, full of bliss,  
Out-values thee;  
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,  
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow  
In griefs or joys,  
Unspeakable emotions owe  
A fitting voice:  
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,  
And Memory dear,  
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,  
Comes for a tear.

Oh, since no joy of human mould  
Thus waits us still,  
Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold  
Of peace at will.  
No change, no sullenness, no cheat,  
In thee we find;  
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,—  
Thine answer, kind.

## XLVI.—WHY SWEET MUSIC PRODUCES SADNESS.

SWEET music, that is to say, "sweet" in the sense in which it is evidently used in the following passage,—something not of a mirthful character, but yet not of a melancholy one,—does not always produce sadness; but it does often, even when the words, if it be vocal music, are cheerful. We do not presume to take for granted, that the reason we are about to differ with, or perhaps rather to extend, is Shakspeare's own, or that he would have stopped thus short, if speaking in his own person; though he has given it the air of an abstract remark;—but Lorenzo, in "The Merchant of Venice," says, that it is because our "spirits are attentive."

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music,"  
says pretty Jessica.

"The reason is, your spirits are attentive,"  
says her lover;

"For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music."

How beautiful! But with the leave of this young and most elegant logician, his reason is, at least, not sufficient; for how does it account for our being moved, even to tears, by music which is not otherwise melancholy? All attention, it is true, implies a certain degree of earnestness, and all earnestness has a mixture of seriousness; yet seriousness is not the prevailing character of attention in all instances, for we are attentive to fine music, whatever its character; and sometimes it makes us cheerful, and even mirthful. The giddier portions of Rossini's music do not make us sad; Figaro does not make us sad; nor is sadness the general consequence of hearing dances, or even marches.

And yet, again, on the other hand, in the midst of any of this music, even of the most light and joyous, our eyes shall sometimes fill with tears. How is this?

The reason surely is, that we have an instinctive sense of the fugitive and perishing

nature of all sweet things,—of beauty, of youth, of life,—of all those fair shows of the world, of which music seems to be the voice, and of whose transitory nature it reminds us most when it is most beautiful, because it is then that we most regret our mortality.

We do not, it is true, *say* this to ourselves. We are not conscious of the reason; that is to say, we do not feel it with *knowingness*; but we *do* feel it, for the tears are moved. And how many exquisite criticisms of tears and laughter do not whole audiences make at plays, though not one man in fifty shall be able to put down his reasons for it on paper?

#### XLVII.—DANCING AND DANCERS.

WHILE Tory genius boasts of its poetic Wilson, and ornithology of another, and the fine arts of Wilson “the English Claude,” the minor graces insist upon having their Wilson too in the person of the eminent Mr. Thomas Wilson, author of several dramatic pieces, and inductor of ladies and gentlemen into the shapely and salutary art of dancing.

This old, though doubtless at the same time ever-young acquaintance of ours, who has done us the honour for several years past of making us acquainted with his movements, and inviting us to his balls, which it has not been our good fortune to be able to attend, always sends us, with his invitations, a placard of equal wit and dimensions, in which he takes patriotic occasion to set forth the virtues of his art. He does not affect to despise its ordinary profits, income-wards. That would be a want of candour, unbefitting the entireness of his wisdom. On the contrary, dancing being a liberal art, he is studious to inculcate an equally liberal acknowledgment on the part of those who are indebted to it. But being a man of a reflective turn of leg, and great animal spirits, he omits no opportunity of showing how good his art is for the happiness as well as the graces of his countrymen—how it renders them light of spirit as well as body, shakes melancholy out of their livers, and will not at all suffer them to be gouty. Nay, he says it is their own faults if they grow old.

We hardly dare to introduce, abruptly, the remarks on this head which form the commencement of his present year’s *Exposé*. But the energy of Mr. Wilson’s philanthropy forces its way through his elegances; the good to be done is a greater thing in his mind, even than the graces with which he invests it; and in answer to his question, “Why don’t everybody dance?” he says in a passion of sincerity which sweeps objection away with it,—“Because the English prefer the pleasures of the table and sedentary amusements, with their gout, apoplexy, shortness of breath, spindle-shanks, and

rum-puncheon bellies,” (pardon us, O Bacchus of Anacreon!) “to the more wholesome and healthy recreation of dancing. If you ask a person of fifty (says he) to take a dance, the usual reply is, ‘My dancing days are gone by; it’s not fit amusement for people of my time of life,’ and such like idle cant: for idle cant it really is, as these pretences are either made as excuses for idleness, or to comply with the usual fastidious customs of the day. They manage things better in France, as Yorick says; for it would be quite as difficult, amongst that polite and social people, to find a person of fifty who did not dance, as it is in gloomy, cold, calculating Old England, to find one who has good sense enough to laugh at these fastidious notions, with a sufficient stock of social animal spirits to share in this polite and exhilarating amusement. Moreover, if we wanted a sanction to continue to dance as long as we are able, I could here give a list (had I room) of a hundred eminent persons who did not consider it a disgrace to dance, even at a very advanced age; amongst the number, Socrates, one of the wisest men and greatest philosophers that ever lived, used to dance for his exercise and amusement when he was upwards of seventy. Read this, ye gourmands and card-players of fifty; and if you are wise, an would leave the gout and a thousand other ills beside you, come *and sport a toe* with me, at 13, Kirby-street Hatton-garden:

For you’ll meet many there, who to doctors ne’er go,  
Who enjoy health and spirit, from sporting a toe;  
Who neither want powder, pill, mixture, nor lotion,  
But a partner and fiddle to set them in motion.”

Truly, we fear that the tip-end of Mr. Wilson’s indignant bow strikes hard upon many a venerable gout; and that these dancing philosophers of Kirby-street have the advantage of a great many otherwise sage people who take pills instead of exercise, and think to substitute powders and lotions for those more ancient usages, yclept the laws of the universe. Such, as Mr. Wilson tells us, was the philosophy of Socrates. There can be no doubt of it; it was the philosophy of all his countrymen, the Greeks, with whom dancing formed a part of their very worship, and who had figures accordingly, fit to go to church and thank Heaven with. Bacchus himself, with them, was a dancer, and a slender-waisted young gentleman. Such was also the philosophy of Mr. Wilson’s brother poet, Soame Jenyns, a lively old gentleman of the last century, who wrote a poem on the “Art of Dancing,” from which Mr. Wilson should give us some extracts in his next placard; (we wish we had it by us;) and what is curious, and shows how accustomed these salutary sages are to consider the interests of the whole human being, spiritual as well as bodily, Mr. Jenyns had a poetical precursor on that



subject, who was no less a personage than a chief-justice in the time of Elizabeth,—Sir John Davies, and who, like himself, wrote also on religious matters, and the Immortality of the Soul. Sir John, however, appears not to have sufficiently practised his own precepts, for he died of apoplexy at fifty-seven,—a very crude and juvenile age according to Mr. Wilson. But then he was a lawyer, and injudicious enough to be a judge,—to sit bundled up in cloth and ermine, instead of dancing in a “light cynar.” Again, there was Sir Christopher Hatton, chancellor in the time of Elizabeth, who is said to have absolutely danced himself into that venerable position, through a series of extraordinary steps of court favour, commencing in a ball-room,—and not improbably either; for, like some of his great brethren in that office, Sir Christopher appears to have been a truly universal genius, able, “like the elephant’s trunk,” to pick up his pin as well as knock down his tiger; and it is not to be wondered at if sovereigns sometimes get at a knowledge of the profounder faculties of a man, through the medium of his more entertaining ones. The Chancellor, however, appears to have turned his dancing to no better account, ultimately, than the Justice; for they say he died prematurely of a broken heart, because the queen pressed him for a debt,—an end worthier of a courtier, than of a sage and dancer. This it is to acquire legal habits, and “make the worse appear the better reason,” even to one’s-self. Hatton should have been above his law, and stuck to his legs,—to his natural *understanding*, as Mr. Wilson would call it; and then nothing would have overthrown him. Gray, with a poet’s license, represents him as dancing after he was chancellor. It is a pity it was not true.

My grave lord-keeper led the brawls;  
His seal and maces danced before him.  
His high-crown’d hat and satin doublet  
Moved the stout heart of England’s queen,  
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

Sir Christopher bequeathed his name to Hatton-garden; so that Mr. Wilson resides in a fit neighbourhood, and doubtless has visions of cavaliers and maids of honour in ruffs, “sporting their toes” through his dreams by night.

Our artist’s vindication of the juvenility of dancers at fifty, reminds us of a pleasant realization we experienced the other day of a stage joke—nay, of a great improvement on it,—a Romance of Real Life! In one of Colman’s farces, an old man hearing another called old, and understanding he was only forty, exclaims “Forty! quite a boy!” We heard this opinion pronounced upon a man of *sixty* by an old gentleman, who, we suppose, must be eighty, or thereabouts. It was in an omnibus, in which he was returning from a City dinner, jovial and toothless, his rosy gills gracing his white

locks; an Anacreon in broad-cloth. Some friend of his was telling him of the death of an acquaintance, and in answer to his question respecting the cause of it, said he did not know, but that the deceased was “sixty years of age.” The remark seemed hardly to be an indiscretion in the ears of the venerable old boy, he considered it so very inapplicable. “Sixty!” cried he, with a lisp that was really robust; “well, that’s nothing, you know, compared with *life*. Why, he was quite a boy.”

Wilson. This must have been a dancer.

Seer. Or a rider.

W. Well, horseback is a kind of dancing.

Seer. Or a walker.

W. Well, walking is dancing too; that is to say, good walking. You know, my dear sir, people are said to “walk a minuet.”

Seer. But they say dancers are not good walkers.

W. How! Dancers not good walkers!! It is true, I must allow in candour, that some professional dancers are apt to turn out their toes a little too much; but not all, my dear sir—not the best: and, as to dancers in general, I will affirm, *meo periculo*, as the philosopher says, they walk exquisitely—*à merveille*. Come and see my dancers walking into the ball-room, or my new dance of the “Rival Beauties;” “thirty young ladies,” sir, all moving to the sweet and peaceful battle at once. See how *they* walk, my dear sir. You would never forget it.

Seer. I shall never forget it, as it is, Mr. Wilson. I see it, in imagination, painted in the beautiful red letters of your placard, and do not wonder that you are a man in request for Richmond parties, and records of it in verse.

Here Mr. Wilson finishes the dialogue with a bow to which it would be bad taste and an anti-climax to reply. There is a final and triumphant silence of eloquence, to which nothing can be said.

To return to the matter of age. There can be no doubt that dancers of fifty are a very different sort of quinquagenarians from sitters of fifty, and that men of the same age often resemble each other in no other respect. “The same is not the same.” Some people may even be said to have begun life over again, at a time when the dissipated and the sullen are preparing to give it up. It is not necessary to mention such cases as those of Old Parr. Marmontel—a man of letters, of taste and fancy, and therefore, it is to be presumed, of no very coarse organisation—married at fifty-six, and, after living happily with a family born to him, died at the age of seventy-seven. But, though a man of letters, and living at a period when there was great license of manners, to which his own had formed no very rigid exception—he had led, upon the whole, a natural life, and was temperate. Besides,

Nature is very indulgent to those who do not violently contradict her with artificial habits, excesses of the table, or sullen thoughts. She hates alike the extremes, not of cheerfulness, but of Comus and of Melancholy. A venerable peer of Norfolk, now living, married and had an heir born to his estate at a venerable age, which nobody thought of treating with jests of a certain kind; for he also had been a denizen of the natural world, and was as young, with good sense and exercise, as people of half his age—far younger than many. We remember the face of envying respect and astonishment with which the news was received by “a person of wit and honour about town” (now deceased,) in whose company we happened to be at the moment, and who might have been his son three or four times over.

Query—at what age must a person take to venerable manners, and consent to look old if he does not feel so? Mr. Wilson will say, “When he is forced to leave off dancing.” And there is a definite notion in that. If any one, therefore, wishes to have precise ideas on this point, and behave himself as becomes his real, not his chronological time of life, we really think he cannot do better than study in Kirby-street, or at Willis’s, and learn to know at what age it becomes him to be reverend, or how long he may continue laughing at those who remonstrate with him because they hobble. Linnaeus, in his *Travels*, gives an account—ludicrous in the eyes of us spectators of the staid and misgiving manners of people at the same time of life—of two Laplanders who accompanied him on some occasion—we forget what, but who carried bundles for him, and had otherwise reason for being tired, the way being long. One of them was fifty, the other considerably older; yet what did these old boys at the close of their journey, but, instead of sitting down and resting themselves, begin laughing and running about *after one another*, like a couple of antediluvian children, as if they had just risen! They wanted nothing but pinafores, and a mother remonstrating with them for not coming and having their hairs combed.

Most people are astonished, perhaps, as they advance beyond the period of youth and middle life, at not finding themselves still older; and if they took wise advantage of this astonishment, they would all live to a much greater age. It is equally by not daring to be too young, nor consenting to be too old, that men keep themselves in order with Nature, and in heart with her. We kill ourselves before our time, with artificial irregularities and melancholy resentments. We hasten age with late hours, and the table, and want of exercise; and hate it, and make it worse when it comes, with bad temper and inactive regrets.

A boy of ten thinks he shall be in the prime of life when he is twenty, and (as lives go) he is so; though, when he comes to be twenty, he shoves off his notion of the prime to thirty, then to thirty-five, then to forty; and when, at length, he is forced to own himself no longer young, he is at once astonished to think he has been young so long, and angry to find himself no younger. This would be hardly fair upon the indulgence of Nature, if Nature supplied us with education as well as existence, and the world itself did not manifestly take time to come to years of discretion. In the early ages of the world, the inability to lead artificial lives was the great cause of longevity; as in future ones, it is to be hoped, the appreciation of the natural life will bring men round to it. It would have put the pastoral, patriarchal people sadly out, to keep late hours at night, and to sit after dinner “pushing about” the *milk*!

Nature, in the mean time, acts with her usual good-natured instinct, and makes the best of a bad business; rather, let us say, produces it in order to produce a better, and to enable us to improve upon her early world. She has even something good to say in behalf of the ill-health of modern times and the rich delicacy of its perceptions; so that we might be warranted in supposing that she is ever improving, even when she least appears to be so; and that your pastoral longevity, though a good pattern in some respects for that which is to come, had but a poor milk-and-water measure of happiness, compared with the wine and the intellectual movement of us intermediate strugglers. At all events, the measure, somehow or other, may be equal—and the difference only a variety of sameness. And there is as much comfort in that reflection, and a great difficulty solved in it. Only Nature, after all, still incites us to look forward; and, whether it be for the sake of real or of apparent change, forward we must look, and look heartily, taking care to realise all the happiness we can, as we go. This seems the true mode of keeping all our faculties in action—all the inevitable thoughts given to man, of past, present, and future; and with this grave reflection we conclude our present dance under Mr. Wilson’s patronage, gravely as well as gaily recommending his very useful art, to all lovers of health, grace, and sociability.

*Why do not people oftener get up dances at home, and without waiting for the ceremony of visitors and the drawback of late hours?* It would be a great addition to the cheerfulness and health of families.



## XLVIII.—TWELFTH NIGHT.

A STREET PORTRAIT. SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY. RECOLLECTIONS OF A TWELFTH NIGHT.

CHRISTMAS goes out in fine style,—with Twelfth Night. It is a finish worthy of the time. Christmas Day was the morning of the season; New Year's Day the middle of it, or noon; Twelfth Night is the night, brilliant with innumerable planets of Twelfth-cakes. The whole island keeps court; nay, all Christendom. All the world are kings and queens. Everybody is somebody else; and learns at once to laugh at, and to tolerate, characters different from his own, by enacting them. Cakes, characters, forfeits, lights, theatres, merry rooms, little holiday-faces, and, last not least, the painted sugar on the cakes, so bad to eat but so fine to look at, useful because it is perfectly useless except for a sight and a moral,—all conspire to throw a giddy splendour over the last night of the season, and to send it to bed in pomp and colours, like a Prince.

And not the least good thing in Twelfth Night is, that we see it coming for days beforehand, in the cakes that garnish the shops. We are among those who do not “like a surprise,” except in dramas (and not too much of it even there, nor unprepared with expectation). We like to know of the good things intended for us. It adds the pleasure of hope to that of possession. Thus we eat our Twelfth-cake many times in imagination, before it comes. Every pastry-cook's shop we pass, flashes it upon us.

Coming *Twelfth-cakes* cast their shadows before;

if shadows they can be called, which shade have none; so full of colour are they, as if Titian had invented them. Even the little ragged boys, who stand at those shops by the hour, admiring the heaven within, and are destined to have none of it, get, perhaps, from imagination alone, a stronger taste of the beatitude, than many a richly-fed palate, which is at the mercy of some particular missing relish,—some touch of spice or citron, or a “leetle more” egg.

We believe we have told a story of one of those urchins before, but it will bear repetition, especially as a strong relish of it has come upon us, and we are tempted to relate it at greater length. There is nothing very wonderful or epigrammatic in it, but it has to do with the beatific visions of the pastry-shops. Our hero was one of those equivocal animal-spirits of the streets, who come whistling along, you know not whether thief or errand-boy, sometimes with bundle and sometimes not, in corduroys, a jacket, and a cap or bit of hat, with hair sticking through a hole in it. His vivacity gets him into scrapes in the street, and he is not ultra-studious of civility in his answers. If the man he runs against is not

very big, he gives him abuse for abuse at once; if otherwise, he gets at a convenient distance, and then halloos out, “Eh, stupid!” or “Can't you see before you?” or “Go, and get your face washed.” This last is a favourite saying of his, out of an instinct referable to his own visage. He sings “Hokee-pokee” and a “Shiny Night,” varied occasionally with an uproarious “Rise, gentle Moon,” or “Coming through the Rye.” On winter evenings, you may hear him indulging himself, as he goes along, in a singular undulation of howl;—a sort of gargle,—as if a wolf were practising the rudiments of a shake. This he delights to do more particularly in a crowded thoroughfare, as though determined that his noise should triumph over every other, and show how jolly he is, and how independent of the ties to good behaviour. If the street is a quiet one, and he has a stick in his hand (perhaps a hoop-stick), he accompanies the howl with a run upon the gamut of the iron rails. He is the nightingale of mud and cold. If he gets on in life, he will be a pot-boy. At present, as we said before, we hardly know what he is; but his mother thinks herself lucky if he is not transported.

Well; one of these elves of the pavé—perplexers of Lord Mayors, and irritators of the police—was standing one evening before a pastry-cook's shop-window, flattening his nose against the glass, and watching the movements of a school-boy who was in the happy agony of selecting the best bun. He had stood there ten minutes before the boy came in, and had made himself acquainted with all the eatables lying before him, and wondered at the slowness, and apparent indifference, of jaws masticating tarts. His interest, great before, is now intense. He follows the new-comer's eye and hand, hither and thither. His own arm feels like the other's arm. He shifts the expression of his mouth and the shrug of his body, at every perilous approximation which the chooser makes to a second-rate bun. He is like a bowler following the nice inflections of the bias; for he wishes him nothing but success; the occasion is too great for envy; he feels all the generous sympathy of a knight of old, when he saw another within an ace of winning some glorious prize, and his arm doubtful of the blow.

At length the awful decision is made, and the bun laid hands on.

“Yah! you fool,” exclaims the watcher, bursting with all the despair and indignation of knowing boyhood, “you have *left the biggest!*”

Twelfth-cake and its king and queen are in honour of the crowned heads who are said to have brought presents to Jesus in his cradle—a piece of royal service not necessary to be believed in by good Christians, though very proper to be maintained among the gratuitous decorations with which good and poetical

hearts willingly garnish their faith. "The Magi, or Wise Men, are vulgarly called (says a note in 'Brand's Popular Antiquities,' quarto edition by Ellis, p. 19) the three kings of Collen (Cologne). The first, named Melchior, an aged man with a long beard, offered gold; the second, Jasper, a beardless youth, offered frankincense; the third, Balthaser, a black or Moor, with a large spreading beard, offered myrrh." This picture is full of colour, and has often been painted. The word Epiphany (*Επιφάνια*, *superapparitio*, an appearance from above), alludes to the star which is described in the Bible as guiding the Wise Men. In Italy, the word has been corrupted into Beffania, or Beffana, (as in England it used to be called, Piffany); and Beffana, in some parts of that country, has come to mean an old fairy, or Mother Bunch, whose figure is carried about the streets, and who rewards or punishes children at night by putting sweetmeats, or stones and dirt, into a stocking hung up for the purpose near the bed's head. The word *Beffa*, taken from this, familiarly means a trick or mockery put upon any one:—to such base uses may come the most splendid terms! Twelfth Day, like the other old festivals of the church of old, has had a link of connexion found for it with Pagan customs, and has been traced to the Saturnalia of the ancients, when people drew lots for imaginary kingdoms. Its observation is still kept up, with more or less ceremony, all over Christendom. In Paris, they enjoy it with their usual vivacity. The king there is chosen, not by drawing a paper as with us, but by the lot of a bean which falls to him, and which is put into the cake; and great ceremony is observed when the king or the queen "drink;" which once gave rise to a jest, that occasioned the damnation of a play of Voltaire's. The play was performed at this season, and a queen in it having to die by poison, a wag exclaimed with Twelfth Night solemnity, when her Majesty was about to take it, "The queen drinks." The joke was infectious; and the play died, as well as the poor queen.

Many a pleasant Twelfth Night have we passed in our time; and such future Twelfth Nights as may remain to us shall be pleasant, God and good-will permitting: for even if care should be round about them, we have no notion of missing these mountain-tops of rest and brightness, on which people may refresh themselves during the stormiest parts of life's voyage. Most assuredly will we look forward to them, and stop there when we arrive, as though we had not to begin buffeting again the next day. No joy or consolation that heaven or earth affords us will we ungratefully pass by; but prove, by our acceptance and relish of it, that it is what it is said to be, and that we deserve to have it. "The child is father to the man;" and a very foolish-grown boy he is, and

unworthy of his sire, if he is not man enough to know when to be like him. What! shall he go and sulk in a corner, because life is not just what he would have it? Or shall he discover that his dignity will not bear the shaking of holiday merriment, being too fragile and likely to tumble to pieces? Or lastly, shall he take himself for too good and perfect a person to come within the chance of contamination from a little ultra life and Wassail-bowl, and render it necessary to have the famous question thrown at his stately and stupid head—

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

This passage is in "Twelfth Night," the last play (be it never forgotten)\* which Shakspeare is understood to have written, and which shows how in his beautiful and universal mind the belief in love, friendship and joy, and all good things, survived his knowledge of all evil,—affording us an everlasting argument against the conclusions of minor men of the world, and enabling the meanest of us to dare to avow the same faith.

Here is another lecture to false and unseasonable notions of gravity, in the same play,—

"I protest (quoth the affected steward Malvolio) I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies.

"Oh (says the Lady Olivia), you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets."

This is the play in which are those beautiful passages about music, love, friendship, &c., which have as much of the morning of life in them as any that the great poet ever wrote, and are painted with as rosy and wet a pencil:—

"If music be the food of love," &c.

"Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;  
*Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.*"

"She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek," &c.

"I hate ingratitude more in a man,"

says the refined and exquisite Viola,

"Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood."

And again,

"In nature there's no blemish, but the mind  
[that is to say, the faults of the mind;]

*None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.*"

The play of "Twelfth Night," with proper good taste, is generally performed, at the theatres,

\* This opinion of Malone's has been ably set aside by Mr. Knight. The spirit of the Shakspearian wisdom still however remains.



on Twelfth Night. There is little or nothing belonging to the occasion in it, except a set of merry-makers who carouse all night, and sing songs enough to "draw three souls out of one weaver." It is evident that Shakspeare was at a loss for a title to his play, for he has called it, "Twelfth Night, or *What You Will*;" but the nocturnal revels reminded him of the anniversary which, being the player and humourist that he was, and accustomed, doubtless, to many a good sitting-up, appears to have stood forth prominently among his recollections of the year. So that it is probable he kept up his Twelfth Night to the last:—assuredly he kept up his merry and romantic characters, his Sir Tobies and his Violas. And, keeping up his stage faith *so well*, he must needs have kept up his home faith. He could not have done it otherwise. He would invite his Stratford friends to "king and queen," and, however he might have looked in face, would still have felt young in heart towards the budding daughters of his visitors, the possible Violas perhaps of some love-story of their own, and not more innocent in "the last recesses of the mind" than himself.

We spent a Twelfth Night once, which, by common consent of the parties concerned, was afterwards known by the name of *the Twelfth Night*. It was doubted among us, not merely whether ourselves, but whether anybody else, ever *had* such a Twelfth Night;—

"For never since created cake,  
Met such untiring force, as named with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry,  
Which goes to bed betimes."

The evening began with such tea as is worth mention, for we never knew anybody make it like the maker. Dr. Johnson would have given it his placidest growl of approbation. Then, with piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, came Handel, Corelli, and Mozart. Then followed the drawing for king and queen, in order that the "small infantry" might have their due share of the night, without sitting up *too too-late* (for a reasonable "too-late" is to be allowed once and away). Then games, of all the received kinds, forgetting no branch of Christmas customs. And very good extempore blank verse was spoken by some of the court (for our characters imitated a court), not unworthy of the wit and dignity of Tom Thumb. Then came supper, and all characters were soon forgotten but the feasters' own; good and lively souls, and festive all, both male and female,—with a constellation of the brightest eyes that we had ever seen met together. This fact was so striking, that a burst of delighted assent broke forth, when Moore's charming verses were struck up,—

"To ladies' eyes a round, boys,  
We can't refuse, we can't refuse;  
For bright eyes so abound, boys,  
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose."

The bright eyes, the beauty, the good humour, the wine, the wit, the poetry (for we had celebrated wits and poets among us, as well as charming women), fused all hearts together in one unceasing round of fancy and laughter, till *breakfast*,—to which we adjourned in a room full of books, the authors of which might almost have been waked up and embodied, to come among us. Here, with the bright eyes literally as bright as ever at six o'clock in the morning (we all remarked it), we merged one glorious day into another, as a good omen (for it was also fine weather, though in January); and as luck and our good faith would have it, the door was no sooner opened to let forth the ever-joyous visitors, than the trumpets of a regiment quartered in the neighbourhood struck up into the morning air, seeming to blow forth triumphant approbation, and as if they sounded purely to do us honour, and to say, "You are as early and untired as we."

We do not recommend such nights to be "resolved on," much less to be made a system of regular occurrence. They should flow out of the impulse, as this did; for there was no intention of sitting up so late. But so genuine was that night, and so true a recollection of pleasure did it leave upon the minds of all who shared it, that it has helped to stamp a seal of selectness upon the house in which it was passed, and which, for the encouragement of good-fellowship and of humble aspirations towards *tree-planting*, we are here incited to point out; for by the same token the writer of these papers planted some plane-trees within the rails by the garden-gate (selecting the plane in honour of the Genius of Domesticity, to which it was sacred among the Greeks); and anybody who does not disdain to look at a modest tenement for the sake of the happy hours that have been spent in it, may know it by those trees, as he passes along the row of houses called York Buildings, in the New Road, Marylebone. A man may pique himself without vanity upon having planted a tree; and, humble as our performance has been that way, we confess we are glad of it, and have often looked at the result with pleasure. The reader would smile, perhaps sigh (but a pleasure would or should be at the bottom of his sigh), if he knew what consolation we had experienced in some very trying seasons, merely from seeing those trees growing up, and affording shade and shelter to passengers, as well as a bit of leafiness to the possessor of the house. *Every one should plant a tree who can*\*. It is one of the cheapest, as well as easiest, of all tasks: and if a man cannot reckon upon enjoying the shade much himself (which is the reason why trees are not planted everywhere), it is surely worth while to bequeath so pleasant and useful a memorial of himself

\* Young trees from nursery-grounds are very cheap, and cost less than flowers.

to others. They are green footsteps of our existence, which show that we have not lived in vain.

"Dig a well, plant a tree, write a book, and go to heaven," says the Arabian proverb. We cannot exactly dig a well. The parish authorities would not employ us. Besides, wells are not so much wanted in England as in Arabia, nor books either; otherwise we should be two-thirds on our road to heaven already. But trees are wanted, and ought to be wished for, almost everywhere; especially amidst the hard brick and mortar of towns; so that we may claim at least one-third of the way, having planted more than one tree in our time; and if our books cannot wing our flight much higher (for they never pretended to be anything greater than birds singing among the trees), we have other merits, thank Heaven, than our own to go upon; and shall endeavour to piece out our frail and most imperfect ladder, with all the good things we can love and admire in God's creation.

#### XLIX.—RULES IN MAKING PRESENTS.

If the present is to be very exquisite indeed, and no mortification will be mixed up with the receipt of it, out of pure inability to make an equal one, or from any other cause, the rule has often been laid down. It should be something useful, beautiful, costly, and rare. It is generally an elegance, however, to omit the costliness. The rarity is the great point, because riches themselves cannot always command it, and the peculiarity of the compliment is the greater. Rare present to rare person.

If you are rich, it is a good rule in general to make a rich present; that is to say, one equal, or at least not dishonourable, to your means: otherwise you set your riches above your friendship and generosity; which is a mean mistake.

Among equals, it is a good rule not to exceed the equality of resources; otherwise there is a chance of giving greater mortification than pleasure, unless to a mean mind; and it does not become a generous one to care for having advantages over a mind like that.

But a rich man may make a present far richer than can be made him in return, provided the receiver be as generous and understanding as he, and knows that there will be no mistake on either side. In this case, an opportunity of giving himself great delight is afforded to the rich man; and he can only have, or bestow it, under those circumstances.

On the other hand, a poor man, if he is generous, and understood to be so, may make the very poorest of presents, and give it an

exquisite value; for his heart and his understanding will accompany it; and the very daring to send his straw, will show that he has a spirit above his means, and such as could bestow and enrich the costliest present. But the certainty of his being thus generous, and having this spirit, must be very great. It would be the miserablest and most despicable of all mistakes, and in all probability the most self-betraying too, to send a poor present under a shabby pretence.

With no sort of presents must there be pretence. People must not say (and say falsely) that they could get no other, or that they could afford no better; nor must they affect to think better of the present than it is worth; nor, above all, keep asking about it after it is given,—how you like it, whether you find it useful, &c.

It is often better to give no present at all than one beneath your means;—always, should there be a misgiving on the side of the bestower.

One present in the course of a life is generosity from some: from others it is but a sacrifice made to avoid giving more.

To receive a present handsomely and in a right spirit, even when you have none to give in return, is to give one in return.

We must not send presents to strangers (except of a very common and trifling nature, and not without some sort of warrant even then) unless we are sure of our own right and good motives in sending it, and of the right and inclination, too, which they would have to permit themselves to receive it; otherwise we pay both parties a very ill compliment, and such as no modest and honourable spirit on either side would venture upon. There might, it is true, be a state of society in which such ventures would not be quite so hardy; and it is possible, meanwhile, that a very young and enthusiastic nature, in its ignorance of the perplexities that at present beset the world, might here and there hazard it; but probably a good deal of self-love would be mixed up with the proceeding. The only possible exception would be in the case of a great and rare genius, which had a right to make laws to itself, and to suppose that its notice was acquaintanceship sufficient.

#### L.—ROMANCE OF COMMON-PLACE.

EVERY sentiment, or want of sentiment, pushed to excess, bears, from that excess, a character of romance; even dulness may be romantic. We remember our late dear friend Charles Lamb, many years ago, giving us, with his exquisite tact, an account of a deceased acquaintance of his who carried "common-place" itself to a pitch of the "romantic," and



who would way-lay you for half-an-hour with a history of his having cut his finger, or mislaid a pair of shoes. This gentleman did not draw infinite somethings out of nothing, like the wits of the *Lutrin* or the *Rape of the Lock*, or the Italian expatiators upon a Cough or a Christian-name. He got hold of nothing, and out of it, with a congeniality of emptiness, drew nothing whatever. But it was *he* that drew the nothing, and *you* that listened to him; and thus he got a sense of himself somehow. If you ran against him in the street, it was an event in his life, and enabled him to stand breathing, and smiling, and saying how much it did *not* signify, for the next intense five minutes. He once met a lady, an acquaintance of his, who was going to have a tooth drawn.

Dear me, madam, and so you are going to have your tooth drawn?

Yes, sir.

By Mr. Parkinson, I presume?

Yes.

Dear me! I fear you have suffered a good deal, madam?

Not a little, indeed.

God bless me! I am very sorry to hear it, —very sorry. How long, pray, may you have suffered this toothach?

I should think a week.

God bless me! A week! That is a long time! And by night as well as by day, I presume?

I have hardly had any sleep these two nights.

Dear me! That is very sad. God bless me! No sleep for these two nights! Want of sleep is a very sad thing,—highly distressing. I could not do without my regular sleep. No, no; none of us can. It is highly undermining to the constitution. Produces such fatigue—such lassitude—such weariness. *H'm! h'm!* (*Humming with a sort of sympathy and gentlemanly groan, as if his own face were bound up.*) I see you are suffering now, madam?

It will be soon over now.

*H'm!* You are very bold, madam,—very resolute; but that is extremely sensible. *H'm!* Dear me! And you have tried clove, I presume, and all that?

Why, I am not young, and do not like to part with my teeth.

Ah—oh—*h'm!* just so—very natural—ah—yes—dear me! *h'm!* A double tooth, I suppose?

(*The lady nods.*)

Ah—afraid of the cold air—you are right not to open your mouth, madam. Cold gets in. Ah—*h'm*—yes—just so. (*Nodding, bowing, and groaning.*)

(*Lady turns to go up a court, and makes a gesture of bidding him good morning.*)

Oh—ah—dear me! ay, this is the place—so it is—I wish you a happy release, madam—I

hope the process will be easy—*h'm!* ha-a-ah! (*Takes farewell between a sort of breath and a groan. Lady goes into the dentist's, has her tooth drawn, and on returning down the court is astonished to find the gentleman waiting at the corner, to congratulate her!*)\*

Well, madam (*bowing and smiling*), the tooth is drawn, I presume?

(*Lady acquiesces.*)

Dear me! ah!—*H'm!*—very painful, I fear—a long while drawing?

*Lady.* 'Tis out, at last. (*Aside.* I wonder when the man will have done with his absurdity.)

A skilful dentist, Mr. Parkinson, madam?

(*Lady acquiesces.*)

I have not been to a dentist myself these—let me see—ah, yes, it must be—now—these twenty years. I had one bad tooth, and caught a cold sitting in the draught of a coach—very dangerous thing—and chaises are worse—very dangerous things, chaises—*h'm*—very. You are suffering still, I see, madam? from the ghost of the tooth, I presume? (*laughing*)—but, dear me! I am keeping you in the draught of this court, and you go the other way. *Good morning, madam—Good morning—I wish you a very GOOD morning—Don't speak, I beg—GOOD morning.*

And so, thus heaping emphasis upon emphasis upon this very new valediction, and retaining a double smile amidst his good wishes, from his very new joke about the ghost of a tooth, our Hero of Common-place takes his leave.

## LI.—AMIABLENESS SUPERIOR TO INTELLECT.

IN our article upon the gossiping old gentleman who appeared to sympathise so excessively with the lady's toothach, we omitted to caution some of our readers against supposing that we were contradicting our usual sympathetic theories, and laughing at any innocent exemplification of them, however trivial. But though the gentleman was harmless, except in his tediousness, and not an ill-natured man, and did far better than if he had set himself to waste an equal portion of time in the manifestation of antipathy, yet sympathy was not the ground of his proceeding: it was pure want of ideas, and a sensation,—the necessity of killing time. We should not object even to any innocent mode of doing that, where a human being lives under a necessity so unfortunate, and has not the luck to be a hedger or ditcher: but it is desirable not to let sympathy be mistaken for something different from what it is, especially where it takes a shape that is ridiculous.

On the other hand, with regard to the common-place of the matter, apart from an abso-

\* A fact.

lute extravagance of insipidity, far are we from wishing to treat common-places with derision, purely as such. They are the common clay of which human intercourse is made, and therefore as respectable in our eyes as any other of the ordinary materials of our planet, however desirous we may be of warming them into flowers. Nay, flowers they have, provided the clay be pure and kindly. The air of health and cheerfulness is over them. They are like the common grass, and the daisies and buttercups. Children have them; and what children have, the most uncommon grown people may envy, unless they have health and cheerfulness too.

It is Sir Walter Scott, we believe, who has observed somewhere, that men of superior endowments, or other advantages, are accustomed to pay too little regard to the intercourse of their less gifted fellow-creatures, and to regret all the time that is passed in their company. He says they accustom themselves so much to the living upon sweets and spices, that they lose a proper relish for ordinary food, and grow contemptuous of those who subsist upon it, to the injury of their own enjoyment. They keep their palate in a constant state of thirst and irritation, rather than of healthy satisfaction. And we recollect Mr. Hazlitt making a remark to a similar effect, namely, that the being accustomed to the society of men of genius renders the conversation of others tiresome, as consisting of a parcel of things that have been heard a thousand times, and from which no stimulus is to be obtained. He lamented this, as an effect unbecoming a reflecting man and a fellow-creature (for though irritable, and sometimes resentful, his heart was large and full of humanity); and the consequence was, that nobody paid greater attention than he to common conversation, or showed greater respect towards any endeavours to interest him, however trite. Youths of his acquaintance are fond of calling to mind the footing of equality on which he treated them, even when children, gravely interchanging remarks with them, as he sat side by side, like one grown person with another, and giving them now and then (though without the pomp) a Johnsonian "Sir." The serious earnestness of his "Indeed, m'um!" with lifted eyebrows, and protruded lips, while listening to the surprising things told him by good housewives about their shopping or their preserves, is now sounding in our ears; and makes us long to see again the splenetic but kindly philosopher, who worried himself to death about the good of the nations.

There is but one thing necessary to put any reflecting person at his ease with common-place people; and that is, their own cheerfulness and good-humour. To be able to be displeased, in spite of this, is to be insensible to the best results of wisdom itself. When all the Miss

Smiths meet all the Miss Joneses, and there is nothing but a world of smiles, and recognitions, and gay breath, and loud askings after this person and that, and comparisons of bonnets and cloaks, and "So glads!" and "So sorrys!" and rosy cheeks, or more lovely good-natured lips, who that has any good humour of his own, or power to extract a pleasant thought from pleasant things, desires wit or genius in this full-blown exhibition of comfortable humanity? He might as well be sullen at not finding wit or genius in a cart full of flowers, going along the street, or in the spring cry of "Primroses."

A total want of ideas in a companion, or of the power to receive them, is indeed to be avoided by men who require intellectual excitement; but it is a great mistake to suppose that the most discerning men demand intellect above everything else in their most habitual associates, much less in general intercourse. Happy would they be to see intellect more universally extended, but as a means, not as an end,—as a help to the knowledge of what is amiable, and not what is merely knowing. Clever men are sometimes said even to be jealous of clever companions, especially female ones. Men of genius, it is notorious, for a very different reason, and out of their own imagination of what is excellent, and their power to adorn what they love, will be enamoured, in their youth, of women neither intelligent nor amiable, nor handsome. They make them all three with their fancy; and are sometimes too apt, in after-life, to resent what is nobody's fault but their own. However, their faults have their excuses, as well as those of other men; only they who know most, should excuse most. But the reader may take our word for it, from the experience of long intercourse with such men, that what they value above every other consideration, in a companion, female or male, is amiableness; that is to say, evenness of temper, and the willingness (general as well as particular) to please and be pleased, without egotism and without exaction. This is what we have ever felt to be the highest thing in themselves, and gave us a preference for them, infinite, above others of their own class of power. We know of nothing capable of standing by the side of it, or of supplying its place, but one; and that is a deep interest in the welfare of mankind. The possession of this may sometimes render the very want of amiableness touching, because it seems to arise from the reverse of what is unamiable and selfish, and to be exasperated, not because itself is unhappy, but because others are so. It was this, far more than his intellectual endowments (great as they were), which made us like Mr. Hazlitt. Many a contest has it saved us with him, many a sharp answer, and interval of alienation; and often, perhaps,



did he attribute to an apprehension of his formidable powers (for which, in our animal spirits, we did not care twopence) what was owing entirely to our love of the sweet drop at the bottom of his heart. But only imagine a man, who should feel this interest too, and be deeply amiable, and have great sufferings, bodily and mental, and know his own errors, and waive the claims of his own virtues, and manifest an unceasing considerateness for the comfort of those about him, in the very least as well as greatest things, surviving, in the pure life of his heart, all mistake, all misconception, all exasperation, and ever having a soft word in his extremity, not only for those who consoled, but for those who distressed him; and imagine how we must have loved him! It was Mr. Shelley. His genius, transcendent as it was, would not have bound us to him: his poetry, his tragedy, his philosophy, would not have bound us; no, not even his generosity, had it been less amiable. It was his unbounded heart, and his ever kind speech. Now observe, pray, dear reader, that what was most delightful in such a man as this, is most delightful, in its degree, in all others; and that people are loved, not in proportion to their intellect, but in proportion to their lovability. Intellectual powers are the leaders of the world, but only for the purpose of guiding them into the promised land of peace and amiableness, or of showing them encouraging pictures of it by the way. They are no more the things to live with, or repose with, apart from qualities of the heart and temper, than the means are, without the end; or than a guide to a pleasant spot is the spot itself, with its trees, health, and quiet.

It has been truly said, that knowledge is of the head, but wisdom is of the heart; that is, you may know a great many things, but turn them to no good account of life and intercourse, without a certain harmony of nature often possessed by those whose knowledge is little or nothing. Many a man is to be found, who knows what amiableness is, without being amiable; and many an amiable man, who would be put to the blush if you expected of him a knowing definition of amiableness. But there are a great many people held to be very knowing, and entertaining the opinion themselves, who, in fact, are only led by that opinion to think they may dispense with being amiable, and who in so thinking confute their pretension to knowingness. The truth is, that knowledge is by no means so common a thing as people suppose it; while luckily, on the other hand, wisdom is much less uncommon; for it has been held a proof of one of the greatest instances of knowledge that ever existed, that it knew how little it *did* know! whereas everybody is wise in proportion as he is happy or patient; that is to say, in proportion as he makes the best of good or bad fortune.

### LII.—LIFE AFTER DEATH.—BELIEF IN SPIRITS.

WE made use of an inaccurate expression in a communication to a correspondent the other day, which we take the liberty of thus publicly correcting. We spoke of man as a "finite" creature. The term, strictly speaking, does not convey the meaning we intended. *Finis* is an end, and finite might imply a being whose end, or utter termination, was known and certain. Assuredly we wrote the word in no such spirit of presumption. All our writings will testify, that we are of a religion which enjoys the most unbounded hopes of man, both here and hereafter. By finite, we meant to imply a creature of limited powers and circumscribed *present* existence. Far were we from daring to lift up mortal finger against immortal futurity. Religion itself must first be put out of man's heart, and the very stars out of the sky, and no such words be remembered as sentiment and imagination and memory, and hope too, ay, and reason, before we should presume to say what end ought to be put to these endless aspirations of the soul.

We are for making the most of the present world, as if there were no hereafter; and the most of hereafter, as if there were no present world. We think that God, and Christianity, and utility, and imagination, and right reason, and whatsoever is complete and harmonious in the constitution of the human faculties, however opposed it may seem, enjoin us to do BOTH. We are surprised, notwithstanding the allowance to be made for the great diversity of Christian sects, how any Christian, calling himself such by the least right of discipline, can undervalue the utmost human endeavours in behalf of this world, the utmost cultivation of this one (among others) of the manifest and starry gardens of God; but we are most of all surprised at it in those that adhere the most literally to injunction and prophecy, while they know how to confine the fugitive and conventional uses of the terms "this world," &c., &c., to their proper meanings.

In the feasibility of this consummation the most infidel Utilitarian is of the same faith with the most believing Christian, and so far is

——the best good Christian, he,  
Although he knows it not.

Now he is only to carry his beloved reason a little farther, and he will find himself on the confines of the most unbounded hopes of another world as well as of the present; for reason itself, in its ordinary sense, will tell him that it is reasonable to make the utmost of all his faculties, imagination included. Mr. Bentham, the very incarnation of his reason,

has told him so\*. And if he come to the Pure Reason of the Germans, or the discoveries which that contemplative nation say they have made, in the highest regions of the mind, of a reason *above* ordinary reason, reconciling the logic and consciousness of the latter with the former's instinctive and hitherto undeveloped affirmations, he is told that he may give evidence to faith after his own most approved fashion. For our parts, we confess that we are of a more child-like turn of contentment; and that keeping our ordinary reason to what appears to us its fittest task, namely, the guarding us against the admission of gratuitous pains, we will suffer a loving faith to open to us whatever regions it pleases, of possibilities honourable to God and man, cultivating them studiously, whether we thoroughly understand them or not. For who thoroughly understands anything which he cultivates, even to the flowers at his feet? And cultivating these, shall we refuse to cultivate also the stars, and aspirations and thoughts angelical, and hopes of rejoining friends and kindred, and all the flowers of heaven?—No, assuredly,—not while we have a star to *see*, and a thought to reach it. Why should heaven have given us those? Why not have put us into some blank region of space, with a wall of nothingness on all sides of us, and no power to have a thought beyond it? Because, some advocate of chance and blind action may say, it could not help it; because the nature of things could not help it;—because things are as they are. O the assumptions of those who protest against assumption! of the faculty which exclusively calls itself reason, and would deprive us of some of our most reasonable faculties! Even upon the ground of these gentlemen's showing, faith itself cannot be helped; at least not as long as things "are as they are;" and in this respect we are assuredly not for helping it. We are content to let it love and be happy.

With regard to the belief in Spirits (which we take this opportunity of saying a few words upon, as it was in answer to our correspondent on this subject that we made use of the word we have explained) it has surely a right, even upon the severest grounds of reason, to rest upon the same privileges of possibility, and of a modest and wise ignorance to the contrary, as any other parts of a loving and even a knowing faith; for the more we know of creation, the more we discover of the endless and thronging forms of it,—of the crowds in air, earth, and water; and are we, with our confessedly limited faculties, and our daily discoveries of things wonderful, to assume that there are no modes of being but such as are cognizable to our five senses? Had we possessed but two or three senses, we know very well that there are thousands of things round about us of which we

could have formed no conception; and does not common modesty, as well as the possibilities of infinitude, demand of us that we should suppose there are senses besides our own, and that with the help of but one more we might become aware of phenomena at present unmanifested to human eyes? Locke has given celebrity to a story of a blind man, who, being asked what he thought of the colour of red, said he conceived it must be like the sound of a trumpet. A counterpart to this story has been found (we know not with what truth) in that of a deaf man, who is said to have likened the sound of a trumpet to the colour of red. Dr. Blacklock, who was blind from his infancy, and who wrote very good *heart* and *impart* verses, in which he talked of light and colours with all the confidence of a repetition-exercise (a striking lesson to us verse-makers!) being requested one day to state what he really thought of something visible,—of the sun, for instance,—said, with modest hesitation, that he conceived it must resemble "*a pleasing friendship!*" We quote from memory; but this was his simile. We may thus judge what we miss by the small amount of our own complete senses. We may have been sometimes tempted to think, seeing what a beautiful world this is, and how little we make of it, that human beings are not the chief inhabitants of the planet, but that there are others, of a nobler sort, who see and enjoy all its loveliness, and who regard us with the same curiosity with which we look upon bees or beavers. But a consideration of the divine qualities of love and imagination and hope (as well as some other reflections, more serious) restores us to confidence in ourselves, and we resume our task of endeavouring to equalise enjoyment with the abundance afforded us. When we look upon the stars at night-time, shining and sparkling like so many happy eyes, conscious of their joy, we cannot help fancying that they are so many heavens which have realised, or are in the progress of realising, the perfections of which they are capable; and that our own planet (a star in the heavens to them) is one of the same golden brotherhood of hope and possibility, destined to be retained as a heaven, if its inhabitants answer to the incitements of the great Experimenter, or to be done away with for a new experiment if they fail. For endeavour and failure, in the particular, are manifestly a part of the universal system; and considering the large scale on which Providence acts, and the mixture of evil through which good advances, Deluges are to be accounted for on principles of the most natural reason, moral as well as physical, and an awful belief thus becomes reconcilable to the commonest deductions of utility.

But "bad spirits" and spirits to be "afraid of?" We confess that, large and willing as our faith is in the utmost possibilities of life

\* Deontology, vol. ii. p. 102.



and varieties of being, we see no reason of any sort to believe in those, at least not as made up of anything like pure evil or malignity. It is possible that other beings, as well as men, may partake more or less of imperfection, and so be liable to mistake and brute impulses; but, as we need not be troubled with this side of spiritual possibility, why should we? For as to pure evil or malignity for its own sake, apart from some procurement or notion of good, nothing which we see in all nature induces us to suppose it possible. The veriest wretch that ever astonished the community, did not perpetrate his crime out of sheer love of inflicting evil, but out of some false idea of good and pleasure, or of avoidance of evil, which idea might have been done away in him by a wiser and healthier training. And as to the belief in a great malignant principle or Devil (though even he has his horrible story lightened by a mixture of mistake and suffering,) the most devout Christians have long been giving it up, especially since they have observed that the places in which he is mentioned in Scripture are very rare, sometimes apocryphal, and at other times translatable into a very different sense from what was commonly received. In truth, the word "devil" has *not been translated at all*; it has simply been repeated, and thus given rise, in many instances, to a manifest and painful delusion; for *devil* (*diabolus*, Latin; *diavolo*, Italian) is merely the Greek word *διαβολος* (*diabolos*) repeated; and *diabolos* signified simply an accuser,—a calumniator; it was a Greek word for an evil-speaker, a thrower of stones, and came from a verb signifying to *cast through or against*. The Latin word is used in the sense to this day, in the well-known appellation of the Attorney-General, which has caused so many jokes against that officer; for he who was known in France by the title of Public Accuser is designated in law Latin as the King's or Royal Accuser, that is to say, Devil,—"*Diabolus Regis*." The word is flat and plain enough, and very edifying. How simply is the frightful supernatural caution of the Apostle thus converted into the most natural of all cautions!

"Be sober, be vigilant (says the *Greek-English*), for your adversary the *Devil* walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

But "Be sober, be vigilant (says the proper *English-English*), for your adversary the *Accuser* walketh about seeking whom he may devour."

Here is a poor mistaken human being, instead of a prowling Satan; and what can be more natural, simple, or reconcileable with God's goodness and pre-eminence, and the working of an improveable weakness and blockish mystery, instead of a malignant might?

To show how accustomed we are to follow

up the spiritual analogies suggested by all kinds of reasonable and loving faith, we will close this article with a copy of verses which we wrote last winter, after we had been thinking of some beloved friends who have disappeared from this present state of being.

#### AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,  
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,  
An angel came to us, and we could bear  
To see him issue from the silent air  
At evening in our room, and bend on ours  
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers  
News of dear friends, and children who have never  
Been dead indeed: as we shall know for ever.  
Alas! we think not what we daily see  
About our hearths,—angels, that *are* to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—  
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings  
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

#### LIII.—ON DEATH AND BURIAL.

THE cultivation of pleasant associations is, next to health, the great secret of enjoyment; and, accordingly, as we lessen our cares and increase our pleasures, we may imagine ourselves affording a grateful spectacle to the Author of happiness. Error and misery, taken in their proportion, are the exceptions in his system. The world is most unquestionably happier upon the whole than otherwise; or light and air, and the face of nature, would be different from what they are, and mankind no longer be buoyed up in perpetual hope and action. By cultivating agreeable thoughts, then, we tend, like bodies in philosophy, to the greater mass of sensations, rather than the less.

What we can enjoy, let us enjoy like creatures made for that very purpose: what we cannot, let us, in the same character, do our best to deprive of its bitterness. Nothing can be more idle than the voluntary gloom with which people think to please Heaven in certain matters, and which they confound with serious acknowledgment, or with what they call a due sense of its dispensations. It is nothing but the cultivation of the principle of fear, instead of confidence, with whatever name they may disguise it. It is carrying frightened faces to court, instead of glad and grateful ones; and is above all measure ridiculous, because the real cause of it, and, by the way, of a thousand other feelings which religious courtiers mistake for religion, cannot be concealed from the Being it is intended to honour. There is a dignity certainly in suffering well, where we cannot choose but suffer;—if we must take physic, let us do it like men;—but what would be his dignity, who, when he had the choice in his power, should make the physic bitterer

than it is, or even to refuse to render it more palatable, purely to look grave over it, and do honour to the physician?

The idea of our dissolution is one of those which we most abuse in this manner, principally, no doubt, because it is abhorrent from the strong principle of vitality implanted in us, and the habits that have grown up with it. But what then? So much the more should we divest it of all the unpleasant associations which it need not excite, and add to it all the pleasant ones which it will allow.

But what is the course we pursue? We remember having a strong impression, years ago, of the absurdity of our mode of treating a death-bed, and of the great desirableness of having it considered as nothing but a sick one,—one to be smoothed and comforted, even by cordial helps, if necessary. We remember also how some persons, who, nevertheless, did too much justice to the very freest of our speculations to consider them as profane, were startled by this opinion, till we found it expressed, in almost so many words, by no less an authority than Lord Bacon. We got at our notion through a very different process, no doubt,—he through the depth of his knowledge, and we from the very buoyancy of our youth;—but we are not disposed to think it the less wise on that account. “The serious,” of course, are bound to be shocked at so cheering a proposition; but of them we have already spoken. The great objection would be, that such a system would deprive the evil-disposed of one terror in prospect, and that this principle of determent is already found too feeble to afford any diminution. The fact is, the whole principle is worth little or nothing, unless the penalty to be inflicted is pretty certain, and appeals also to the less sentimental part of our nature. It is good habits,—a well-educated conscience,—a little early knowledge,—the cultivation of generous motives,—must supply people with preventives of bad conduct; their sense of things is too immediate and lively to attend, in the long run, to anything else. We will be bound to say, generally speaking, that the prospective terrors of a death-bed never influenced any others than nervous consciences, too weak, and inhabiting organizations too delicate, to afford to be very bad ones. But, in the mean time, they may be very alarming to such consciences in prospect, and very painful to the best and most temperate of mankind in actual sufferance; and why should this be, but, as we have said before, to keep bitter that which we could sweeten, and to persist in a mistaken want of relief, under a notion of its being a due sense of our condition? We know well enough what a due sense of our condition is in other cases of infirmity; and what is a death-bed but the very acme of infirmity,—the sickness, bodily and mental, that of all others has most need of relief?

If the death happens to be an easy one, the case is altered; and no doubt it is oftener so than people imagine;—but how much pains are often taken to render it difficult!—First, the chamber, in which the dying person lies, is made as gloomy as possible with curtains, and vials, and nurses, and terrible whispers, and, perhaps, the continual application of handkerchiefs to weeping eyes;—then, whether he wishes it or not, or is fit to receive it or not, he is to have the whole truth told him by some busy-body who never was so anxious, perhaps, in the cause of veracity before;—and lastly, come partings, and family assemblings, and confusion of the head with matters of faith, and trembling prayers, that tend to force upon dying weakness the very doubts they undertake to dissipate. Well may the soldier take advantage of such death-beds as these, to boast of the end that awaits him in the field.

But having lost our friend, we must still continue to add to our own misery at the circumstance. We must heap about the recollection of our loss all the most gloomy and distasteful circumstances we can contrive, and thus, perhaps, absolutely incline ourselves to think as little of him as possible. We wrap the body in ghastly habiliments, put it in as tasteless a piece of furniture as we can invent, dress ourselves in the gloomiest of colours, awake the barbarous monotony of the church-bell, (to frighten every sick person in the neighbourhood,) call about us a set of officious mechanics, of all sorts, who are counting their shillings, as it were, by the tears that we shed, and watching with jealousy every candle's end of their “perquisites,”—and proceed to consign our friend or relation to the dust, under a ceremony that takes particular pains to impress that consummation on our minds.—Lastly, come tasteless tombstones and ridiculous epitaphs, with perhaps a skull and cross-bones at top; and the tombstones are crowded together, generally in the middle of towns, always near the places of worship, unless the church-yard is overstocked. Scarcely ever is there a tree on the spot;—in some remote villages alone are the graves ever decorated with flowers\*. All is stony, earthy, and dreary. It seems as if, after having rendered everything before death as painful as possible, we endeavoured to subside into a sullen indifference, which contradicted itself by its own efforts.

The Greeks managed these things better. It is curious that we, who boast so much of our knowledge of the immortality of the soul, and of the glad hopes of an after-life, should take such pains to make the image of death melancholy; while, on the other hand, Gentiles whom we treat with so much contempt for their ignorance on those heads, should do the reverse, and associate it with emblems that

\* Matters have been improving since this article was written.



ought to belong rather to us. But the truth is, that we know very little what we are talking about when we speak, in the gross, of the ancients, and of their ideas of Deity and humanity. The very finest and most amiable part of our notions on those subjects comes originally from their philosophers; all the rest, the gloom, the bad passions, the favouritism, are the work of other hands, who have borrowed the better materials as they proceeded, and then pretended an original right in them. Even the absurd parts of the Greek Mythology are less painfully absurd than those of any other; because, generally speaking, they are on the cheerful side instead of the gloomy. We would rather have a Deity who fell in love with the beautiful creatures of his own making, than one who would consign nine hundred out of a thousand to destruction for not believing ill of him.

But not to digress from the main subject. The ancients did not render the idea of death so harshly distinct, as we do, from that of life. They did not extinguish all light and cheerfulness in their minds, and in things about them, as it were, on the instant; neither did they keep before one's eyes, with hypochondriacal pertinacity, the idea of death's heads and skeletons, which, as representations of humanity, are something more absurd than the brick which the pedant carried about as the specimen of his house. They selected pleasant spots for sepulture, and outside the town; they adorned their graves with arches and pillars,—with myrtles, lilies, and roses; they kept up the social and useful idea of their great men by entombing them near the highway, so that every traveller paid his homage as he went; and latterly, they reduced the dead body to ashes,—a clean and inoffensive substance—gathered it into a tasteful urn, and often accompanied it with other vessels of exquisite construction, on which were painted the most cheerful actions of the person departed, even to those of his every-day life,—the prize in the games, the toilet, the recollections of his marriages and friendships—the figures of beautiful females,—everything, in short, which seemed to keep up the idea of a vital principle, and to say, “the creature who so did and so enjoyed itself cannot be all gone.” The image of the vital principle and of an after-life was, in fact, often and distinctly repeated on these vessels by a variety of emblems, animal and vegetable, particularly the image of *Psyche*, or the soul, by means of the butterfly,—an association which, in process of time, as other associations gathered about it, gave rise to the most exquisite allegory in the world, the story of *Cupid and Psyche*.

Now, we do not mean to say, that everybody who thinks as we do upon this subject, should or can depart at once from existing customs, especially the chief ones. These things must either go out gradually or by some

convulsive movement in society, as others have gone; and mere eccentricity is no help to their departure. What we cannot undo, let us only do as decently as possible; but we might render the dying a great deal more comfortable, by just daring a little to consider their comforts and not our puerility: we might allow their rooms also to be more light and cheerful; we might take pains to bring pleasanter associations about them altogether; and, when they were gone, we might cultivate our own a little better; our tombstones might at least be in better taste; we might take more care of our graves; we might preserve our sick neighbours from the sound of the death-bell; a single piece of ribbon or crape would surely be enough to guard us against the unweeting inquiries of friends, while, in the rest of our clothes, we might adopt, by means of a ring or a watch-ribbon, some cheerful instead of gloomy recollection of the person we had lost,—a favourite colour, for instance, or device,—and thus contrive to balance a grief which we must feel, and which, indeed, in its proper associations, it would not be desirable to avoid. Rousseau died gazing on the setting sun, and was buried under green trees. Petrarch, who seemed born to complete and render glorious the idea of an author from first to last, was found dead in his study with his head placidly resting on a book. What is there in deaths like these to make us look back with anguish, or to plunge into all sorts of gloominess and bad taste?

We know not whether it has ever struck any of our readers, but we seem to consider the relics of ancient taste, which we possess, as things of mere ornament, and forget that their uses may be in some measure preserved, so as to complete the idea of their beauty, and give them, as it were, a soul again. We place their urns and vases, for instance, about our apartments, but never think of putting anything in them; yet when they are not absolutely too fragile, we might often do so,—fruit, flowers,—toilet utensils,—a hundred things, with a fine opportunity (to boot) of showing our taste in inscriptions. The Chinese, in the *Citizen of the World*, when he was shown the two large vases from his own country, was naturally amused to hear that they only served to fill up the room, and held no supply of tea in them as they did at home. A lady, a friend of ours, who shows in her countenance her origin from a country of taste, and who acts up to the promise of her countenance, is the only person, but one, whom we ever knew to turn antique ornament to account in this respect. She buried a favourite bird in a vase on her mantel-piece; and there the little rogue lies, with more kind and tasteful associations about him, than the greatest dust in Christendom. The other instance is that of two urns of marble, which have been turned

as much as possible to the original purposes of such vessels, by becoming the depository of locks of hair. A lock of hair is an actual relic of the dead, as much so, in its proportion, as ashes, and more lively and recalling than even those. It is the part of us that preserves vitality longest; it is a clean and elegant substance: and it is especially connected with ideas of tenderness, in the cheek or the eyes about which it may have strayed, and the handling we may have given it on the living head. The thoughts connected with such relics time gradually releases from grief itself, and softens into tender enjoyment; and we know that in the instance alluded to the possessor of those two little urns would no more consent to miss them from his study, than he would any other cheerful association that he could procure. It is a consideration, which he would not forego for a great deal, that the venerable and lovely dust to which they belonged lies in a village churchyard, and has left the most unfading part of it inclosed in graceful vessels.

1814.

#### LIV.—ON WASHERWOMEN.

WRITERS, we think, might oftener indulge themselves in direct picture-making, that is to say, in detached sketches of men and things, which should be to *manners*, what those of Theophrastus are to *character*.

Painters do not always think it necessary to paint epics, or to fill a room with a series of pictures on one subject. They deal sometimes in single figures and groups; and often exhibit a profounder feeling in these little concentrations of their art, than in subjects of a more numerous description. Their *gusto*, perhaps, is less likely to be lost, on that very account. They are no longer Sultans in a seraglio, but lovers with a favourite mistress, retired and absorbed. A Madonna of Correggio's, the Bath of Michael Angelo, the Standard of Leonardo da Vinci, Titian's Mistress, and other single subjects or groups of the great masters, are acknowledged to be among their greatest performances, some of them their greatest of all.

It is the same with music. Overtures, which are supposed to make allusion to the whole progress of the story they precede, are not always the best productions of the master; still less are choruses, and quintetts, and other pieces involving a multiplicity of actors. The overture to Mozart's *Magic Flute* (*Zauberflöte*) is worthy of the title of the piece; it is truly enchanting; but what are so intense, in their way, as the duet of the two lovers, *Ah Perdonà*,—or the laughing trio in *Così Fan Tutte*,—

or that passionate serenade in Don Giovanni, *Deh vieni alla finestra*, which breathes the very soul of refined sensuality! The gallant is before you, with his mandolin and his cap and feather, taking place of the nightingale for that amorous hour; and you feel that the sounds must inevitably draw his mistress to the window. Their intenseness even renders them pathetic; and his heart seems in earnest, because his senses are.

We do not mean to say, that, in proportion as the work is large and the subject numerous, the merit may not be the greater if all is good. Raphael's Sacrament is a greater work than his Adam and Eve; but his Transfiguration would still have been the finest picture in the world, had the second group in the foreground been away; nay, the latter is supposed, and, we think, with justice, to injure its effect. We only say that there are times when the numerousness may scatter the individual gusto;—that the greatest possible feeling may be proved without it;—and, above all, returning to our more immediate subject, that writers, like painters, may sometimes have leisure for excellent detached pieces, when they want it for larger productions. Here, then, is an opportunity for them. Let them, in their intervals of history, or, if they want time for it, give us portraits of humanity. People lament that Sappho did not write more: but, at any rate, her two odes are worth twenty epics like Tryphiodorus.

But, in portraits of this kind, writing will also have a great advantage; and may avoid what seems to be an inevitable stumbling-block in paintings of a similar description. Between the matter-of-fact works of the Dutch artists, and the subtle compositions of Hogarth, there seems to be a medium reserved only for the pen. The writer only can tell you all he means,—can let you into his whole mind and intention. The moral insinuations of the painter are, on the one hand, apt to be lost for want of distinctness; or tempted, on the other, by their visible nature, to put on too gross a shape. If he leaves his meanings to be imagined, he may unfortunately speak to unimaginative spectators, and generally does; if he wishes to explain himself so as not to be mistaken, he will paint a set of comments upon his own incidents and characters, rather than let them tell for themselves. Hogarth himself, for instance, who never does anything without a sentiment or a moral, is too apt to perk them both in your face, and to be over-redundant in his combinations. His persons, in many instances, seem too much taken away from their proper indifference to effect, and to be made too much of conscious agents and joint contributors. He "o'er-informs his tenements." His very goods and chattels are didactic. He makes a capital remark of a cow's horn, and brings up a piece of cannon in



aid of a satire on vanity.\* It is the writer only who, without hurting the most delicate propriety of the representation, can leave no doubt of all his intentions,—who can insinuate his object, in two or three words, to the dullest conception; and, in conversing with the most foreign minds, take away all the awkwardness of interpretation. What painting gains in universality to the eye, it loses by an infinite proportion in power of suggestion to the understanding.

There is something of the sort of sketches we are recommending in Sterne: but Sterne had a general connected object before him, of which the parts apparently detached were still connecting links: and while he also is apt to overdo his subject like Hogarth, is infinitely less various and powerful. The greatest master of detached portrait is Steele: but his pictures too form a sort of link in a chain. Perhaps the completest specimen of what we mean in the English language is Shenstone's *School-Mistress*, by far his best production, and a most natural, quiet, and touching old dame.—But what? Are we leaving out *Chaucer*? Alas, we thought to be doing something a little original, and find it all existing already, and in unrivalled perfection, in his portraits of the *Canterbury Pilgrims*! We can only dilate, and vary upon his principle.

But we are making a very important preface to what may turn out a very trifling subject; and must request the reader not to be startled at the homely specimen we are about to give him, after all this gravity of recommendation. Not that we would apologise for homeliness, as homeliness. The beauty of this unlimited power of suggestion in writing is, that you may take up the driest and most common-place of all possible subjects, and strike a light out of it to warm your intellect and your heart by. The fastidious habits of polished life generally incline us to reject, as incapable of interesting us, whatever does not present itself in a graceful shape of its own, and a ready-made suit of ornaments. But some of the plainest weeds become beautiful under the microscope. It is the benevolent provision of nature, that in proportion as you feel the necessity of extracting interest from common things, you are enabled to do so;—and the very least that this familiarity with homeliness will do for us is to render our artificial delicacy less liable to annoyance, and to teach us how to grasp the nettles till they obey us.

The reader sees that we are Wordsworthians enough not to confine our tastes to the received elegancies of society; and, in one respect, we go farther than Mr. Wordsworth, for, though as fond, perhaps, of the country as he, we can manage to please ourselves in the very thick

of cities, and even find there as much reason to do justice to Providence, as he does in the haunts of sportsmen, and anglers, and all-devouring insects.

To think, for instance, of that laborious and inelegant class of the community—*Washerwomen*, and of all the hot, disagreeable, dabbings, smoaking, splashing, kitcheny, cold-dining, anti-company-receiving associations, to which they give rise.—What can be more annoying to any tasteful lady or gentleman, at their first waking in the morning, than when that dreadful thump at the door comes, announcing the tub-tumbling viragoes, with their brawny arms and brawling voices? We must confess, for our own parts, that our taste, in the abstract, is not for washerwomen; we prefer Dryads and Naiads, and the figures that resemble them;—

Fair forms, that glance amid the green of woods,  
Or from the waters give their sidelong shapes  
Half swelling.

Yet, we have lain awake sometimes in a street in town, after this first confounded rap, and pleased ourselves with imagining how equally the pains and enjoyments of this world are dealt out, and what a pleasure there is in the mere contemplation of any set of one's fellow-creatures and their humours, when our knowledge has acquired humility enough to look at them steadily.

The reader knows the knock which we mean. It comes like a lump of lead, and instantly wakes the maid, whose business it is to get up, though she pretends not to hear it. Another knock is inevitable, and it comes, and then another; but still Betty does not stir, or stirs only to put herself in a still snigger posture, knowing very well that they must knock again. "Now, 'drat that Betty," says one of the washerwomen; "she hears as well as we do, but the deuce a bit will she move till we give her another;" and at the word another, down goes the knocker again. "It's very odd," says the master of the house, mumbling from under the bed-clothes, "that Betty does not get up to let the people in; I've heard that knocker three times."—"Oh," returns the mistress, "she's as lazy as she's high,"—and off goes the chamber-bell;—by which time Molly, who begins to lose her sympathy with her fellow-servant in impatience of what is going on, gives her one or two conclusive digs in the side; when the other gets up, and rubbing her eyes, and mumbling, and hastening and shrugging herself down stairs, opens the door with—"Lard, Mrs. Watson, I hope you haven't been standing here long?"—"Standing here long, Mrs. Betty! Oh don't tell me; people might stand starving their legs off, before you'd put a finger out of bed."—"Oh don't say so, Mrs. Watson; I'm sure I always rises at the first knock; and there—you'll find everything comfortable below,

\* See the cannon going off in the turbulent portrait of a General-Officer: and the cow's head coming just over that of the citizen who is walking with his wife.

with a nice hock of ham, which I made John leave for you." At this the washerwomen leave their grumbling, and shuffle down stairs, hoping to see Mrs. Betty early at breakfast. Here, after warming themselves at the copper, taking a mutual pinch of snuff, and getting things ready for the wash, they take a snack at the promised hock; for people of this profession have always their appetite at hand, and every interval of labour is invariably cheered by the prospect of *having something* at the end of it. "Well," says Mrs. Watson, finishing the last cut, "some people thinks themselves mighty generous for leaving one what little they can't eat; but, howsomever, it's better than nothing."—"Ah," says Mrs. Jones, who is a minor genius, "one must take what one can get now-a-days; but Squire Hervey's for my money."—"Squire Hervey!" rejoins Mrs. Watson, "what's that the great what's-his-name as lives yonder?"—"Ay," returns Mrs. Jones, "him as has a niece and nevvv, as they say eats him out of house and land;"—and here commences the history of all the last week of the whole neighbourhood round, which continues amidst the dipping of splashing fists, the rumbling of suds, and the creaking of wringings-out, till an hour or two are elapsed; and then for another snack and a pinch of snuff, till the resumption of another hour's labour or so brings round the time for first breakfast. Then, having had nothing to signify since five, they sit down at half-past six in the wash-house, to take their own meal before the servants meet at the general one. This is the chief moment of enjoyment. They have just laboured enough to make the tea and bread and butter welcome, are at an interesting point of the conversation, (for there they contrive to leave off on purpose,) and so down they sit, fatigued and happy, with their red elbows and white corrugated fingers, to a tub turned upside down, and a dish of good christian souchong, fit for a body to drink.

We could dwell a good deal upon this point of time, but shall only admonish the fastidious reader, who thinks he has all the taste and means of enjoyment to himself, how he looks with scorn upon two persons, who are perhaps at this moment the happiest couple of human beings in the street,—who have discharged their duty, have earned their enjoyment, and have health and spirits to relish it to the full. A washerwoman's cup of tea may vie with the first drawn cork at a bon-vivant's table, and the complacent opening of her snuff-box with that of the most triumphant politician over a scheme of partition. We say nothing of the continuation of their labours, of the scandal they resume, or the complaints they pour forth, when they first set off again in the indolence of a satisfied appetite, at the quantity of work which the mistress of the house, above all other mistresses,

is sure to heap upon them. Scandal and complaint, in these instances, do not hurt the complacency of our reflections; they are in their proper sphere; and are nothing but a part, as it were, of the day's work, and are so much vent to the animal spirits. Even the unpleasant day which the work causes up stairs in some houses,—the visitors which it excludes, and the leg of mutton which it hinders from roasting, are only so much enjoyment kept back and contrasted, in order to be made keener the rest of the week. Beauty itself is indebted to it, and draws from that steaming out-house and splashing tub the well-fitting robe that gives out its figure, and the snowy cap that contrasts its curls and its complexion. In short, whenever we hear a washerwoman at her foaming work, or see her plodding towards us with her jolly warm face, her mob cap, her black stockings, clattering pattens, and tub at arm's length resting on her hip-joint, we look upon her as a living lesson to us to make the most both of time and comfort, and as a sort of allegorical compound of pain and pleasure, a little too much, perhaps, in the style of Rubens.

1814.

## LV.—THE NIGHTMARE.

### I.

WE do not hesitate to declare to the reader, even in this free-thinking age, that we are no small adepts in the uses of the Occult Philosophy, as I shall thoroughly make manifest.—Be it known then, that we are sometimes favoured with the visits of a nocturnal spirit, from whom we receive the most excellent lessons of wisdom. His appearance is not highly prepossessing; and the weight of his manner of teaching, joined to the season he chooses for that purpose, has in it something not a little tremendous; but the end of his instruction is the enjoyment of virtue; and as he is conscious of the alarming nature of his aspect, he takes leave of the initiated the moment they reduce his lessons to practice. It is true, there are a number of foolish persons who, instead of being grateful for his friendly offices, have affected to disdain them, in the hope of tiring him out, and thus getting rid of his disagreeable presence; but they could not have taken a worse method; for his benevolence is as unwearied as his lessons and appearances are formidable, and these unphilosophic scornors are only punished every night of their lives in consequence. If any curious person wishes to see him, the ceremony of summoning him to appear is very simple, though it varies according to the aspirant's immediate state of blood. With some, nothing more is required than the mastication of a few



unripe plums or a cucumber, just before midnight: others must take a certain portion of that part of a calf, which is used for what are vulgarly called veal-cutlets: others, again, find the necessary charm in an omelet or an olio. For our part, we are so well acquainted with the different ceremonies, that, without any preparation, we have only to lie in a particular posture, and the spirit is sure to make its appearance. The figures under which it presents itself are various, but it generally takes its position upon the breast in a shape altogether indescribable, and is accompanied with circumstances of alarm and obscurity, not a little resembling those which the philosophers underwent on their initiation into the Eleusinian and other mysteries. The first sensations you experience are those of a great oppression and inability to move; these you endeavour to resist, but after an instant resign yourself to their control, or rather flatter yourself you will do so, for the sensation becomes so painful, that in a moment you struggle into another effort, and if in this effort you happen to move yourself and cry out, the spirit is sure to be gone, for it detests a noise as heartily as a monk of La Trappe, a traveller in the Alps, or a thief. Could an intemperate person in this situation be but philosopher enough to give himself up to the spirit's influence for a few minutes, he would see his visitant to great advantage, and gather as much knowledge at once as would serve him instead of a thousand short visits, and make him a good liver for months to come.

It was by this method some time ago, that we not only obtained a full view of the spirit, but gradually gathering strength from sufferance, as those who are initiated into any great wisdom must, contrived to enter into conversation with it. The substance of our dialogue we hereby present to the reader; for it is a mistaken notion of the pretenders to the Cabala, that to reveal the secrets on these occasions is to do harm, and incur the displeasure of our spiritual acquaintances. All the harm is in not understanding the secrets properly, and explaining them for the benefit of mankind; and on this head we have an objection to make to that ancient and industrious order of Illuminati the Freemasons, who, though they hold with our familiar that eating supper is one of the high roads to wisdom, differ with him in confining their knowledge to such persons as can purchase it.

We had returned at a late hour from the representation of a new comedy, and after eating a sleepy and not very great supper, reclined ourself on the sofa in a half-sitting posture, and taken up a little Horace to see if we could keep our eyes open with a writer so full of contrast to what we had been hearing. We happened to pitch upon that Ode, *At O Deorum quisquis*, &c., describing an ancient witches'

meeting, and fell into an obscure kind of reverie upon the identity of popular superstition in different ages and nations. The comic dramatist, however, had been too much for us; the weather, which had been warm, but was inclining to grow cloudy, conspired with our heaviness, and the only sounds to be heard, were the ticking of a small clock in the room, and the fitful sighs of the wind as it rose without,

The moaning herald of a weeping sky.

By degrees our eyes closed, the hand with the book dropped one way, and the head dropped back the other upon a corner of the sofa.

When you are in a state the least adapted to bodily perception, it is well known that you are in the precise state for spiritual. We had not been settled, we suppose, for more than a quarter of an hour, when the lid of a veal-pie, which we had lately attacked, began swelling up and down with an extraordinary convulsion, and we plainly perceived a little figure rising from beneath it, which grew larger and larger as it ascended, and then advanced with great solemnity towards us over the dishes. This phenomenon, which we thought we had seen often before, but could not distinctly remember how or where, was about two feet high, six inches of which, at least, went to the composition of its head. Between its jaws and shoulders there was no separation whatever, so that its face, which was very broad and pale, came immediately on its bosom, where it quivered without ceasing in a very alarming manner, being, it seems, of a paralytic sensibility like blanc-manger. The fearfulness of this aspect was increased by two staring and intent eyes, a nose turned up, but large, and a pair of thick lips turned despondingly down at the corners. Its hair, which stuck about its ears like the quills of a porcupine, was partly concealed by a bolster rolled into a turban, and decorated with duck's feathers. The body was dressed in a kind of armour, of a substance resembling what is called crackling, and girded with a belt curiously studded with Spanish olives, in the middle of which, instead of pistols, were stuck two small bottles containing a fiery liquor. On its shoulders were wings shaped like the bat's, but much larger; its legs terminated in large feet of lead; and in its hands, which were of the same metal, and enormously disproportioned, it bore a Turkish bowstring.

At sight of this formidable apparition, we felt an indescribable and oppressive sensation, which by no means decreased, as it came nearer and nearer, staring and shaking its face at us, and making as many ineffable grimaces as Munden in a farce. It was in vain, however, we attempted to move; we felt, all the time, like a leaden statue, or like Gulliver pinned to the ground by the Lilliputians; and was

wondering how our sufferings would terminate, when the phantom, by a spring off the table, pitched himself with all his weight upon our breast, and we thought began fixing his terrible bowstring. At this, as I could make no opposition, we determined at least to cry out as lustily as possible, and were beginning to make the effort, when the spirit motioned us to be quiet, and, retreating a little from our throat, said, in a low suffocating tone of voice, "Wilt thou never be philosopher enough to leave off sacrificing unto calf's flesh?"

"In the name of the Great Solomon's ring," we ejaculated, "what art thou?"

"My name," replied the being, a little angrily, "which thou wast unwittingly going to call out, is Mnpytgnau-auw-auww, and I am Prince of the Night-mares."

"Ah, my Lord," returned we, "you will pardon our want of recollection, but we had never seen you in your full dress before, and your presence is not very composing to the spirits. Doubtless this is the habit in which you appeared with the other genii at the levee of the mighty Solomon."

"A fig for the mighty Solomon!" said the spirit, good-humouredly; "this is the cant of the Cabalists, who pretend to know so much about us. I assure you, Solomon trembled much more at me than I did at him. I found it necessary, notwithstanding all his wisdom, to be continually giving him advice; and many were the quarrels I had on his account with Peor, the Demon of Sensuality, and a female devil named Ashtoreth."

"The world, my Prince," returned we, "do not give you credit for so much benevolence."

"No," quoth the vision, "the world are never just to their best advisers. My figure, it is true, is not the most prepossessing, and my manner of teaching is less so; but I am nevertheless a benevolent spirit, and would do good to the most ungrateful of your fellow-creatures. This very night, between the hours of ten and one, I have been giving lessons to no less than twelve priests and twenty-one citizens. The studious I attend somewhat later, and the people of fashion towards morning.—But as you seem inclined at last to make a proper use of my instructions, I will recount you some of my adventures, if you please, that you may relate them to your countrymen, and teach them to appreciate the trouble I have with them."

"You are really obliging," said we, "and we should be all attention, would you do us the favour to sit a little more lightly, for each of your fingers appears heavier than a porter's load; and, to say the truth, the very sight of that bowstring almost throttles us."

#### LVI.—THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

At these words the spectre gave a smile, which we can compare to nothing but the effect of vinegar on a death's-head. However, he rose up, though very slowly, and we once more breathed with transport, like a person dropping into his chair after a long journey. He then seated himself with much dignity on the pillow at the other end of the sofa, and thus resumed the discourse:—"I have been among mankind, ever since the existence of cooks and bad consciences, and my office is two-fold, to give advice to the well-disposed, and to inflict punishment on the ill. The spirits over which I preside are of that class called by the ancients Incubi; but it was falsely supposed that we were fond of your handsome girls, as the Rosicrucians maintain, for it is our business to suppress, not encourage the passions, as you may guess by my appearance."

"Pardon us," interrupted we, "but the poets and painters represent your Highness as riding about on horseback; some of them even make you the horse itself, and it is thus that we have been taught to account for the term Night-mare."

Here the phantom gave another smile, which made us feel sympathetically about the mouth as though one of our teeth was being drawn. "A pretty jest," said he: "as if a spiritual being had need of a horse to carry him! The general name of my species in this country is of Saxon origin; the Saxons, uniting as they did the two natures of Britons and Germans, ate and drank with a vengeance; of course they knew me very well, and being continually visited by me in all my magnificence, called me, by way of eminence, the *Night Mara*, or Spirit of Night. As to the poets and painters, I do not know enough of them to be well acquainted with their misrepresentations of me; though all of those gentlemen who could afford it have been pretty intimate with me. The moralizing Epicurean, whom you have in your hand there, I knew very well. Very good things he wrote, to be sure, about temperance and lettuces; but he ate quite as good at Mæcenas' table. You may see the delicate state of his faculties by the noise he makes about a little garlick. There was Congreve, too, who dined every day with a duchess, and had the gout: I visited him often enough, and once wreaked on him a pretty set of tortures under the figure of one Jeremy Collier. My Lord Rochester, who might have displayed so true a fancy of his own without my assistance, had scarcely a single idea with which I did not supply him, for five years together, during which time, you know, he confessed himself to have been in a state of intoxication. But I am sorry to say, that I have had no small trouble with some of your poetical moralists,



as well as men of pleasure. Something, I confess, must be allowed to Pope, whose constitution disputed with him every hour's enjoyment; but an invalid so fond of good things might have spared the citizens and clergy a little. It must be owned, also, that the good temper he really possessed did much honour to his philosophy; but it would have been greater, could he have denied himself that silver saucepan. It seduced him into a hundred miseries. One night, in particular, I remember, after he had made a very sharp attack on Addison and a dish of lampreys, he was terribly used by my spirits, who appeared to him in the shapes of so many flying pamphlets: he awoke in great horror, crying out with a ghastly smile, like a man who pretends to go easily through a laborious wager, 'These things are my diversion.' As to your painters, I have known still less of them, though I am acquainted with one now living, to whom I once sat at midnight for my portrait, and the likeness is allowed by all of us to be excellent."

"Well," interrupted we, "but it is not at all like you in your present aspect."

"No," replied the phantom, "it is my poetical look. I have all sorts of looks and shapes, civic, political, and poetical. It is by particular favour that I appear to you as I really am; but as you have not seen many of my shapes, I will, if you please, give you a sample of some of my best."

"Oh, by no means," said we, somewhat hastily; "we can imagine quite enough from your descriptions. The philosophers certainly ill-used you when they represented you as a seducer."

"The false philosophers did," replied the spectre; "the real philosophers knew me better. It was at my instance that Pythagoras forbade the eating of beans; Plato owed some of his schemes to my hints, though I confess not his best; and I also knew Socrates very well from my intimacy with Alcibiades, but the familiar that attended him was of a much higher order than myself, and rendered my services unnecessary. However, my veneration for that illustrious man was so great, that on the night when he died, I revenged him finely on his two principal enemies. People talk of the flourishing state of vice, and the happiness which guilty people sometimes enjoy in contrast with the virtuous; but they know nothing of what they talk. You should have seen Alexander in bed after one of his triumphant feasts, or Domitian or Heliogabalus after a common supper, and you would have seen who was the true monarch, the master of millions, or the master of himself. The Prince retired perhaps amidst lights, garlands, and perfumes, with the pomp of music, and through a host of bowing heads: everything he saw and touched reminded him of empire; his bed was of the costliest furniture, and he reposed by the side

of beauty. Reposed, did I say? As well might you stretch a man on a gilded rack, and fan him into forgetfulness. No sooner had he obtained a little slumber, but myself and other spirits revenged the crimes of the day; in a few minutes the convulsive snatches of his hands and features announce the rising agitation; his face blackens and swells; his clenched hands grasp the drapery about him; he tries to turn, but cannot, for a hundred horrors, the least of which is of death, crowd on him and wither his faculties; till at last, by an effort of despair, he wakes with a fearful outcry, and springs from the bed, pale, trembling, and aghast, afraid of the very assistance he would call, and terrified at the consciousness of himself. Such are the men before whom millions of you rational creatures consent to tremble."

"You talk like an orator," said we; "but surely every ambitious prince has not horrors like these, for every one is neither so luxurious as Alexander, nor so timid and profligate as a Domitian or Heliogabalus. Conquerors, one would think, are generally too full of business to have leisure for consciences and night-mares."

"Why, a great deal may be done," answered the spirit, "against horrors of any kind by mere dint of industry. But too much business, especially of a nature that keeps passion on the stretch, will sometimes perform the office of indolence and luxury, and turn revengefully upon the mind. To this were owing, in great measure, the epilepsies of Cæsar and Mohammed. With the faces of most of the Roman Emperors I am as familiar as an antiquary, particularly from Tiberius down to Caligula; and again from Constantine downwards. But if I punished the degenerate Romans, I nevertheless punished their enemies too. They were not aware, when scourged by Attila, what nights their tormentor passed. Luckily for justice, he brought from Germany not only fire and sword, but a true German appetite. I know not a single conqueror of modern times who equalled him in horror of dreaming, unless it was a little, spare, aguey, peevish, supper-eating fellow, whom you call Frederick the Great. Those exquisite ragouts, the enjoyment of which added new relish to the sarcasms the latter dealt about him with a royalty so unanswerable, sufficiently revenged the sufferers for their submission. Nevertheless, he dealt by his dishes as some men do by their mistresses: he loved them the more they tormented him. Poor Trenck, with his bread and water in the dungeon of Magdeburg, enjoyed a repose fifty times more serene than the royal philosopher in his palace of Sans Souci, or Without Care. Even on the approach of death, this great conqueror—this warrior full of courage and sage speculation—could not resist the customary pepper and sauce-piquante, though he knew he should inevitably

see me at night, armed with all his sins, and turning his bed into a nest of monsters."

"Heaven be praised," cried we, "that he had a taste so retributive! The people under arbitrary governments must needs have a respect for the dishes at court. We now perceive, more than ever, the little insight we have into the uses of things. Formerly one might have imagined that eating and drinking had no use but the vulgar one of sustaining life; but it is manifest that they save the law a great deal of trouble, and the writers of cookery-books can be considered in no other light than as expounders of a criminal code. Really, we shall hereafter approach a dish of turtle with becoming awe, and already begin to look upon a ragout as something very equitable and inflexible."

"You do justice," observed the spirit, "to those eminent dishes, and in the only proper way. People who sit down to a feast with their joyous darting of eyes and rubbing of hands, would have very different sensations, did they know what they were about to attack. You must know, that the souls of tormented animals survive after death, and become instruments of punishment for mankind. Most of these are under my jurisdiction, and form great part of the monstrous shapes that haunt the slumbers of the intemperate. Fish crimped alive, lobsters boiled alive, and pigs whipped to death, become the most active and formidable spirits; and if the object of their vengeance take too many precautions to drown his senses when asleep, there is the subtle and fell Gout waiting to torment his advanced years,—a spirit partaking of the double nature of the Night-mare and Salamander, and more terrible than any one of us, inasmuch as he makes his attacks by day as well as by night."

"We shudder to think," interrupted we, "even of the monstrous combinations which have disturbed our own rest, and formed so horrible a contrast to the gaiety of a social supper."

"Oh, as for that matter," said the phantom, in a careless tone, "you know nothing of the horrors of a glutton, or a nefarious debauchee. Suffocation with bolsters, heaping of rocks upon the chest, burials alive, and strugglings to breathe without a mouth, are among their common-place sufferings. The dying glutton in La Fontaine never was so reasonable, as when he desired to have the remainder of his fish. He was afraid that if he did not immediately go off, he might have a nap before he died, which would have been a thousand times worse than death. Had Apicius, Ciacco the Florentine, Dartineuf, or Vitellius, been able and inclined to paint what they had seen, Callot would have been a mere Cipriani to them. I could produce you a jolly fellow, a corpulent nobleman, from the next hotel, the very counterpart of the glutton in Rubens's *Fall of the Damned*, who could bring

together a more hideous combination of fancies than are to be found in Milton's Hell. He is not without information, and a disposition naturally good; but a long series of bad habits have made him what they call a man of pleasure,—that is to say, he takes all sorts of pains to get a little enjoyment which shall produce him a world of misery. One of his passions, which he *will* not resist, is for a particular dish, pungent, savoury, and multifarious, which sends him almost every night into Tartarus. At this minute, the spectres of the supper-table are busy with him, and Dante himself could not have worked up a greater horror for the punishment of vice than the one he is undergoing. He fancies that though he is *himself*, he is nevertheless four different beings at once, of the most odious and contradictory natures,—that his own indescribable feelings are fighting bodily and maliciously with each other,—and that there is no chance left him, either for escape, forgetfulness, or cessation."

"Gracious powers!" cried we; "what, all this punishment for a dish?"

"You do not recollect," answered the spirit, "what an abuse such excesses are of the divine gift of reason, and how they distort the best tendencies of human nature. The whole end of existence is perverted by not taking proper care of the body. This man will rise to-morrow morning, pallid, nervous, and sullen; his feelings must be reinforced with a dram to bear the ensuing afternoon; and I foresee, that the ill-temper arising from his debauch will lead him into a very serious piece of injustice against his neighbour. To the same cause may be traced fifty of the common disquietudes of life, its caprices and irritabilities. To-night a poor fellow is fretful because his supper was not rich enough, but to-morrow night he will be in torture because it was too rich. A hysterical lady shall flatter herself she is sentimentally miserable, when most likely her fine feelings are to be deduced, not from sentiment, but a surfeit. Your Edinburgh wits thought they had laid down a very droll impossibility, when they talked of cutting a man's throat with a pound of pickled salmon; whereas much less dishes have performed as wonderful exploits. I have known a hard egg to fill a household with dismay for days together; a cucumber has disinherited an only son; and a whole province has incurred the royal anger of its master at the instigation of a set of woodcocks."

"It is a thousand pities," said we, "that history, instead of habituating us to love 'the pomp and circumstance' of bad passions, cannot trace the actions of men to their real sources."

"Well, well," said the spirit, "now that you are getting grave on the subject, I think I may bid you adieu. Your nation has produced excellent philosophers, who were not the less



wise for knowing little of me. Pray tell your countrymen that they are neither philosophic nor politic in feasting as they do on all occasions, joyful, sorrowful, or indifferent: that good sense, good temper, and the good of their country, are distinct things from indigestion; and that, when they think to show their patriotic devotion by carving and gormandizing, they are no wiser than the bacchanals of old, who took serpents between their teeth, and tortured themselves with knives."

So saying the spectre rose, and stretching out his right hand, with a look which we believe he intended to be friendly, advanced towards us; he then took our hand in his own, and perceiving signs of alarm in our countenance, burst into a fit of laughter, which was the very quintessence of discord, and baffles all description, being a compound of the gabblings of geese, grunting of hogs, quacking of ducks, squabbling of turkeys, and winding up of smoke-jacks. When the fit was pretty well over, he gave us a squeeze of the hand, which made us jump up with a spring of the knees, and gradually enveloping himself in a kind of steam, vanished with a noise like the crash of crockery ware. We looked about us; we found that our right hand, which held the Horace, had got bent under us, and gone to sleep, and that, in our sudden start, we had kicked half the dishes from the supper-table.

1811.

#### LVII.—THE FLORENTINE LOVERS\*.

At the time when Florence was divided into the two fierce parties of Gueffs and Ghibelines, there was great hostility between two families of the name of Bardi and Buondelmonti. It was seldom that love took place between individuals of houses so divided; but, when it did, it was proportionately vehement, either because the individuals themselves were vehement in all their passions, or because love, falling upon two gentle hearts, made them the more pity and love one another, to find themselves in so unnatural a situation.

Of this latter kind was an affection that took place between a young lady of the family of the Bardi, called Dianora d'Amerigo, and a youth of the other family, whose name was Ippolito. The girl was about fifteen, and in the full flower of her beauty and sweetness. Ippolito was about three years older, and looked two or three more, on account of a certain gravity and deep regard in the upper part of his face. You might know by his lips that he could love well, and by his eyes that he could keep the secret. There was a like-

ness, as sometimes happens, between the two lovers; and perhaps this was no mean help to their passion; for as we find painters often giving their own faces to their heroes, so the more excusable vanity of lovers delights to find that resemblance in one another, which Plato said was only the divorced half of the original human being rushing into communion with the other.

Be this as it may (and lovers in those times were not ignorant of such speculations), it needed but one sight of Dianora d'Amerigo to make Ippolito fall violently in love with her. It was in church on a great holiday. In the South the church has ever been the place where people fall in love. It is there that the young of both sexes oftenest find themselves in each other's company. There the voluptuous that cannot fix their thoughts upon heaven, find congenial objects, more earthly, to win their attention; and there, the most innocent and devotional spirits, voluptuous also without being aware of it, and not knowing how to vent the grateful pleasure of their hearts, discover their tendency to repose on beings that can show themselves visibly sensible to their joy. The paintings, the perfumes, the music, the kind crucifix, the mixture of aspiration and earthly ceremony, the draperies, the white vestments of young and old, the boys' voices, the giant candles, typical of the seraphic ministrants about God's altar, the meeting of all ages and classes, the echoes of the aisles, the lights and shades of the pillars and vaulted roofs, the very struggle of daylight at the lofty windows, as if earth were at once present and not present,—all have a tendency to confuse the boundaries of this world and the next, and to set the heart floating in that delicious mixture of elevation and humility, which is ready to sympathize with whatever can preserve to it something like its sensations, and save it from the hardness and definite folly of ordinary life. It was in a church that Boccaccio, not merely the voluptuous Boccaccio, who is but half-known by the half-witted, but Boccaccio, the future painter of the Falcon and the Pot of Basil, first saw the beautiful face of his Fiammetta. In a church, Petrarch felt the sweet shadow fall on him that darkened his life for twenty years after. And the fond gratitude of the local historian for a tale of true love, has left it on record, that it was in the church of St. Giovanni at Florence, and on the great day of Pardon, which falls on the 13th of January, that Ippolito de' Buondelmonte became enamoured of Dianora d'Amerigo. [How delicious it is to repeat these beautiful Italian names, when they are not merely names! We find ourselves almost unconsciously writing them in a better hand than the rest; not merely for the sake of the printer, but for the pleasure of lingering upon the sound.]

\* The groundwork of this story is in a late Italian publication called the *Florentine Observer*, descriptive of the old buildings and other circumstances of local interest in the capital of Tuscany.

When the people were about to leave church, Ippolito, in turning to speak to an acquaintance, lost sight of his unknown beauty. He made haste to plant himself at the door, telling his companion that he should like to see the ladies come out; for he had not the courage to say which lady. When he saw Dianora appear, he changed colour, and saw nothing else. Yet though he beheld, and beheld her distinctly, so as to carry away every feature in his heart, it seemed to him afterwards that he had seen her only as in a dream. She glided by him like a thing of heaven, drawing her veil over her head. As he had not the courage to speak of her, he had still less the courage to ask her name; but he was saved the trouble. "God and St. John bless her beautiful face!" cried a beggar at the door; "she always gives double of any one else."—"Curse her!" muttered Ippolito's acquaintance; "she is one of the Bardi." The ear of the lover heard both these exclamations, and they made an indelible impression. Being a lover of books and poetry, and intimate with the most liberal of the two parties, such as Dante Alighieri (afterwards so famous) and Guido Cavalcanti, Ippolito, though a warm partisan himself, and implicated in a fierce encounter that had lately taken place between some persons on horseback, had been saved from the worst feelings attendant on political hostility; and they now appeared to him odious. He had no thought, it is true, of forgiving one of the old Bardi, who had cut his father down from his horse; but he would now have sentenced the whole party to a milder banishment than before; and to curse a female belonging to it, and that female Dianora!—he differed with the stupid fellow that had done it whenever they met afterwards.

It was a heavy reflection to Ippolito to think that he could not see his mistress in her own house. She had a father and mother living as well as himself, and was surrounded with relations. It was a heavier still that he knew not how to make her sensible of his passion; and the heaviest of all, that being so lovely, she would certainly be carried off by another husband. What was he to do? He had no excuse for writing to her; and as to serenading her under her window, unless he meant to call all the neighbours to witness his temerity, and lose his life at once in that brawling age, it was not to be thought of. He was obliged to content himself with watching, as well as he could, the windows of her abode, following her about whenever he saw her leave it, and with pardonable vanity trying to catch her attention by some little action that should give her a good thought of the stranger; such as anticipating her in giving alms to a beggar. We must even record, that on one occasion he contrived to stumble against a dog and tread on his toes, in order that he might ostenta-

tiously help the poor beast out of the way. But his day of delight was church-day. Not a fast, not a feast did he miss; not a Sunday, nor a saints'-day. "The devotion of that young gentleman," said an old widow-lady, her aunt, who was in the habit of accompanying Dianora, "is indeed edifying; and yet he is a mighty pretty youth, and might waste his time in sins and vanities with the gayest of them." And the old widow-lady sighed, doubtless out of a tender pity for the gay. Her recommendation of Ippolito to her niece's notice would have been little applauded by her family; but, to say the truth, she was not responsible. His manoeuvres and constant presence had already gained Dianora's attention; and, with all the unaffected instinct of an Italian, she was not long in suspecting who it was that attracted his devotions, and in wishing very heartily that they might continue. She longed to learn who he was, but felt the same want of courage as he himself had experienced. "Did you observe," said the aunt, one day after leaving church, "how the poor boy blushed, because he did not catch my eye? Truly, such modesty is very rare." "Dear aunt," replied Dianora, with a mixture of real and affected archness, of pleasure and of gratitude, "I thought you never wished me to notice the faces of young men." "Not of young men, niece," returned the aunt, gravely; "not of persons of twenty-eight, or thirty, or so, nor indeed of youths in general, however young; but then this youth is very different; and the most innocent of us may look, once in a way or so, at so very modest and respectful a young gentleman. I say respectful, because when I gave him a slight curtsy of acknowledgment, or so, for making way for me in the aisle, he bowed to me with so solemn and thankful an air, as if the favour had come from me; which was extremely polite; and if he is very handsome, poor boy, how can he help that? Saints have been handsome in their days, ay and young, or their pictures are not at all like, which is impossible; and I am sure St. Dominic himself, in the wax-work, God forgive me! hardly looks sweeter and humbler at the Madonna and Child, than he did at me and you, as we went by." "Dear aunt," rejoined Dianora, "I did not mean to reproach you, I'm sure; but, sweet aunt, we do not know him, you know; and you know—" "Know!" cried the old lady; "I'm sure I know him as well as if he were my own aunt's son; which might not be impossible, though she is a little younger than myself; and if he were my own, I should not be ashamed." "And who then," inquired Dianora, scarcely articulating her words, "who then is he?" "Who?" said the aunt, "why the most edifying young gentleman in all Florence, that's who he is; and it does not signify what he is else, manifestly being a



gentleman as he is, and one of the noblest, I warrant; and I wish you may have no worse husband; child, when you come to marry, though there is time enough to think of that. Young ladies, now-a-days, are always for knowing who everybody is, who he is, and what he is, and whether he is this person or that person, and is of the Grand Prior's side, or the Archbishop's side, and what not; and all this before they will allow him to be even handsome; which, I am sure, was not so in my youngest days. It is all right and proper, if matrimony is concerned, or they are in danger of marrying below their condition, or a profane person, or one that's hideous, or a heretic; but to admire an evident young saint, and one that never misses church, Sunday or saint's-day, or any day for aught that I see, is a thing that, if anything, shows we may hope for the company of young saints hereafter; and if so very edifying a young gentleman is also respectful to the ladies, was not the blessed St. Francis himself of his opinion in that matter? And did not the seraphical St. Teresa admire him the more for it? And does not St. Paul, in his very epistles, send his best respects to the ladies Tryphœna and Tryphosa? And was there ever woman in the New Testament (with reverence be it spoken, if we may say women of such blessed females) was there ever woman, I say, in the New Testament, not even excepting Madonna Magdalen who had been possessed with seven devils (which is not so many by half as some ladies I could mention), nor Madonna, the other poor lady, whom the unforgiving hypocrites wanted to stone" (and here the good old lady wept, out of a mixture of devotion and gratitude), "was there one of all these women, or any other, whom our Blessed Lord himself" (and here the tears came into the gentle eyes of Dianora) "did not treat with all that sweetness, and kindness, and tenderness, and brotherly love, which, like all his other actions, and as the seraphical Father Antonio said the other day in the pulpit, proved him to be not only from heaven, but the truest of all nobles on earth, and a natural gentleman born?"

We know not how many more reasons the good old lady would have given, why all the feelings of poor Dianora's heart, not excepting her very religion, which was truly one of them, should induce her to encourage her affection for Ippolito. By the end of this sentence they had arrived at their home, and the poor youth returned to his. We say "poor" of both the lovers, for by this time they had both become sufficiently enamoured to render their cheeks the paler for discovering their respective families, which Dianora had now done as well as Ippolito.

A circumstance on the Sunday following had nearly discovered them, not only to one another, but to all the world. Dianora had

latterly never dared to steal a look at Ippolito, for fear of seeing his eyes upon her; and Ippolito, who was less certain of her regard for him than herself, imagined that he had somehow offended her. A few Sundays before, she had sent him home bounding for joy. There had been two places empty where he was kneeling, one near him, and the other a little farther off. The aunt and the niece, who came in after him, and found themselves at the spot where he was, were perplexed which of the two places to choose; when it seemed to Ippolito that by a little movement of her arm Dianora decided for the one nearest him. He had also another delight. The old lady, in the course of the service, turned to her niece, and asked her why she did not sing as usual. Dianora bowed her head, and in a minute or two afterwards Ippolito heard the sweetest voice in the world, low indeed, almost to a whisper, but audible to him. He thought it trembled; and he trembled also. It seemed to thrill within his spirit, in the same manner that the organ thrills through the body. No such symptom of preference occurred afterwards. The ladies did not come so near him, whatever pains he took to occupy so much room before they came in, and then make room when they appeared. However, he was self-satisfied as well as ingenious enough in his reasonings on the subject, not to lay much stress upon this behaviour, till it lasted week after week, and till he never again found Dianora looking even towards the quarter in which he sat: for it is our duty to confess, that if the lovers were two of the devoutest of the congregation, which is certain, they were apt also, at intervals, to be the least attentive; and, furthermore, that they would each pretend to look towards places at a little distance from the desired object, in order that they might take in, with the sidelong power of the eye, the presence and look of one another. But for some time Dianora had ceased even to do this; and though Ippolito gazed on her the more steadfastly, and saw that she was paler than before, he began to persuade himself that it was not on his account. At length, a sort of desperation urged him to get nearer to her, if she would not condescend to come near himself; and, on the Sunday in question, scarcely knowing what he did, or how he saw, felt, or breathed, he knelt right down beside her. There was a pillar next him, which luckily kept him somewhat in the shade; and, for a moment, he leaned his forehead against the cold marble, which revived him. Dianora did not know he was by her. She did not sing: nor did the aunt ask her. She kept one unaltered posture, looking upon her mass-book, and he thought she did this on purpose. Ippolito, who had become weak with his late struggles of mind, felt almost suffocated with his sensations. He was kneeling side by side

with her; her idea, her presence, her very drapery, which was all that he dared to feel himself in contact with, the consciousness of kneeling with her in the presence of Him whom tender hearts implore for pity on their infirmities, all rendered him intensely sensible of his situation. By a strong effort, he endeavoured to turn his self-pity into a feeling entirely religious; but when he put his hands together, he felt the tears ready to gush away so irrepressibly, that he did not dare it. At last the aunt, who had in fact looked about for him, recognized him with some surprise, and more pleasure. She had begun to suspect his secret; and though she knew who he was, and that the two families were at variance, yet a great deal of good nature, a sympathy with pleasures of which no woman had tasted more, and some considerable disputes she had lately with another old lady, her kinswoman, on the subject of politics, determined her upon at least giving the two lovers that sort of encouragement, which arises not so much from any decided object we have in view, as from a certain vague sense of benevolence, mixed with a lurking wish to have our own way. Accordingly, the well-meaning old widow-lady, without much consideration, and loud enough for Ippolito to hear, whispered her niece to let the gentleman next her read in her book, as he seemed to have forgotten to bring his own. Dianora, without lifting her eyes, and never suspecting who it was, moved her book sideways, with a courteous inclination of the head, for the gentleman to take it. He did so. He held it with her. He could not hinder his hand from shaking; but Dianora's reflections were so occupied upon one whom she little thought so near her, that she did not perceive it. At length the book tottered so in his hand, that she could not but notice it. She turned to see if the gentleman was ill; and instantly looked back again. She felt that she herself was too weak to look at him, and whispering to her aunt, "I am very unwell," the ladies rose and made their way out of the church. As soon as she felt the fresh air she fainted, and was carried home; and it happened, at the same moment, that Ippolito, unable to keep his feelings to himself, leaned upon the marble pillar at which he was kneeling, and groaned aloud. He fancied she had left him in disdain. Luckily for him, a circumstance of this kind was not unknown in a place where penitents would sometimes be overpowered by a sense of their crimes; and though Ippolito was recognised by some, they concluded he had not been the innocent person they supposed. They made up their minds in future that his retired and bookish habits, and his late evident suffering, were alike the result of some dark offence; and among these persons, the acquaintance who had cursed Dianora when he first beheld her, was glad to be one; for without knowing

his passion for her, much less her return of it, which was more than the poor youth knew himself, he envied him for his accomplishments and popularity.

Ippolito dragged himself home, and after endeavouring to move about for a day or two, and to get as far as Dianora's abode,—an attempt he gave up for fear of being unable to come away again,—was fairly obliged to take to his bed. What a mixture of delight, with sorrow, would he have felt, had he known that his mistress was almost in as bad a state! The poor aunt, who soon discovered her niece's secret, now found herself in a dreadful dilemma; and the worst of it was, that being on the female side of the love, and told by Dianora that it would be the death of her if she disclosed it to "*him*," or anybody connected with him, or, indeed, anybody at all, she did not know what steps to take. However, as she believed that at least death might possibly ensue if the dear young people were not assured of each other's love, and certainly did not believe in any such mortality as her niece spoke of, she was about to make her first election out of two or three measures which she was resolved upon taking, when, luckily for the salvation of Dianora's feelings, she was surprised by a visit from the person whom of all persons in the world she wished to see—Ippolito's mother.

The two ladies soon came to a mutual understanding, and separated with comfort for their respective patients. We need not wait to describe how a mother came to the knowledge of her son's wishes; nor will it be necessary to relate how delighted the two lovers were to hear of one another, and to be assured of each other's love. But Ippolito's illness now put on a new aspect; for the certainty of his being welcome to Dianora, and the easiness with which he saw his mother give way to his inclinations, made him impatient for an interview. Dianora was afraid of encountering him as usual in public; and he never ceased urging his mother, till she consented to advise with Dianora's aunt upon what was to be done. Indeed, with the usual weakness of those who take any steps, however likely to produce future trouble, rather than continue a present uneasiness, she herself thought it high time to do something for the poor boy; for the house began to remark on his strange conduct. All his actions were either too quick, or too slow. At one time he would start up to perform the most trivial office of politeness, as if he were going to stop a conflagration; at another, the whole world might move before him without his noticing. He would now leap on his horse, as if the enemy were at the city-gates; and next day, when going to mount it, stop on a sudden, with the reins in his hands, and fall a musing. "What is the matter with the boy?" said his father, who was impatient at



seeing him so little his own master ; " has he stolen a box of jewels ?" for somebody had spread a report that he gambled, and it was observed that he never had any money in his pocket. The truth is, he gave it all away to the objects of Dianora's bounty, particularly to the man who blessed her at the church door. One day his father, who loved a bitter joke, made a young lady, who sat next him at dinner, lay her hand before him instead of the plate ; and upon being asked why he did not eat, he was very near taking a piece of it for a mouthful. " Oh, the gallant youth !" cried the father, and Ippolito blushed up to the eyes ; which was taken as a proof that the irony was well-founded. But Ippolito thought of Dianora's hand, how it held the book with him when he knelt by her side ; and, after a little pause, he turned and took up that of the young lady, and begged her pardon with the best grace in the world. " He has the air of a prince," thought his father, " if he would but behave himself like other young men." The young lady thought he had the air of a lover ; and as soon as the meal was over, his mother put on her veil, and went to seek a distant relation called Gossip Veronica.

Gossip Veronica was in a singular position with regard to the two families of Bardi and Buondelmonti. She happened to be related at nearly equal distances to them both ; and she hardly knew whether to be prouder of the double relationship, or more annoyed with the evil countenances they showed her, if she did not pay great attention to one of them, and no attention to the other. The pride remained uppermost, as it is apt to do ; and she hazarded all consequences for the pleasure of inviting now some of the young Bardi, and now some of the young Buondelmonti ; hinting to them when they went away, that it would be as well for them not to say that they had heard anything of the other family's visiting her. The young people were not sorry to keep the matter as secret as possible, because their visits to Gossip Veronica were always restrained for a long time, if anything of the sort transpired ; and thus a spirit of concealment and intrigue was sown in their young minds, which might have turned out worse for Ippolito and Dianora, if their hearts had not been so good.

But here was a situation for Gossip Veronica ! Dianora's aunt had been with her some days, hinting that something extraordinary, but as she hoped not unpleasant, would be proposed to the good Gossip, which for her part had her grave sanction ; and now came the very mother of the young Buondelmonte to explain to her what this intimation was, and to give her an opportunity of having one of each family in her house at the same time ! There was a great falling off in the beatitude, when she understood that Ippolito's presence

was to be kept a secret from all her visitors that day, except Dianora ; but she was reconciled on receiving an intimation that in future the two ladies would have no objection to her inviting whom she pleased to her house, and upon receiving a jewel from each of them as a pledge of their esteem. As to keeping the main secret, it was necessary for all parties.

Gossip Veronica, for a person in her rank of life, was rich, and had a pleasant villa at Monticelli, about half a mile from the city. Thither, on a holiday in September, which was kept with great hilarity by the peasants, came Dianora d'Amerigo de' Bardi, attended by her aunt Madonna Lucrezia, to see, as her mother observed, that no " improper persons" were there ;—and thither, before daylight, let in by Gossip Veronica herself, at the hazard of her reputation and of the furious jealousy of a young vine-dresser in the neighbourhood, who loved her good things better than anything in the world except her waiting-maid, came the young Ippolito Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti, looking, as she said, like the morning-star.

The morning-star hugged, and was hugged with great good-will by the kind Gossip, and then twinkled with impatience from a corner of her chamber-window till he saw Dianora. How his heart beat when he beheld her coming up through the avenue ! Veronica met her near the garden-gate, and pointed towards the window, as they walked along. Ippolito fancied she spoke of him, but did not know what to think of it, for Dianora did not change countenance, nor do anything but smile good-naturedly on her companion, and ask her apparently some common question. The truth was, she had no suspicion he was there ; though the Gossip, with much smirking and mystery, said she had a little present there for her, and such as her lady-mother approved. Dianora, whom, with all imaginable respect for her, the Gossip had hitherto treated, from long habit, like a child, thought it was some trifle or other, and forgot it next moment. Every step which Ippolito heard on the staircase he fancied was hers, till it passed the door, and never did morning appear to him at once so delicious and so tiresome. To be in the same house with her, what joy ! But to be in the same house with her, and not to be able to tell her his love directly, and ask her for hers, and fold her into his very soul, what impatience and misery ! Two or three times there was a knock of some one to be let in ; but it was only the Gossip, come to inform him that he must be patient, and that she did not know when Madonna Lucrezia would please to bring Dianora, but most likely after dinner, when the visitors retired to sleep a little. Of all impertinent things, dinner appeared to him the most tiresome and unfit. He wondered how any thinking beings, who might take a cake or

a cup of wine by the way, and then proceed to love one another, could sit round a great wooden table, patiently eating of this and that nicety; and, above all, how they could sit still afterwards for a moment, and not do anything else in preference,—stand on their heads, or toss the dishes out of window. Then the Festival! God only knew how happy the peasantry might choose to be, and how long they might detain Dianora with their compliments, dances, and songs. Doubtless, there must be many lovers among them; and how they could bear to go jiggling about in this gregarious manner, when they must all wish to be walking two by two in the green lanes, was to him inexplicable. However, Ippolito was very sincere in his gratitude to Gossip Veronica, and even did his best to behave handsomely to her cake and wine; and after dinner his virtue was rewarded.

It is unnecessary to tell the reader, that he must not judge of other times and countries by his own. The real fault of those times, as of most others, lay, not in people's loves, but their hostilities; and if both were managed in a way somewhat different from our own, perhaps neither the loves were less innocent, nor the hostilities more ridiculous. After dinner, when the other visitors had separated here and there to sleep, Dianora, accompanied by her aunt and Veronica, found herself, to her great astonishment, in the same room with Ippolito; and in a few minutes after their introduction to each other, and after one had looked this way, and the other that, and one taken up a book and laid it down again, and both looked out of the window, and each blushed, and either turned pale, and the gentleman adjusted his collar, and the lady her sleeve, and the elder ladies had whispered one another in a corner, Dianora, less to her astonishment than before, was left in the room with him alone. She made a movement as if to follow them, but Ippolito said something she knew not what, and she remained. She went to the window, looking very serious and pale, and not daring to glance towards him. He intended instantly to go to her, and wondered what had become of his fierce impatience; but the very delay had now something delicious in it. Oh, the happiness of those moments! oh, the sweet morning-time of those feelings! the doubt which is not doubt, and the hope which is but the coming of certainty! Oh, recollections enough to fill faded eyes with tears of renovation, and to make us forget we are no longer young, the next young and innocent beauty we behold! Why do not such hours make us as immortal as they are divine? Why are we not carried away, literally, into some place where they can last for ever, leaving those who miss us to say, "they were capable of loving, and they are gone to heaven!"

*Reader.* But, sir, in taking these heavenly

flights of yours, you have left your two lovers.

*Author.* Surely, madam, I need not inform you that lovers are fond of being left—at least to themselves.

*Reader.* But, sir, they are Italians; and I do not think Italian lovers were of this bashful description. I imagined that the moment your two Florentines beheld one another, they would spring into each other's arms, sending up cries of joy, and—and—

*Author.* Tumbling over the two old women by the way. It is a very pretty imagination, madam; but Italians partake of all the feelings common to human nature; and modesty is really not confined to the English, even though they are always saying it is.

*Reader.* But I was not speaking of modesty, sir, I was only alluding to a sort of,—what shall I say—a kind of irrepressible energy, that which in the Italian character is called violence.

*Author.* I meant nothing personal, madam, believe me, in using the word modesty. You are too charitable, and have too great a regard for my lovers. I was not speaking myself of modesty in any particular sense, but of modesty in general; and all nations, not excepting our beloved and somewhat dictatorial countrymen, have their modesties and immodesties too, from which perhaps their example might instruct one another. With regard to the violence you speak of, and which is energy sometimes, and the weakest of weaknesses at others, according to the character which exhibits it, and the occasion that calls it forth, the Italians, who live in an ardent climate, have undoubtedly shown more of it than most people; but it is only where their individual character is most irregular, and education and laws at their worst. In general it is nothing but pure self-will, and belongs to the two extremes of the community—the most powerful, whose passions have been indulged, and the poorest, whose passions have never been instructed. True energy manifests itself, not in violence, but in strength and intensity; and intensity is by its nature discerning, and not to be surpassed in quietness, where quietness is becoming. Besides, in the age we are writing of, there was as much refinement in love matters with some, as there was outrage and brutality with others. All the faculties of humanity, bad and good, may be said to have been making their way at that period, and trying for the mastery; and if on the one hand we are presented with horrible spectacles of brute passion, tyranny, and revenge, on the other we find philosophy and even divinity refining upon the sentiment of love, and emulating the most beautiful subtleties of Plato in rendering it a thing angelical.

*Reader.* You have convinced me, sir; pray let us proceed.



*Author.* Your *us*, madam, is flattering; I fancy we are beholding the two lovers in company. We are like Don Cleofas and his ghostly friend, in the Devil on Two Sticks, when they saw into the people's houses; I, of course, the devil; and you the young student, only feminine—Donna Cleofasia, studying humanity.

*Reader.* Well, sir, as you please; only let us proceed.

*Author.* Madam, your sentiments are engaging to the last degree; so I proceed with pleasure.

We left our two lovers, madam, standing in Gossip Veronica's bed-chamber, one at the window, the other at a little distance. They remained in this situation about the same space of time in which we have been talking. Oh! how impossible it is to present to ourselves two grave and happy lovers trembling with the approach of their mutual confessions, and not feel a graver and happier sensation than levity resume its place in one's thoughts.

Ippolito went up to Dianora. She was still looking out of the window, her eyes fixed upon the blue mountains in the distance, but conscious of nothing outside the room. She had a light green and gold net on her head, which enclosed her luxuriant hair without violence, and seemed as if it took it up that he might admire the white neck underneath. She felt his breath upon it; and beginning to expect that his lips would follow, raised her hands to her head, as if the net required adjusting. This movement, while it disconcerted him, presented her waist in a point of view so impossible not to touch, that taking it gently in both his hands, he pressed one at the same time upon her heart, and said, "It will forgive me, even for doing this." He had reason to say so, for he felt it beat against his fingers, as if it leaped. Dianora, blushing and confused, though feeling abundantly happy, made another movement with her hands as if to remove his own, but he only detained them on either side. "Messer Ippolito," said Dianora, in a tone as if to remonstrate, though suffering herself to remain a prisoner, "I fear you must think me"—"No, no," interrupted Ippolito, "you can fear nothing that I think, or that I do. It is I that have to fear your lovely and fearful beauty, which has been ever at the side of my sick-bed, and I thought looked angrily upon me—upon me alone of the whole world." "They told me you had been ill," said Dianora in a very gentle tone, "and my aunt perhaps knew that I—thought that I—Have you been very ill?" And without thinking, she drew her left hand from under his, and placed it upon it. "Very," answered Ippolito; "do not I look so?" and saying this, he raised his other hand, and venturing to put it round to the left side of her little dimpled chin, turned her face towards him. Dianora

did not think he appeared so ill, by a good deal, as he did in the church; but there was enough in his face, ill or well, to make her eyesight swim as she looked at him; and the next moment her head was upon his shoulder, and his lips descended, welcome, upon hers.

There was a practice in those times, generated, like other involuntary struggles against wrong, by the absurdities in authority, of resorting to marriages, or rather plightings of troth, made in secret, and in the eye of heaven. It was a custom liable to great abuse, as all secrecies are; but the harm of it, as usual, fell chiefly on the poor, or where the condition of the parties was unequal. Where the families were powerful and on an equality, the hazard of violating the engagement was, for obvious reasons, very great, and seldom encountered; the lovers either foregoing their claims on each other upon better acquaintance, or adhering to their engagement the closer for the same reason, or keeping it at the expense of one or the other's repentance for fear of the consequences. The troth of Ippolito and Dianora was indeed a troth. They plighted it on their knees, before a picture of the Virgin and Child, in Veronica's bed-room, and over a mass-book which lay open upon a chair. Ippolito then, for the pleasure of revenging himself on the pangs he suffered when Dianora knelt with him before, took up the mass-book and held it before her, as she had held it before him, and looked her entreatingly in the face; and Dianora took and held it with him as before, trembling as then, but with a perfect pleasure; and Ippolito kissed her twice and thrice out of a sweet revenge.—[We find we are in the habit of using a great number of *ands* on these occasions. We do not affect it, though we are conscious of it. It is partly, we believe, owing to our recollections of the good faith and simplicity in the old romances, and partly to a certain sense of luxury and continuance which these *ands* help to link together. It is the fault of "the accursed critical spirit," which is the bane of these times, that we are obliged to be conscious of the matter at all. But we cannot help not having been born six hundred years ago, and are obliged to be base and *reviewatory* like the rest. To affect not to be conscious of the critical in these times, would itself be a departure from what is natural; but we notice the necessity only to express our hatred of it, and hereby present the critics (ourselves included, as far as we belong to them) with our hearty discommendations.]

The thoughtless old ladies, Donna Lucrezia and the other (for old age is not always the most considerate thing in the world, especially the old age of one's aunts and gossips), had now returned into the room where they left the two lovers; but not before Dianora had consented to receive her bridegroom in her

own apartment at home, that same night, by means of that other old good-natured go-between, yclept a ladder of ropes. The rest of the afternoon was spent, according to laudable custom, in joining in the diversions of the peasantry. They sung, they danced, they ate the grapes that hung over their heads, they gave and took jokes and flowers, they flaunted with all their colours in the sun, they feasted with all their might under the trees. You could not say which looked the ripest and merriest, the fruit or their brown faces. In Tuscany they have had from time immemorial little rustic songs or stanzas that turn upon flowers. One of these, innocently addressed to Dianora by way of farewell, put her much out of countenance—"Voi siete un bel fiore," sung a peasant girl, after kissing her hand:—

You are a lovely flower. What flower? The flower

That shuts with the dark hour:—

Would that to keep you awake were in my power!

Ippolito went singing it all the way home, and ran up against a hundred people.

Ippolito had noticed a ladder of ropes which was used in his father's house for some domestic purposes. To say the truth, it was an old servant, and had formerly been much in request for the purpose to which it was now about to be turned, by the old gentleman himself. He was indeed a person of a truly orthodox description, having been much given to intrigue in his younger days, being consigned over to avarice in his older, and exhibiting great submission to everything established, always. Accordingly, he was considered as a personage equally respectable for his virtues, as important from his rank and connexions; and if hundreds of ladders could have risen up in judgment against him, they would only have been considered as what are called in England "wild oats;"—wild ladders, which it was natural for every gentleman to plant.

Ippolito's character, however, being more principled, his privileges were not the same; and on every account he was obliged to take great care. He waited with impatience till midnight, and then letting himself out of his window, and taking the ropes under his cloak, made the best of his way to a little dark lane which bordered the house of the Bardi. One of the windows of Dianora's chamber looked into the lane, the others into the garden. The house stood in a remote part of the city. Ippolito listened to the diminishing sound of the guitars and revellers in the distance, and was proceeding to inform Dianora of his arrival by throwing up some pebbles, when he heard a noise coming. It was some young men taking a circuit of the more solitary streets, to purify them, as they said, from sobriety. Ippolito slunk into a corner. He was afraid, as the sound opened upon his ears, that they would turn down the lane; but the hubbub

passed on. He stepped forth from his corner, and again retreated. Two young men, loiterers behind the rest, disputed whether they should go down the lane. One, who seemed intoxicated, swore he would serenade "the little foe," as he called her, if it was only to vex the old one, and "bring him out with his cursed long sword." "And a lecture twice as long," said the other. "Ah, there you have me," quoth the musician; "his sword is—a sword; but his lecture's the devil: reaches the other side of the river—never stops till it strikes one sleepy. But I must serenade." "No, no," returned his friend; "remember what the Grand Prior said, and don't let us commit ourselves in a petty brawl. We'll have it out of their hearts some day." Ippolito shuddered to hear such words, even from one of his own party. "Don't tell me," said the pertinacious drunken man; "I remember what the Grand Prior said. He said, I must serenade; no, he didn't say I must serenade—but I say it; the Grand Prior said, says he,—I remember it as if it was yesterday—he said—gentlemen, said he, there are three good things in the world, love, music, and fighting; and then he said a cursed number of other things by no means good; and all to prove, philosophically, you rogue, that love was good, and music was good, and fighting was good, philosophically, and in a cursed number of paragraphs. So I must serenade." "False logic, Vanni," cried the other; "so come along, or we shall have the enemy upon us in a heap, for I hear another party coming, and I am sure they are none of ours." "Good again," said the musician, "love and fighting, my boy, and music; so I'll have my song before they come up." And the fellow began roaring out one of the most indecent songs he could think of, which made our lover ready to start forth and dash the guitar in his face; but he repressed himself. In a minute he heard the other party come up. A clashing of swords ensued, and to his great relief the drunkard and his companion were driven on. In a minute or two all was silent. Ippolito gave the signal—it was acknowledged; the rope was fixed; and the lover was about to ascend, when he was startled with a strange diminutive face, smiling at him over a light. His next sensation was to smile at the state of his own nerves; for it was but a few minutes before, that he was regretting he could not put out a lantern that stood burning under a little image of the Virgin. He crossed himself, offered up a prayer for the success of his true love, and again proceeded to mount the ladder. Just as his hand reached the window, he thought he heard other steps. He looked down towards the street. Two figures evidently stood at the corner of the lane. He would have concluded them to be the two men returned, but for their profound silence. At



last one of them said out loud, "I am certain I saw a shadow of somebody by the lantern, and now you find we have not come back for nothing. Who's there?" added he, coming at the same time down the lane with his companion. Ippolito descended rapidly, intending to hide his face as much as possible in his hood and escape by dint of fighting, but his foot slipped in the ropes, and he was at the same instant seized by the strangers. The instinct of a lover, who above all things in the world cared for his mistress's reputation, supplied our hero with an artifice as quick as lightning. "They are all safe," said he, affecting to tremble with a cowardly terror, "I have not touched one of them." "One of what?" said the others; "what are all safe?" "The jewels," replied Ippolito; "let me go for the love of God, and it shall be my last offence, as it was my first. Besides, I meant to restore them." "Restore them!" cried the first spokesman; "a pretty jest truly. This must be some gentleman gambler by his fine would-be conscience; and by this light we will see who he is, if it is only for your sake, Filippo, eh?" For his companion was a pretty notorious gambler himself, and Ippolito had kept cringing in the dark. "Curse it," said Filippo, "never mind the fellow; he is not worth our while in these stirring times, though I warrant he has cheated me often enough." To say the truth, Messer Filippo was not a little afraid the thief would turn out to be some inexperienced desperado, whom he had cheated himself, and perhaps driven to this very crime; but his companion was resolute, and Ippolito finding it impossible to avoid his fate, came forward into the light. "By all the saints in the calendar," exclaimed the enemy, "a Buondelmonte! and no less a Buondelmonte than the worthy and very magnificent Messer Ippolito Buondelmonte! Messer Ippolito, I kiss your hands; I am very much your humble servant and thief-taker. By my faith, this will be fine news for to-morrow."

To-morrow was indeed a heavy day to all the Buondelmonti, and as merry a one to all the Bardi, except poor Dianora. She knew not what had prevented Ippolito from finishing his ascent up the ladder; some interruption it must have been; but of what nature she could not determine, nor why he had not resumed his endeavours. It could have been nothing common. Was he known? Was *she* known? Was it all known? And the poor girl tormented herself with a thousand fears. Madonna Lucrezia hastened to her the first thing in the morning, with a full, true, and particular account. Ippolito de' Buondelmonti had been seized, in coming down a rope-ladder from one of the front windows of the house, with a great drawn sword in one hand and a box of jewels in the other. Dianora saw the whole truth in a moment, and from excess of

sorrow, gratitude, and love, fainted away. Madonna Lucrezia guessed the truth too, but was almost afraid to confess it to her own mind, much more to speak of it aloud; and had not the news, and the bustle, and her niece's fainting, furnished her with something to do, she could have fainted herself very heartily, out of pure consternation. Gossip Veronica was in a worse condition when the news reached her; and Ippolito's mother, who guessed but too truly as well as the others, was seized with an illness, which joining with the natural weakness of her constitution, threw her into a stupor, and prevented her from attending to anything. The next step of Madonna Lucrezia, after seeing Dianora out of her fainting fit, and giving the household to understand that the story of the robber had alarmed her, was to go to Gossip Veronica and concert measures of concealment. The two women wept very sincerely for the poor youth, and admired his heroism in saving his mistress's honour; but with all their good-nature, they agreed that he was quite in the right, and that it would be but just to his magnanimity, and to their poor dear Dianora, to keep the secret as closely. Madonna Lucrezia then returned home, to be near Dianora, and help to baffle inquiry; while Gossip Veronica kept close indoors, too ill to see visitors, and alternately praying to the saint her namesake, and taking reasonable draughts of Montepulciano.

In those days there were too many wild young men of desperate fortunes to render Ippolito's confession improbable. Besides, he had been observed of late to be always without money; reports of his being addicted to gambling had arisen; and his father was avaricious. Lastly, his groaning in the church was remembered, under pretence of pity; and the magistrate (who was of the hostile party) concluded, with much sorrow, that he must have more sins to answer for than they knew of, which in so young a man was deplorable. The old gentleman had too much reason to know, that in older persons it would have been nothing remarkable.

Ippolito, with a grief of heart which only served to confirm the bye-standers in their sense of his guilt, waited in expectation of his sentence. He thought it would be banishment, and was casting in his mind how he could hope some day or other to get a sight of his mistress, when the word Death fell on him like a thunderbolt. The origin of a sentence so severe was but too plain to every body; but the Bardi were uppermost that day; and the city, exhausted by some late party excesses, had but too much need of repose. Still it was thought a dangerous trial of the public pulse. The pity felt for the tender age of Ippolito was increased by the anguish which he found himself unable to repress. "Good God!" cried he, "must I die so young? And must I

never see—must I never see the light again, and Florence, and my dear friends?” And he fell into almost abject entreaties to be spared; for he thought of Dianora. But the bystanders fancied that he was merely afraid of death; and by the help of suggestions from the Bardi partisans, their pity almost turned into contempt. He prostrated himself at the magistrate's feet; he kissed his knees; he disgusted his own father; till finding everything against him, and smitten at once with a sense of his cowardly appearance and the necessity of keeping his mistress's honour inviolable, he declared his readiness to die like a man, and at the same time stood wringing his hands, and weeping like an infant. He was sentenced to die next day.

The day came. The hour came. The Standard of Justice was hoisted before the door of the tribunal, and the trumpet blew through the city, announcing the death of a criminal. Dianora, to whom the news had been gradually broken, heard it in her chamber, and would have burst forth and proclaimed the secret but for Madonna Lucrezia, who spoke of her father, and mother, and all the Bardi, and the inutility of attempting to save one of the opposite faction, and the dreadful consequences to *every* body if the secret were betrayed. Dianora heard little about everybody; but the habit of respecting her father and mother, and dreading their reproaches, kept her, moment after moment, from doing anything but listen and look pale; and, in the meantime, the procession began moving towards the scaffold.

Ippolito issued forth from the prison, looking more like a young martyr than a criminal. He was now perfectly quiet, and a sort of unnatural glow had risen into his cheeks, the result of the enthusiasm and conscious self-sacrifice into which he had worked himself during the night. He had only prayed, as a last favour, that he might be taken through the street in which the house of the Bardi stood; for he had lived, he said, as everybody knew, in great hostility with that family, and he now felt none any longer, and wished to bless the house as he passed it. The magistrate, for more reasons than one, had no objection; the old confessor, with tears in his eyes, said that the dear boy would still be an honour to his family, as surely as he would be a saint in heaven; and the procession moved on. The main feeling of the crowd, as usual, was that of curiosity, but there were few indeed, in whom it was not mixed with pity; and many females found the sight so intolerable, that they were seen coming away down the streets, weeping bitterly, and unable to answer the questions of those they met.

The procession now began to pass the house of the Bardi. Ippolito's face, for an instant, turned of a chalky whiteness, and then re-

sumed its colour. His lips trembled, his eyes filled with tears; and thinking his mistress might possibly be at the window, taking a last look of the lover that died for her, he bowed his head gently, at the same time forcing a smile, which glittered through his watery eyes. At that instant the trumpet blew its dreary blast for the second time. Dianora had already risen on her couch, listening, and asking what noise it was that approached. Her aunt endeavoured to quiet her with excuses; but this last noise aroused her beyond control; and the good old lady, forgetting herself in the condition of the two lovers, no longer attempted to stop her. “Go,” said she, “in God's name, my child, and Heaven be with you.”

Dianora, her hair streaming, her eye without a tear, her cheek on fire, burst, to the astonishment of her kindred, into the room where they were all standing. She tore them aside from one of the windows with a preternatural strength, and, stretching forth her head and hands, like one inspired, cried out, “Stop! stop! it is my Ippolito! my husband!” And, so saying, she actually made a movement as if she would have stepped to him out of the window; for everything but his image faded from her eyes. A movement of confusion took place among the multitude. Ippolito stood rapt on the sudden, trembling, weeping, and stretching his hands towards the window, as if praying to his guardian angel. The kinsmen would have prevented her from doing anything further; but, as if all the gentleness of her character was gone, she broke from them with violence and contempt, and rushing down stairs into the street, exclaimed, in a frantic manner, “People! Dear God! Countrymen! I am a Bardi; he is a Buondelmonte; he loved me; and that is the whole crime!” and, at these last words, they were locked in each other's arms.

The populace now broke through all restraint. They stopped the procession; they bore Ippolito back again to the seat of the magistracy, carrying Dianora with him; they described in a peremptory manner the mistake; they sent for the heads of the two houses; they made them swear a treaty of peace, amity, and unity; and in half an hour after the lover had been on the road to his death, he set out upon it again, the acknowledged bridegroom of the beautiful creature by his side.

Never was such a sudden revulsion of feeling given to a whole city. The women who had retreated in anguish, came back the gayest of the gay. Everybody plucked all the myrtles they could find, to put into the hands of those who made the former procession, and who now formed a singular one for a bridal; but all the young women fell in with their white veils; and instead of the funeral dirge,



a song of thanksgiving was chanted. The very excess of their sensations enabled the two lovers to hold up. Ippolito's cheeks, which seemed to have fallen away in one night, appeared to have plumped out again faster; and if he was now pale instead of high-coloured, the paleness of Dianora had given way to radiant blushes which made up for it. He looked, as he ought,—like the person saved; she, like the angelic saviour.

Thus the two lovers passed on, as if in a dream tumultuous but delightful. Neither of them looked on the other; they gazed hither and thither on the crowd, as if in answer to the blessings that poured upon them; but their hands were locked fast; and they went like one soul in a divided body.

LVIII.—RYHME AND REASON :

OR A NEW PROPOSAL TO THE PUBLIC RESPECTING  
POETRY IN ORDINARY.

A FRIEND of ours the other day, taking up the miscellaneous poems of Tasso, read the title-page into English as follows:—"The Rhymes of the Lord Twisted Yew, Amorous, Bosky, and Maritime."\* The Italians exhibit a modesty worthy of imitation in calling their Miscellaneous Poems, Rhymes. Twisted Yew himself, with all his genius, has put forth an abundance of these terminating blossoms, without any fruit behind them: and his countrymen of the present day do not scruple to confess, that their living poetry consists of little else. The French have a game at verses, called Rhymed Ends (Bouts Rimés) which they practise a great deal more than they are aware; and the English, though they are a more poetical people, and lay claim to the character of a less vain one, practise the same game to a very uncandid extent, without so much as allowing that the title is applicable to any part of it.

Yet how many "Poems" are there among all these nations, of which we require no more than the Rhymes, to be acquainted with the whole of them? You know what the rogues have done, by the ends they come to. For instance, what more is necessary to inform us of all which the following gentleman has for sale, than the bell which he tinkles at the end of his cry? We are as sure of him, as of the muffin-man.

A LOVE-SONG.

Grove,	Heart.	Kiss
Night,	Prove,	Blest
Rove,	Impart,	Bliss
Delight.	Love.	Rest.

Was there ever peroration more eloquent?  
Ever a series of catastrophes more explanatory

\* Rime del Signor Torquato Tasso, Amorse, Bosche-recce, Marittime, &c.

of their previous history? Did any Chinese gentleman ever show the amount of his breeding and accomplishments more completely, by the nails which he carries at his fingers' ends?

The Italian Rimatori are equally comprehensive. We no sooner see the majority of their rhymes, than we long to save the modesty of their general pretensions so much trouble in making out their case. Their *cores* and *amores* are not to be disputed. Cursed is he that does not put implicit reliance upon their *fedeltà*!—that makes inquisition why the possessor *più superbo va*. They may take the oaths and their seat at once. For example—

Ben mio	Fuggito
Oh Dio	Rapito
Per te.	Da me.

And again—

Amata
Sdegnata
Turbata
Irata
Furore
Dolore
Non so.

With—

O cielo
Dal cielo
Tradire
Languire
Morire
Soffrire
Non può.

Where is the dull and inordinate person that would require these rhymes to be filled up? If they are brief as the love of which they complain, are they not pregnant in conclusions, full of a world of things that have passed, infinitely retrospective, embracing, and enough? If not "vast," are they not "voluminous?"

It is doubtless an instinct of this kind that has made so many modern Italian poets interperse their lyrics with those frequent single words, which are at once line and rhyme, and which some of our countrymen have in vain endeavoured to naturalise in the English opera. Not that they want the same pregnancy in our language, but because they are neither so abundant nor so musical; and besides, there is something in the rest of our verses, however common-place, which seems to be laughing at the incursion of these vivacious strangers, as if it were a hop suddenly got up, and unseasonably. We do not naturally take to anything so abrupt and saltatory.

This objection, however, does not apply to the proposal we are about to make. Our rhymers *must* rhyme; and as there is a great difference between single words thus mingled with longer verses, and the same rhymes in their proper places, it has struck us, that a world of time and paper might be saved to the ingenious *rimatore*, whether Italian or English, by foregoing at once all the superfluous part

of his verses ; that is to say, all the rest of them ; and confining himself, entirely, to these very sufficing terminations. We subjoin some specimens in the various kinds of poetry ; and inform the intelligent bookseller, that we are willing to treat with him for any quantity at a penny a hundred.

## A PASTORAL.

Dawn	Each	Fair	Me	Ray
Plains	Spoke	Mine	Too	Heat
Lawn	Beech	Hair	Free	Play
Swains	Yoke.	Divine.	Woo.	Sweet.
Tune	Fields	Shades	Adieu	Farewell
Lays	Bowers	Darts	Flocks	Cows
Moon	Yields	Maid	Renew	Dell
Gaze.	Flowers.	Hearts.	Rocks.	Boughs.

Here, without any more ado, we have the whole history of a couple of successful rural lovers comparing notes. They issue forth in the morning ; fall into the proper place and dialogue ; record the charms and kindness of their respective mistresses ; do justice at the same time to the fields and shades ; and conclude by telling their flocks to wait as usual while they renew their addresses under the, boughs. How easily is all this gathered from the rhymes ! and how worse than useless would it be in two persons, who have such interesting avocations, to waste their precious time and the reader's in a heap of prefatory remarks, falsely called verses !

Of Love-songs we have already had specimens ; and, by the bye, we did not think it necessary to give any French examples of our involuntary predecessors in this species of writing. The *yeux et dangereux, moi* and *foi, charmes et larmes*, are too well-known as well as too numerous to mention. We proceed to lay before the reader a Prologue ; which, if spoken by a pretty actress, with a due sprinkling of nods and becks, and a judicious management of the pauses, would have an effect equally novel and triumphant. The reader is aware that a Prologue is generally made up of some observations on the drama in general, followed by an appeal in favour of the new one, some compliments to the nation, and a regular climax in honour of the persons appealed to. We scarcely need observe, that the rhymes should be read slowly, in order to give effect to the truly understood remarks in the intervals.

## PROLOGUE.

Age	Fashion	Applause
Stage	British Nation.	Virtue's Cause
Mind		Trust
Mankind	Young	Just
Face	Tongue	Fear
Trace	Bard	Here
Sigh	Reward	Stands
Tragedy	Hiss	Hands
Scene	Miss	True
Spleen	Dare	You.
Pit	British fair.	
Wit		

Here we have some respectable observations on the advantages of the drama in every age, on the wideness of its survey, the different natures of tragedy and comedy, the vicissitudes of fashion, and the permanent greatness of the British empire. Then the young bard, new to the dramatic art, is introduced. He disclaims all hope of reward for any merit of his own, except that which is founded on a proper sense of the delicacy and beauty of his fair auditors, and his zeal in the cause of virtue. To this, at all events, he is sure his critics will be just ; and though he cannot help feeling a certain timidity, standing where he does, yet upon the whole, as becomes an Englishman, he is perfectly willing to abide by the decision of his countrymen's hands, hoping that he shall be found

—— to sense, if not to genius, true,  
And trusts his cause to virtue, and—to You.

Should the reader, before he comes to this explication of the Prologue, have had any other ideas suggested by it, we will undertake to say, that they will at all events be found to have a wonderful general similitude ; and it is to be observed, that this very flexibility of adaptation is one of the happiest and most useful results of our proposed system of poetry. It comprehends all the possible common-places in vogue ; and it also leaves to the ingenious reader something to fill up ; which is a compliment that has always been held due to him by the best authorities.

The next specimen is what, in a more superfluous condition of metre, would have been entitled *Lines on Time*. It is much in that genteel didactic taste, which is at once thinking and non-thinking, and has a certain neat and elderly dislike of innovation in it, greatly to the comfort of the seniors who adorn the circles.

## ON TIME.

Time	Child	Race	Hold
Sublime	Beguiled	Trace	Old
Fraught	Boy	All	Sure
Thought	Joy	Ball	Endure
Power	Man	Pride	Death
Devour	Span	Deride	Breath
Rust	Sire	Aim	Forgiven
Dust	Expire	Same	Heaven.
Glass		Undo	
Pass	So	New	
Wings	Go		
Kings			

We ask any impartial reader, whether he could possibly want a more sufficing account of the progress of this author's piece of reasoning upon Time ? There is, first, the address to the hoary god, with all his emblems and consequence about him, the scythe excepted ; that being an edge-tool to rhymers, which they judiciously keep inside the verse, as in a sheath. And then we are carried through all the stages of human existence, the caducity of which the



writer applies to the world at large, impressing upon us the inutility of hope and exertion, and suggesting of course the propriety of thinking just as he does upon all subjects, political and moral, past, present, and to come.

1822.

# LIX.—VICISSITUDES OF A LECTURE;

OR, PUBLIC ELEGANCE AND PRIVATE NON-PARTICULARITY.

POOR NED POUNCHY! He is no longer alive; otherwise we should not risk the wounding of his good-natured eyes by these pages. Neither was he ever known enough to the many to undergo the hazard of their now digging him up again; and, finally, we have obscured the illustrious obscurity of his name by an *alias*. We may, therefore, without offence, resuscitate a passage in his life, for the amusement of those critical readers, whom it was his highest ambition to gratify.

Ned Pouchy had long been seized with a passionate desire to give a lecture—his favourite mode of literary intercourse—and on Shakspeare and Milton—his favourite poets. Accordingly, after a series of blissful preparations and half-threatening obstacles, which only perfected the pleasure of the result, he found himself one evening at the upper end of a great room in a certain tavern, standing with book in hand, and in most consummate black satin small-clothes and silk stockings (the former very crinkled and scholarly), with a great screen at his back, and an expectant set of beholders in front of him, to whom he had undertaken to set forth the merits of a scene or two in the *Tempest*, and to recite Milton's charming poems, *Allegro* and *Penseroso*.

Now our friend Pouchy, or rather our friend's friend (for we had no particular knowledge of him, except on this occasion) was a somewhat stout and short man, like many an eminent individual before and since, of some forty or five-and-forty years of age; and if, unlike them, he seemed to think his person qualified to compete with his intellectual attractions, and to require only "a fair stage and no favour," yet his genial disposition did (there can be no doubt of it) instinctively suggest to itself, that the favour would be granted him; and in fact, he appeared so *cosy* and comfortable, and after-dinner-like, in the very midst of a certain elevation of neckcloth and powdered head, that it was impossible not to sympathise with his satisfaction, and be prepared to relish whatever taste he should be pleased to give us of his critical nicety. He had no rostrum, or desk, before him. All in that respect was open and above-board; undisguised as his good faith; and as he walked to and fro, his shoes creaked a little.

Suddenly, after a brief but serious conference with some head that emerged from behind the screen, and returning towards us with a *hum* and *haw*, intermingled with applications of white handkerchief, he opened upon his audience with a brief introduction to the first scene of the *Tempest*. His tones were of an importance commensurate with the fame of his author; and none of the homely seamanship in the text beguiled him, for an instant, out of a due respect for it. Not that he omitted to expatiate on the extreme naturalness of the scene. That was a point, which Ned evidently regarded as one of the most serious objects of his duty to impress upon us. He could not have been more emphatic, or given us greater time to deliberate on what we heard, had he recited the soliloquy in *Hamlet*. Thus, instead of those excellent but too uncritical imitators of seamen, Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. Smith, and others, conceive the following exordium of the play set forth in its utmost solemnity of articulation by the mouth of Mr. Ward or Mr. Barrymore,—accompanied furthermore by a mention, at once particular and careless, and singularly incorporating itself with the text, of the *name* of the party speaking;—which, if you reflect upon it, was a very great nicety, and showed the lecturer's just sense of all which he could be expected to combine in his delivery, as holding the double office of reader and performer. Repeat, for instance, out loud, and very slowly, the following words; and the sound of your voice will enable you the better to appreciate our critic's delicacy:—

Enter a SHIPMASTER and a BOATSWAIN.

Master Boatswain—

(which you are to read as if he was speaking of a young gentleman of the name of Boatswain, son of John Boatswain, Esq.—"Master Boatswain.")

Boatswain Here, master; what—cheer—

("What—cheer," very slow and pompous.)

Master Good

(here another young gentleman, son of Thomas Good, Esquire—young "Master Good.")

—speak—to—the mariner—fall—to it—yarely, or we run ourselves—aground—Bestir—bestir.

(Bestir, bestir, very wide apart, and all pompous.)

Exit—Master. Enter—Mariners.

Boatswain Heigh—

(Here it seems to transpire that the boatswain's name is Heigh or Hay—Boatswain Hay.)

Boatswain Heigh—my heart—cheerly—cheerly—my heart;—yare—yare—Take in—the topsail

(all observe, as if he were reading some mighty text in a pulpit)

—take in—the topsail—tend—to the master's—whistle—

And so he went on, amidst the deep and admiring silence of the spectators, whose

shoulders you might observe, here and there, gradually begin shaking, out of some irrepressible emotion. A wag who has a lively but confused recollection of the scene, insists that there was a passage in the dialogue, which upon examination we cannot find, but which he delights to repeat as having been thus delivered,—very slow and pompous, yet with the remarkable absence of stops between the names and words of the speakers, and all in a level tone—

First Boatswain Hip—hollo-a  
Second Boatswain Hollo-a—hip.

But this is manifestly a figment, superinduced upon a strongly excited fancy.

Of the rest of this scene from the *Tempest*, singularly enough, we have no sort of recollection. Whether this forgetfulness be owing to some unremembered stoppage on the part of the reciter, or to the criticisms of the friends about us, or some uproarious sympathy analogous to the tumult on board ship, we cannot say; but the thing has clean gone out of our memory. All we can call to mind is a little thin old gentleman, probably a friend of the lecturer's, who kept going about among the benches, smiling, and apparently asking the ladies how they liked it; and exhibiting a hand laden with rings.

But now came the *Allegro*. Our memory serves us very well on this point, for reasons which will be obvious.

HENCE,—loathed—MEL—ancholy

began Ned, in the most vehement, but at the same time dignified manner you can conceive—absolutely startling us—his mouth thrust out, his eye fierce, his right arm extended at full length, tossing his head, and then *pointing*;—in short, telling Melancholy to go to the greatest possible distance, and as if showing her whereabouts it was.

Hence—loathed—Melancholy—  
Of Cerberus—and—BLACK—est—midnight born

(“blackest” excessively black on the first syllable)

In—Stygian—cave—forlorn—  
Midst—horrid shapes—and sights—and shrieks—unholy—

“unholy” with an immense emphasis on the o—and so he went on till he came to the words “Come and trip it;” for though the feeling in the poet's mind changes wonderfully from the repelling to the engaging, in that alteration of the measure, where he says “But come, thou goddess fair and free,” yet Ned seemed to think, that as both the passages were equally good, it was his duty to regard their merits with impartiality, and not risk the appreciation of the cheerfuller lines by any levity of approach. His “Come—thou Goddess—fair—and free” was therefore delivered in precisely the same tones as the rest,—immeasurably grave, earnest, and emphatical, and as if every syllable he uttered was commissioned to main-

tain the united dignity of the poetical and reciting characters.

But now comes, not only the cheerfulness, but the catastrophe. “Great wits have short memories,” said somebody; probably because he had one himself. Ned however was at all events *a brother* instance; for after getting through the “Graces,” and “Aurora,” and the “fresh-blown roses,” and “quips and cranks,” &c., with the most extraordinary solemnity (and it was no great distance to get) he stuck fast at the very spot where he was bound to proceed in his happiest manner; to wit, upon the line,

“Come and trip it, as you go.”

He remembered “Come and trip it;” but he could not, for the life of him, conjure up “as you go.”

The head behind the screen was now heard, *prompting*—

“Come and trip it, as you go.”

But Ned, it turned out, was unfortunately deaf, and the words were lost upon him.

“Come and trip it, as you go,”

said the voice, still in a whisper, but with greater emphasis.

In vain.—Ned bent his head again to catch the words, and again they were repeated with emphasis still greater, but always in a whisper—

“Come and trip it, as you go.”

In vain again.—Once more Ned bent his head, with all its painstaking and powder; and again the words were sent forth, in a sort of whisper in a rage;

“Come and trip it, AS YOU GO.”

“Good God!” the whisper seemed to say, “Will you *never* hear me?”

The reader must imagine the audience all this time, hearing what the lecturer could not hear, as plainly as their own words, and ready to burst.

At length he does catch the words; and with an irresistible air of hilarity and self-satisfaction (as if the little obstacle were removed from between him and his triumphs) resumes his stately way—

“Come—and trip it—as you go—

On the *light*

(“light” very heavy)

fantastic-toe

(“fantastic,” imperious)

And—in thy—right hand—lead—with thee  
The mountain—nymph—sweet—liberty  
And—if I—give thee—honour—due—  
Mirth,—admit me—of—thy crew—  
To live—with her—and live—with thee  
In—un—reproved—pleasures—free.”

Alas! while in the act of arriving at these pleasures, and little thinking that he was about to disclose what they were, he unfortunately kept stepping backward and backward, till in a moment he bolted against the



screen, and DOWN IT WENT !—exhibiting,—besides the enraged individual to whom the voice belonged,—what do you think ?

A bottle of wine and some cakes ?

No.

A few oranges, perhaps ?

By no means.

A sandwich ?

Not in the least.

What then ?

—A pot of ale and some bread and cheese.

There was no harm in it. Geniuses have made many a hearty meal upon bread and cheese, and been glad that they could get it ; only, somehow, the highly poetical dignity of the recitation, the immense idealism of the lecturer, and the aristocracy of the satin small-clothes, had not prepared the spectators for so unsophisticate a refreshment ; and they were glad to pretend an outcry of alarm and sympathy, in order to drown what they could of the otherwise inextinguishable laughter which shook the place.

What followed we totally forget, perhaps because we came away ; but never shall we forget thee, and thy publicities and retirements, honest Ned Pouchly.

#### LX.—THE FORTUNES OF GENIUS.

In the *Atlas*, the other day, was an article, under the above title, the following passages of which induce us to make some remarks upon them. We regret we cannot copy the whole,—it is so well written, and shows such a relish of pleasure, and sympathy with pain. But our limits forbid.

“An acquaintance,” says the writer, “with the biography of illustrious musicians proves that they reason incorrectly, and with a short sight, who eternally talk of having the path of genius smoothed, and of setting it above circumstances ; for the lives of eminent men of this class display the most admirable energies developed, and the most enthusiastic projects brought to bear, purely by the pressure of the very annoyances sought to be removed. Possession of the creative faculty presupposes a superiority to adverse circumstances and ‘low-thoughted care ;’ and Goldsmith’s poet, sitting in his garret with a worsted stocking on his head,

Where the Red Lion, staring o’er the way,  
Invites each passing stranger *that can pay*,

in spite of bailiffs, writs, debts, duns, and milk-scores, the most horrible that even Hogarth imagined, was still a happy fellow. The individual Mr. Jones, seated before a delicate leg of lamb and a bottle of sherry, is an abstraction of the Mr. Jones who owes 284*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, and has, as the Dutchmen say, nix to pay. Satisfied that he would pay if he

could, which is all that is necessary to place the *morale* of his character upon high ground, he leaves the affairs of the world to right themselves, and enjoys the everlasting day-rule of the imagination. [How well said is this !]—So it was with Fielding, with Goldsmith, with Steele, and others honourable in literature, and so also with Handel, with Mozart, and Weber, in music ; and it is one of the kindly recompenses of nature, by which she contrives, on the whole, to adjust so equitably the good and the evil in this life, that where injury to the individual arises from an excess of sympathy with the mass, that injury is commonly but lightly felt.”

We were not aware that the trials of these musicians in pecuniary affairs were so great. The following information respecting Mozart is as startling as it is affecting :—“Who thinks, when he looks over the six great operas of Mozart, and admires the Shakspearian knowledge of character, and the thoughtful discrimination appearing in every movement of them, that those master-pieces were produced amidst a tumult of arrests, and of the lowest annoyances that ever embroiled a life ? Nay, it is even said that the family of Mozart at times wanted common necessities. Adversity may have been a sharp thorn in the side of so gentle and enjoying a spirit as Mozart ; but it would be affectation to deplore the circumstances that have put the musical world in possession of their most valued treasures.”—And here follows something awful respecting Handel,—an awful man. The hurried dashes and dative cases of the writer (—“to his quarrel with Senesino”—“to his madness and rage”—“to his palsy”—) are like an agitato accompaniment to the facts. “The twenty or thirty folio volumes bearing the names of Handel’s oratorios, which alone transmit his name to posterity, when we contemplate them in some well-ordered library, carry no thought of their having been produced after the composer had received the first signal of death in a stroke of palsy which disabled his arm. Ruin and disease, that fill the minds of men of more feeble powers with thoughts of the narrow coffin and the shroud, made Handel immortal. We owe the ‘Messiah’ and ‘Israel in Egypt’ to the composer’s obstinate temper—to his quarrel with Senesino and the nobility—to his making rash engagements with singers that compelled him to withdraw his last guinea from the funds to satisfy them—to his madness and rage—to his palsy—to his proceeding to the vapour-baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, whence, with the purgation of his humours, reason and religion returned, and persuaded him that there was another style of music yet untried, more likely than operas to suit the grave character of the English. Then followed in rapid succession his immortal oratorios, works in which the pure flame of his genius never shone more

brightly, though produced at a late period of life, commenced after the attack of a threatening and fatal disorder, and ended in total blindness."

The question thus opened by the writer in the 'Atlas' is a great puzzle. We confess that in many respects we take the same view of it as himself; for we reverence the past; we are inclined to think best of whatever has taken place, since it *has* taken place,—to conclude that good and evil somehow have adjusted themselves in the best manner; and we have such belief in the predominance of happy over unhappy feelings in the minds of men of genius, that we sometimes think they would have had an unfair portion of joy in their life, had their lot been less counterbalanced by difficulties, ill-health, or whatsoever their troubles may have been.

But the question branches off into some others, which it may not be well for society to lose sight of; especially as by the efforts which Providence incites them to make for the common good, it would seem, that however necessary some portion of evil may always be for the proper relish of good, there may not always exist a necessity for it to an amount so large. One of these collateral questions we shall put.

Is it certain that the men of genius above-mentioned would not have written as much, or as finely, under happier circumstances?

It is natural enough to conclude, that men so careless in worldly matters as Steele and Fielding, and with such a relish of the moment before them, when it contained the least drop of sweet, would perhaps have written *nothing at all*. Frightful supposition! And yet is the supposition likely, considering that very relish? Is it natural for people to be delighted, and hold their tongue? To have fame at their command, and not command it? Or was it necessary for Handel to be so extremely pained, before he could give us his sense of the passionate and the sublime? Was there not suffering enough for him, short of rage and madness? No firmament over his head, nor graves under his feet? Perhaps he yet needed his afflictions:—be it so, since they have happened;—but might it not be perilous in future, seeing that we have become alive to such questions, to run the risk of steeling the hearts of people against the struggles of genius, if not for the latter's sake, yet for their own, and ultimately, by that process, for both? Whatsoever happens in the world without our being aware of it, we take to be one thing; what otherwise, to be another; and fate and consequence become modified accordingly. If the pain should remain the same after all, we still cannot be certain that it is necessary, however it will become us to hope so when it be past. The peril, meanwhile, is, that we shall be blunting our own feelings, and those of genius too.

Beaumont was of opinion that a man of genius could no more help putting his thoughts on paper, than a traveller in a burning desert can help drinking when he sees water.

"I know full well, that, no more than the man  
That travels through the burning deserts, can  
When he is beaten with the raging sun,  
Half smother'd in the dust, have power to run  
From a cool river, which himself doth find,  
Ere he be slaked; no more can he whose mind  
Joys in the Muses, hold from that delight,  
When Nature and his full thoughts bid him write."

Could Fielding have helped writing 'Tom Jones' (the perfectest prose-fiction in the language) whether he had been in trouble or not? Could Steele have helped throwing his lighter, happier graces, round the muse of his friend Addison? Would Goldsmith's craving for reputation have allowed him to be silent with his pen (which was admirable), when he could not even refrain in company with his tongue (which was nothing)? Or does the enjoying critic of the 'Atlas,' whose articles are like variations upon the musical beauties they criticise, dwelling upon them, and winding them in congenial tones round his heart, really think it would have been possible for Mozart to possess all that abundance of the soul of love and pleasure, and not cry aloud?—not burst forth and blossom like the peach-trees in spring? not come pouring down from a hundred fountains of song into the surging sea of the orchestra, like the summer clouds from the mountains?

We grant that certain noble kinds of pain may be necessary to produce certain sublimities of composition, whether in musical or other writing; but need the composer be stimulated with the lowest and most humiliating cares, to induce him to write at all, supposing him to be a real genius? Perhaps he would not write so much; but are we sure even of that, *supposing him to be put into a condition quite suitable to his nature?* Steele and Fielding and Mozart would not have written all the identical same works which they produced; but are we sure they would not have produced as many, or even better? Well-fed birds sing in cages; but the more philosophic of their jailors (strange people!) discern something in the best of their imprisoned songs, inferior to their "wood-notes wild." Does the throistle on the bough, in order to pour gushes of melody from his heart, require a string to his leg, or a blink from some bailiff snake?

Walter Scott assuredly would not have written all his novels, had he not thought circumstances required it; but we should most likely have had his best. 'Waverley' he wrote for love, when he did not dream that he should get a sixpence by it; and 'Old Mortality' and 'The Antiquary' soon followed the publication of that novel—partly, no doubt, for profit, but much also by reason of love encouraged, and



out of a love of the sense of power. These, his best, we should have had; and he would not have been killed by writing his worst.—Oh, Scotland! Oh, England! Oh, Europe! we might say, for he belonged to all,—how could you suffer him to die?

And Burns—that other “glory and shame” of this island—he did not get (so to speak) a penny for his writings; for though, no doubt, he did get a good deal more, yet that was not the reason why he produced them; and numbers of his songs he gave away. Yes; he, the glorious ploughman and born gentleman, gave his songs away, free as the bird that he took for his crest. Now Burns, if any man ever did, wrote for love, and not for money. Yet his life was full of pecuniary distress.

And observe how many men of genius have written abundantly, who have had no sordid cares,—certainly none that writing settled for them, in a pecuniary sense. Chaucer is an illustrious instance. Spenser another—Milton (though poor) another—Beaumont and Fletcher, Pope, Swift, Addison, Gibbon, Hume, Hooker, Sterne, Lamb, Wordsworth, Jeremy Taylor—in short, almost all our best, and *all* the Greek, Roman, and Italian men of genius (for nobody ever got *obolus* or *crazia* for his writings in the classical countries, ancient or modern). In Italy there is no payment of authors, any more than there was among the countrymen of Anacreon and Ovid; yet we have had, nevertheless, the Dantes, Petrarchs, and Ariostos. The Homers, to be sure, got their “feed,” in the minstrel times of Greece; but nobody supposes that those amazing rhapsodists would never have opened their mouths but for King Alcinous’s pork-chops.

Then, among musicians—Haydn, we believe, was not distressed; nor the Corellis and Paesellos. Gluck was rich. Nor have the best of the painters been poor,—the Raphaels, Michael Angelos, and Titians. On the contrary, with the exception of Rembrandt, those who have been best off in worldly affairs have generally been most abundant in pictorial produce,—sometimes, it is true, by help of the influx of wealth, as in Titian’s case; but, at any rate, necessity was not the stimulant. Nor did patronage make them idle. No; because it was true, and lit on true men. The watered tree bore, because it possessed the seed. Do not Hummel, Spohr, and others, write, and write well, though made as comfortable as church-canon in those little snug chapel-masterships of theirs, of which we are told so delightfully in the ‘Ramble among the Musicians in Germany?’

Often and often, we doubt not—perhaps in all instances—has inconsistency of position in men of genius been mistaken for idleness. It may be possible, in many cases, that temperament, or even too much thought, or other conflicting impulses, may produce something,

in the appearance, which “the world calls idle;” but the true conflicting impulses, in perhaps all instances, have arisen from incompatibility of calls upon the attention. He who is forced to do incompatible or uncongenial things, does them badly; or he sings, perhaps, at all events, and sings well; but sometimes he cannot sing at all,—the wires of the cage of his necessity press too hard upon him—he wants breathing-room, nature, comfort; he sings at last, partly because he is forced, partly because it solaces him. But try the humane expedient of rescuing him from his worst cares, and see how he would sing then;—if not his most, yet surely his best. At least, so it appears to us.

Blessings, nevertheless, say we, with the genial philosopher of the ‘Atlas,’ upon the trouble and sorrow even of a sordid kind, if we could not have had certain men of genius without them; and blessings, at all events, upon the beauty into which they are converted, and the divine way which Nature has of making bitterness itself blossom and become medicinal. But let us take care how we sow opinions, unqualified, the fruits of which may intoxicate weak heads in after times—with careless assumption, if writers—with selfish references to Providence and necessity, if the arbiters of the fate of writers. Most writers of any ability are pretty well off in these times, and have a good patron in the public. But a time may come, (are we sure that it has in no case happened already?) when, by the very process of the abundance of writings, genius may want support; and let us not prepare our children’s children to refuse it.

The absurdity of a tragedy, unfortunately, is not always an argument against its chances; but to show how very absurd this principle of leaving men of genius to their fate might become, if driven to all its consequences, let our contemporary, who understands and loves a joke run to seed (no man better), take the following scene between the future patron of a musical genius, and an emissary he has despatched to inquire into his circumstances.

Patron.—Well, Dick, and how did you find him? Will the composition of the new opera go on swimmingly?

Emissary.—According to your Grace, it will, for he is horribly off.

P.—Good. What, in pressing want, eh? Can’t afford to be idle?

E.—If he did, he could not eat. The butcher would not trust him. The butcher says he is too honest a man to be trusted; he is such a child.

P.—Excellent! just like your man of genius. And the butcher is a shrewd dog. But our new Mozart must not starve *quite*; we’ll take care of that. Then he has finished, I presume, that capital scene of the feast, with that wonderful joyous dance? and that droll chorus, with the corpulent man in it?

E.—He has ; with a lawyer's letter on each side of him, and a face haggard with headache.

P. (rubbing his hands.)—Capital ! We are sure then, you think, of the whole opera ?

E.—There is no doubt of it. His five children were looking out of the window, wondering whether the baker would come.

P.—You rejoice me. We shall have a brilliant audience. And what did he say to you ?

E.—Oh ! he smiled, as usual, and laughed, and said he wondered at his spirits, considering his headach ; but I thought I almost saw the tears in his eyes, as he said it.

P.—A true genius ! That's the way he gets his pathos, Dick. The man is all fire and feeling.

E.—I suspect he would have been glad of a little more "fire" yesterday, for his servant told me he had no coals.

P.—Bravo ! Poor fellow ! Oh, it's clear we shall do capitally. We must not let his fingers be cold, however, nor the baker fail his children.

E.—Did your Grace ever think of trying what a course of comfort would do for him ?

P.—A course of *what* ? Ruin, Dick, ruin. I never did, of course ; but who'd write if they could help it ?

E. (aside.)—Not you, God knows ; for it's as much as you can do to spell. Yet this is the great opera patron whom our "new Mozart" calls a "good kind of man, not over imaginative !"

#### LXI.—POETS' HOUSES.

A PAPER in Mr. Disraeli's 'Curiosities of Literature' upon 'Literary Residences,' is very amusing and curious ; but it begins with a mistake in saying that "men of genius have usually been condemned to compose their finest works, which are usually their earliest ones, under the roof of a garret ;" and the author seems to think, that few have realized the sort of house they wished to live in. The combination of "genius and a garret" is an old joke, but little more. Genius has been often poor enough, but seldom so much so as to want what are looked upon as the decencies of life. In point of abode, in particular, we take it to have been generally lucky as to the fact, and not at all so grand in the desire as Mr. Disraeli seems to imagine. Ariosto, who raised such fine structures in his poetry, was asked indeed how he came to have no greater one when he built a house for himself ; and he answered, that "palaces are easier built with words than stones." It was a pleasant answer, and fit for the interrogator ; but Ariosto valued himself much upon the snug little abode which he did build, as may be seen by the in-

scription still remaining upon it at Ferrara\* ; and we will venture to say for the cordial, tranquillity-loving poet, that he would rather live in such a house as that, and amuse himself with building palaces in his poetry, than have undergone the fatigue, and drawn upon himself the publicity, of erecting a princely mansion, full of gold and marble. No mansion which he could have built would have equalled what he could fancy ; and poets love nests from which they can take their flights—not worlds of wood and stone to strut in, and give them a sensation. If so, they would have set their wits to get rich, and live accordingly ; which none of them ever did yet,—at any rate, not the greatest. Ariosto notoriously neglected his "fortunes"—in that sense of the word. Shakspeare had the felicity of building a house for himself, and settling in his native town ; but though the best *in it*, it was nothing equal to the "seats" outside of it (where the richer men of the district lived) ; and it appears to have been a "modest mansion," not bigger, for instance, than a good-sized house in Red Lion-street, or some other old quarter in the metropolis. Suppose he had set *his* great wits to rise in the state and accumulate money, like Lionel Cranfield, for example, or Thomas Cromwell, the blacksmith's son. We know that any man who chooses to begin systematically with a penny, under circumstances at all favourable, may end with thousands. Suppose Shakspeare had done it ; he might have built a house like a mountain. But he did not,—it will be said,—because he was a poet, and poets are not getters of money. Well ; and for the same reason, poets do not care for the mightiest things which money can get. It cannot get them health, and freedom, and a life in the green fields, and mansions in fairy-land ; and they prefer those, and a modest visible lodging.

Chancer had a great large house to live in,—a castle,—because he was connected with royalty ; but he does not delight to talk of such places : he is all for the garden, and the daisied fields, and a bower like a "pretty parlour." His mind was too big for a great house ; which challenges measurement with its inmates, and is generally equal to them. He felt elbow-room, and heart-room, only out in God's air, or in the heart itself, or in the bowers built by Nature, and reminding him of the greatness of her love.

Spenser lived at one time in a castle,—in Ireland,—a piece of forfeited property, given him for political services ; and he lived to repent it : for it was burnt in civil warfare, and his poor child burnt with it ; and the poet was driven back to England, broken-hearted. But

\* See an engraving of the house itself, with its inscription, in the 'Gallery of Portraits,' No. XXVIII., Article — 'Ariosto.' But it wants the garden-ground which belonged to it.



look at the houses he describes in his poems, —even he who was bred in a court, and loved pomp, after his fashion. He bestows the great ones upon princes and allegorical personages, who live in state and have many servants, (for the largest houses, after all, are but collections of small ones, and of unfitting neighbourhoods too); but his nests, his poetic bowers, his *delicæ* and *amœnities*, he keeps for his hermits and his favourite nymphs, and his flowers of courtesy; and observe how he delights to repeat the word “little,” when describing them. His travellers come to “little valleys,” in which, through the tree-tops, comes reeking up a “little smoke,” (a “chearefull signe,” quoth the poet,) and

“To little cots in which the shepherds lie;”

and though all his little cots are not happy, yet he is ever happiest when describing them, should they be so, and showing in what sort of contentment his mind delighted finally to rest.

“A little lowly heritage it was  
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,  
Far from resort of people, that did pass  
In travel to and fro. A little wide  
There was an holy chappell edifyde,  
Wherein the hermit dewly wont to say  
His holy things each morn and eventide;  
Thereby a crystall streame did gently play,  
Which from a sacred fountain wellèd forth alway.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,  
Nor look for entertainment where none was;  
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;  
*The noblest mind the best contentment has.”*

Milton, who built the Pandemonium, and filled it with

“A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,”

was content if he could but get a “garden-house” to live in, as it was called in his time; that is to say, a small house in the suburbs, with a bit of garden to it. He required nothing but a tree or two about him, to give him “airs of Paradise.” His biographer shows us, that he made a point of having a residence of this kind. He lived as near as he could to the wood-side and the fields, like his fellow-patriot, M. Beranger, who would have been the Andrew Marvell of those times, and adorned his great friend as the other did, or like his Mirth (l'Allegro) visiting his Melancholy.

And hear beloved Cowley, quiet and pleasant as the sound in his trees:—“I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always,—that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature; and there, with no design beyond my wall,

‘whole and entire to lie,  
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.’”  
*The Garden.*

“I confess,” says he, in another essay (on Greatness), “I love littleness almost in all things,—a little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if ever I were to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it), it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty.”

(What charming writing! —how charming as writing, as well as thinking! and charming in both respects, because it possesses the only real perfection of either,—truth of feeling).

Cowley, to be sure, got such a house as he wanted “at last,” and was not so happy in it as he expected to be; but then it was because he did only get it “at last,” when he was growing old, and was in bad health. Neither might he have ever been so happy in such a place as he supposed (blest are the poets, surely, in enjoying happiness even in imagination!) yet he would have been less comfortable in a house less to his taste.

Dryden lived in a house in Gerrard-street (then almost a suburb), looking, at the back, into the gardens of Leicester House, the mansion of the Sidneys. Pope had a nest at Twickenham, much smaller than the fine house since built upon the site; and Thomson another at Richmond, consisting only of the ground-floor of the present house. Everybody knows what a rural house Cowper lived in. Shenstone's was but a farm adorned, and his bad health unfortunately hindered him from enjoying it. He married a house and grounds, poor man! instead of a wife; which was being very “one-sided” in his poetry—and he found them more expensive than Miss Dolman would have been. He had better have taken poor Maria first, and got a few domestic cares of a handsome sort, to keep him alive and moving. Most of the living poets are dwellers in cottages, except Mr. Rogers, who is rich, and has a mansion, looking on one of the parks; but there it *does* look—upon grass and trees. He will have as much nature with his art as he can get. Next to a cottage of the most comfortable order, we should prefer, for our parts, if we must have servants and a household, one of those good old mansions of the Tudor age, or some such place, which looks like a sort of cottage-palace, and is full of old corners, old seats in the windows, and old memories. The servants, in such a case, would probably have grown old in one's family, and become friends; and this makes a great difference in the possible comfort of a great house. It gives it old family warmth.

## LXII.—A JOURNEY BY COACH.

(A FRAGMENT.)

A FRIEND\* and myself found ourselves, one showery August afternoon, sitting at the White Horse in Piccadilly, the sole occupants of the inside of an Oxford coach, and keeping such grave faces as sickness could help us to, in resistance of the almost unbearable tendency to laugh, produced by the crowd of fruit-sellers, pencil-men, pocket-book thrusters into your face, and other urgent philanthropists, who cannot conceive it possible how you can stir from London, unprovided from their especial stocks.

We confess we have a regard for these men, owing to their excessive energy, and the loudness with which they pursue the interests of their wives and families. We stand it out as long as we can; perhaps buy nothing,—out of a secret admiration of what we seem to be disliking, and a sense of maintaining an honourable contest,—they with their tongues, and we with our faces, which we keep fixed on some object foreign to the matter in hand (the only way), and pretend to hold in a state of indifference, from which there is no hope. If we buy nothing, our conscience absolutely twinges us; and yet how could we more honourably treat an honourable enemy? He clearly thinks it a matter of vigour and perseverance,—a regular battle: we take him at his word, and won't at all purchase. His object is to thrust his oranges into our pockets; ours, to keep our money there; his, to be loud, importunate, and successful; ours, to be still, insipid-looking, and of course successful also. We respect him so much, that we must needs maintain his respect for ourselves; and how are we to do this if we give in? He will think us weak fellows,—chaps that can't resist; so we do not care twopence for his wife and family, but entrench ourselves in a malignant benevolence towards our own. *Orangery* begins at home. But the only sure way is to fix your eyes on some other point, and say nothing. It is a battle won on your part by an intensity of indifference. You must not even look as if you disputed. You must fix your eyes on a shop window; or on vacancy; or on the woman who is waiting for her husband; or the bundle which the other is hugging; or the dog who has just had a kick in the mouth, and is licking it with sedentary philosophy in a corner, looking at the same time about him; or you may watch the gentleman's face who has come half an hour too soon, but is afraid to go into a house to wait. If you look at your assailants, you only increase the vociferation; if you smile, they think you half won; if you object to the price, it is all

over with you. Let your smile be internal, and your superiority immense and not to be reached. Let them say to themselves, "That fellow must be a magistrate, or an inspector of police."

At length, a sudden bustle, and some creaking evidences on the part of the coach, announce that you are about to set off. Trunks lumber and "flop" over head; all the outside passengers are seated; the box and its steps feel the weight of the ascending charioteer, as the axle-trees of their cars groaned under the gods of Homer; an unknown individual touches his hat, informing you that he has "seen to the things;" hasty anxieties are expressed for the box—the portmanteau—the carpet-bag; "all's right;" a kind domestic face is taken leave of with a moist eye (don't let any but the sick, or the very masculine, know it); and off we start, rattling with ponderous dance over the stones of Piccadilly.

We have never seen a description of the *inside* of a coach. It is generally too much occupied to be thought of, except as a collection of fellow-passengers. In the present instance we had it all to ourselves, and could reconnoitre it—nobody, in summer-time, ever thinking, it seems, of going inside, except in cases of illness, and then very seldom; particularly if it is a wet night, and the "young woman" is to be sent down cheaply to Guinea Lodge. A mail-coach, in summer-time, may be defined,—a hollow box with people outside of it. For upwards of two hundred miles we had a series of coaches nearly all to our two selves, as if each of them had been a private carriage. We lounged in them, we changed corners, we put our legs up, and got acquainted with every part and particle of their accommodation. It is a tight kind of half-soft, half-hard thing,—is the inside of a coach; more hard than soft; not quite so convenient as it looks; "more No than Yes," as the Italian said. The tight grey druggot looks compact and not uncomfortable, yet does not invite your head-ache to rest against it. The pockets seem as if they ought to contain more than they do; the pair of shoes won't go quite in. The floor has neither carpet nor straw; nor is it quite even; and the places to put things in under the seat, are apt to baffle your attempts, if the things are at all large; and you do not want them for trifles. If you put your gloves, or a few books on the seat, in a few minutes you find them gone off upon the floor. The druggot is occasionally varied with gay colours; and the windows are generally good,—pulling up and down with facility. In short, there is a show of liberality, in which you speedily discern a *skimping* saving,—the same spirit which spoils the building of modern houses as well as coaches. The old coaches, we may be certain, were larger and more generous, though they made less pretension, and

\* The late Mr. Egerton Webbe. Alas! (that we should so soon, and unexpectedly, be forced to say "late!")



went at a snail's pace in the comparison. We like "coaching" it, for our own parts, and should have been well content to live upon the road, in those patient antiques, instead of getting on at the present rate, and being impatient to arrive at some town, where we shall perhaps be equally restless. Not that we are insensible to the pleasure of driving fast. We like that too : it stirs the blood, and gives a sense of power ; but everything is a little too *smug* and hasty at present, and business-like, as though we were to be eternally getting on, and never realizing anything but fidget and money,—the means instead of the end. We are truly in a state of transition,—of currency, rather : and thank Heaven, we are, and that it is transition only. Heaven forefend that the good planet should stop where it is,—at a Manchester millennium !

And we cannot take thoroughly to the modern, and we hope, transitory coachman, compared with the humbler pretensions of his predecessor. We acknowledge his improvement in some respects. He wears gloves ; has cleaner linen, and an opinion of himself ; and is called "Sir" by the ostlers. He gathers the reins in his hands with a sort of half-gentility,—a certain reticence and composure of bearing ; and gives answers in the style of a man who is not to be too much troubled,—a part-proprietor,—or, for aught we know, corn-chandler, and cousin to Squire Jenks himself, who in less knowing times was called Farmer Jenks. He knows what belongs to the Diffusion of Coaches. You doubt, notwithstanding his red face, whether he could ever get in a passion and swear ; till somebody bringing his authority into question, out comes the long-suppressed, natural, gin-drinking man of many weathers. Peace be to him, poor fellow ! and a fit of illness that shall stop his drinking in time.

After all, however, our coach was a very good coach, and the coachmen as good also—for aught that we recollect to the contrary. We are painting from the race in general.—We had the inside, as we said before, all to ourselves ; we had books, rapidity, fresh air, and one another's company. Good-natured Cowley was with us, in the shape of his delightful volume of *Essays* ; Parnell, Shenstone, and others, not taxing the faculties over-much, but good, chatting, inn-loving men ; some Shakspeare, fit for all places, especially for one to which we were bound ; a bit of Greek Anthology ; some extracts from Blackwood, Fraser, Tait, and the New Monthly, chiefly consisting of delightful chat upon poets (of which more by and by) ; and a curious volume, little known, of miscellaneous prose by Armstrong, in which one of the best-natured men that ever lived, appears to be one of the most caustic and querulous.

All these books and papers kept sliding

every now and then from the seats, and set us laughing. The air was delightfully fresh and moist ; the bits of black earth, spun up by the coach-wheels, danced merrily by the windows. We passed Hyde Park Corner, famous for Pope's going to school ; Knightsbridge, where Steele made Savage write the pamphlet that was to pay for their dinner ; and are come in sight of Kensington, and Mrs. Inchbald's privacy,—a public-house.

But we must here give the reader breath,—requesting his company with us next week.

### LXIII.—A JOURNEY BY COACH.

CONTINUED.

"LIFE has few things better than this," said Dr. Johnson, on feeling himself settled in a coach, and rolling along the road.

"The pleasure, is complete, sir," said Boswell ; thinking to echo the sentiment of his illustrious friend, and leave no doubt about it.

"Why, no, sir," returned the Doctor, who did not choose to be too much agreed with, *Boswellically* :—"you have to arrive somewhere ;—there is to be an end of the pleasure. Sir, you have a melancholy anticipation."

We quote from memory,—probably with little justice to what was really said ; but such was the gist of it. We confess we did not think with Johnson in the present instance ; for the friends we had left behind us, and the friends we were going to see, are both better things to live with, than the fact of being on the road ; and our health was not good enough to render the intermediate state of existence a perfect one. But where the circumstances are all favourable, or the change merely good for its own sake, we do thoroughly hold with the doctor, that few things in life are better than rolling along in a coach at your ease, looking out upon novelty, and feeling lord of your place and time. And as to the melancholy of arriving somewhere, it has often struck us how unwise it is, in people not bound upon any journey's end more attractive than ordinary, to be in so much haste to reach there. People must exist *somewhere* ; and where better (except with dear friends) than in the midst of scenes of nature, in fresh air, and in any easy state of movement ? To be borne along, with no trouble, and yet without compulsion or mere passiveness, and with a sense of the power of commanding what you enjoy, is surely a pleasurable state of being, both for body and mind. Let the reader nestle himself up in a corner of the coach, with his arms folded, and thorough room for his legs,—and fancy it. Perhaps he shuts his eyes, and a balmy air

comes breathing on the lids, while his body is carried jovially along—jolted a little, occasionally, *without* jolting,—wafted over the fine English roads, now dashing at the hill, now going gentlier down it; spinning along a perfect level, or gently dipping into a bit of an undulation, and so up again, just enough to bend his chin a little closer, and remind him how smoothly the carriage is hung.

Verily an English stage coach is a fine thing, and they do *not* “order these matters better in France.” What we miss of our lively neighbours, when the coach has strangers in it, is their sociability; but when a couple of friends have the inside to themselves, as was the case in our instance, what more can be desired? No wonder the Spanish gentleman, when he saw such an equipage at his door, with its handsome horses instead of mules, its compact and comfortable self, its nice leather reins (not ropes, as they have in the south), its respectful and respectable coachman, and the royal arms to boot on the panels, thought he had been provided by Government with the carriage of one of its nobles; and found it especially difficult to be convinced to the contrary, when he was seated in all its luxury, and smoothly scudding for London at the rate of ten miles an hour.

But to resume our setting out.—Since writing our last, we had reason to believe that we had been misinformed respecting the site of Mrs. Inchbald’s sequestered retirement, the public-house; and, on consulting her Memoirs by Mr. Boaden, we find that it was in the other Kensington road,—the one from Oxford street,—at No. 1, St. George’s Terrace, near the chapel where Sterne lies. We have been told, that somebody asking her how she came to lodge at a public-house, she said, with great apparent simplicity, perhaps to mystify the inquirer, “They had very good beer there.” We take this opportunity of observing, that when we speak jestingly of this abode, we do it out of no disrespect to the memory of this excellent woman and admirable writer. She was an original in conduct as well as in writing, but all in a true and superior, not affected or mean spirit. She lived at a public-house because it was cheap, and had a good prospect; and she lived cheaply, because she gave her money away to poor friends and relations. She would pass a winter without a fire, the want of which she sometimes felt so as to make her “cry with cold,” in order to be able to afford one to an ailing sister. O true Christian, and noble creature! Thy love of superiority was full of heart! Angels, if angels could suffer, might so suffer for us, and be above us; and what was wanting in our pity, we should supply with love.

Luckily we do not lose sight of Mrs. Inchbald on this road. If her public-house was

not where we supposed it, her last lodging-houses were at Kensington, and her last home, on this side heaven. But we shall come there presently.

We have passed Knightsbridge, once a terrible lonely place, of cut-throat reputation—and the “Cannon Brewery” (which an accomplished Spanish acquaintance of ours, on his coming into England, noted in his pocket-book, as presenting a curious specimen of English parlance, supposing that the casting of cannon was called *brewing* them), and the barracks, where tall dragoons are seen discoursing with little women; and have come into Kensington Gore, with Hyde Park again.

Hyde Park is associated with the reviews and the duels of latter generations; Kensington Gardens, with their Court beauties and Sunday visitors; and the palace and suburb, with the Court itself, or some connexion of royalty, and with Court wits and others. Gray came here to try to get rid of his last sickness; and here Arbuthnot, lodged at one time, and Swift.

We have been thinking of Courts and gay gardens, and had forgotten the church and its graves; and a shadow suddenly falls upon us in approaching it, reminding us of a melancholy portion of one of the most painful parts of our life. But a small angel sits smiling at us through it, with eyes earnest beyond its infancy; and we are rebuked by its better knowledge, and resume our patience, willingly admitting a new relief that has been lately afforded us, by learning that Mrs. Inchbald lies in the same spot. It seems as if any kind of innocence both received and imparted a grace, from its juxtaposition with such a woman. For her genius and fame are, of course, not what we are thinking of on the occasion; it is the fitness of the greater angel for sleeping by the side of the less. Mrs. Inchbald was very fond of Kensington. She resided there, or in the neighbourhood, during the last ten or twelve years of her life; first at Turnham-green; then in St. George’s-row (as above mentioned); then at No. 4, Earl’s-place, opposite Holland House; then in Leonard’s-place; then in Sloane-street (at No. 148); and, lastly, in Kensington House, a Catholic boarding-establishment, where she died. She was fond of Kensington for its healthiness, its retirement, its trees and prospects, its Catholic accommodations (for she was a liberal believer of that church)—but not least, we suspect, for a reason which Mr. Boaden’s interesting biography has not mentioned—namely, the interment in Kensington church-yard, of the eminent physician, Dr. Warren, for whom, in her thirty-eighth year, and in the twelfth year of a widowhood graced by genius, beauty, and refusals of other marriages, she entertained a secret affection, so



young and genuine, that she would walk up and down Sackville-street, where he lived, purely to get a glimpse of the light in his window. Her heart was so excellent, and accustomed to live on aspirations so noble, that we have not the least doubt this was one of her great ties to Kensington, and that she looked forward, with something of an angelical delight to the hour when she should repose in the earth, near the friend whose abode she could not partake while living.

We beg the reader to pardon a digression longer than we shall usually indulge in, for the sake of the feelings of gratitude and admiration just re-excited in us by a perusal of the life of this extraordinary woman, the authoress of some of the most amusing comedy and pathetic narrative in the language: a reformer, abhorring violence; a candid confessor of her own faults, not in a pick-thank and deprecating style, but honest and heartfelt (for they hurt her craving for sympathy); an admirable kinswoman and friend nevertheless,—most admirable, as we have just seen; the creator of the characters of "Dorriforth" and "Miss Milman;" and the writer of a book ('Nature and Art') which a woman, worthy to have been her friend, put during his childhood into the hands of the writer of these pages: to the no small influence, he believes, of opinions which he afterwards aspired to advocate, however imperfectly he may have proved his right to do so.

Dr. Warren, a man as good as he was intelligent, is in the recollection of many. We have heard, from a lady who remembers him, that he was a very gentlemanly man, with all the wise suavity of the genuine physician—not of a healthy complexion, but with very fine eyes. And we learn from another, that his searching and refined look, his professional skill, his power to attach affection, and, alas! his delicacy of health, are hereditary in the name.

Truly, love keeps one a long while lingering at the door; and we shall never get on with our journey at this rate.

We must begin again next week, and *move faster!*

## LXIV.—A JOURNEY BY COACH.

CONTINUED.

Holland House and its memories.—Formal new buildings in the roads near London—New public-houses inferior to the old ones—Hammersmith and its legend, &c.—Turnham Green—Passages from Gay and the 'Mayor of Garrat'—Brentford—Cavaliers and Puritans—Sion House—Osterley Park—A halt at an Inn-door.

THE traveller, in passing Holland House, must try to get as long a glimpse of it as he can; and if he has any fancy, and is a reader, the old house will glow to him like a painted window. Visions of wits and beauties will flash upon his eyes, from the times of Elizabeth and James the First, down to this present November 1835,—with more, we trust, to come. Perhaps there has not been a set of men, eminent in their day, who, for the most part, have not visited at that house. It was built by the Cope family in 1607; then possessed by the Earl of Holland, one of the favourites of Charles the First's wife, Henrietta Maria; then by the Commonwealth, whose General, Fairfax, made it his head-quarters on one occasion; then by the Holland family again, through whom, by his marriage with the Countess of Warwick and Holland, it became the residence of Addison, who died there; then by a descendant of the family, who sold it to Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and it has since remained in the possession of his successors. Here Charles Fox spent his childhood with a good-natured father, who helped him to remain something of a child all his life,—the luckiest thing that can happen to a great man. Here, in all probability, visited the Sucklings and Lady Carlisles, of the time of Charles the First;—here the Buckinghams of the two Charleses, with all the wits of those days;—here certainly, Steele and his fellow associates of Addison;—here Walpole, and Hanbury Williams, and the beauties of the Richmond and other families;—here the Jeffreys, Burkes and Sheridans;—and here the Broughams, Byrons, Rogerses, Campbells, Thomas Moores, and all the other Whig genius of the present age, attracted by the congenial abilities and the flowing hospitality of the biographer of Lope de Vega,—a true nephew of Charles Fox,—a nobleman gracing, and helping to secure his order, because he sympathises with all ranks. We never pass Holland House (and we pass it often, and often look up at it from its gate) without wishing a blessing and long life to the man, whose possession of so fair a place it is not in the nature of the poorest honest man to grudge him\*.

And the house is worth looking at, too, for its own sake. It is a curious specimen of the

\* While revising this sheet for the press, we have to lament the death of this most genial and excellent man, the delight of all who knew him, and the friend of the world.

style of architecture in the reign of Elizabeth and James; and, to our feelings, not less comfortable-looking than curious—for it gives one the idea of a multitude of snug, straggling rooms, situated in all sorts of corners and stair-cases; and there is a noble library, be sure; besides plenty of family and other pictures.

Adieu to snug, old, picturesque Holland House, with its hundred visions from the windows; for we must push on. The worst of the roads near London is, that for a long while you seem to be neither in London nor in the country. You think you have got into the latter, when some long formal row of houses, some "Prospect Place," or "Paradise Row,"—or, worse than that, some spick and span new, yellow-brick set, convinces you to the contrary; and the Paradise Row perhaps has no gardens, and the Prospect Place no prospect. Paradise Row was doubtless Paradise once; but the Adam and Eve have been driven out by the taste of bricklaying; and Prospect Place had a "view," till "Smith's Terrace," or some such interloper, came sidling in front of it with forty new tenements, and impudently deprived it of the beatific vision of its cow-field.

What we particularly hate in the new buildings about London, is the re-built or furbished-up public-houses. They think themselves very fine, with their new, flat faces, and their golden letters on blue grounds; and the people have doubtless got a lift in the world, and are mighty "respectable-like," and serious, and disagreeable; or else, they are at their wit's end to pay for the finery, and drink and swear worse than Tom Dykes over the way, whose wife died a month after she had had a battle with him. Perhaps, to mend the matter, they cut down the tree in front. The place then becomes all as flat as need be, and worth nobody's looking at, except a bricklayer's. Nobody wishes to stop at it except the mere drinker, or the mere man of business; and he is for getting on as fast as possible, as he well may; for what is the use of his stopping anywhere? For our parts, give us the good, old, snug, picturesque public-house, which had, and in remoter places still has, the great tree before it, with a bench, and the old swinging sign, that sings or creaks in the winds on winter-nights, and the landlord, not above nor below his respectable calling,—heartily as the punch-bowl in his window, and clean as his sanded floor. We have touched upon the interior of such a house in the first article of our journey; and we never pass its outside without thinking what a picture it makes, and how well it would look *in* a picture. But what has the "Jolly Gardener," or the "Shepherd and Shepherdess," or the "Bull," or "Robin Hood," or the "Hand and Flower," or the "Angel," or the "Maiden's Head," to do with a great, flat-faced, commercial, dusty road, and rows of new houses? May a devil's blessing

(as the philanthropist said) light on those who do not endeavour (like proper reformers, as *we* are) to bring the new beautifully out of the old, and thus to retain what is good, while they are making things better!

But we are anticipating, for we are not to halt yet; we have not got far enough. We pass the lane turning to Acton, on the right hand, and to Fulham on the left, and are in Hammersmith, famous for its ghost, and its suspension bridge, and the abode of Richardson. Here is also a convent of Nuns, a rare sight in England, especially so near the metropolis. They are of the order of Benedictines; nay, we believe, of the branch of Visitandines,—the same that were so scandalized at the worldly knowledge of their famous parrot, *Vert-Vert*, yet could not find it in their good hearts to detest him. (See *Œuvres de Gresset*, or the translations in various collections of poetry,—or in 'Fraser's Magazine' a few months back.) We have met with a legend somewhere, respecting the origin of the name of Hammersmith which relates, that two gigantic sisters residing there built the churches at Putney and Fulham, and that they threw over to one another, as they wanted it, across the river, a stupendous *hammer*. It is a pity when a name of obvious solution puts an end even to the most improbable fiction. Hammersmith was evidently the abode of some country blacksmith in old time, and probably consisted of this solitary shop, the first that was met with on the high-road going from London.

The person, whoever he was, that played the part of a ghost in this village some years back, and was the occasion of an innocent man's being shot, has probably repented of his foolish prank. The length and bitterness of his regret, by this time, will have earned him a right to forgive himself.

We have mentioned that Mrs. Inchbald once resided at Turnham Green, the next place from Hammersmith. It is famous for the blunder attributed to Goldsmith about the bad peas. He had heard the joke about taking them from Hammersmith "*to turn 'em green*," and is said, in repeating it, to have substituted the words "*make 'em green*" for "*turn 'em*." On coming from Kensington, you catch views of Harrow on the Hill, where Garth lies; and betwixt Hammersmith and Brentford, you look on the right towards Acton, where Lady Wortley Montagu lived, and Ealing, where her cousin Fielding once resided. Gay has mentioned this road, in his epistle to the Earl of Burlington, entitled a 'Journey to Exeter.'

"While you, my lord, bid stately piles ascend,  
(Burlington House, in Piccadilly, which we have passed, was one of his building)

Or in your Chiswick bowers enjoy your friend,  
(Chiswick lies a mile out of the road to the left, as you enter Turnham Green)



Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,  
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach,  
I journey far.—You knew fat bards might tire,  
And, mounted, sent me forth, your trusty squire.

'Twas on the day when city dames repair  
To take their weekly dose of Hyde Park air,  
When forth we trot : no carts the road infest,  
For still on Sundays country horses rest.

(Except when they are used for chaises and other vehicles.)

Thy gardens, Kensington, we leave unseen,  
Through Hammersmith jog on to Turnham Green ;  
That Turnham Green, which dainty pigeons fed,  
But feeds no more ; for Solomon is dead :

(Solomon was a breeder of pigeons :)

Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,  
For dirty streets and white-legged chickens known."

But Foote has blown the finest mock-heroeal trumpet in celebration of this district, in his famous banter upon the city-militia. The passage is very ludicrous ; so the reader shall have it as he goes in his coach : for besides those who at present accompany ourselves, we hope these papers may be taken with them by some other readers by and by, who happen to go the same road.

"*Sir Jacob.* Well, Major, our wars are done ; the rattling drum and squeaking fife now wound our ears no more.

*Major Sturgeon.* True, *Sir Jacob* ; our corps is disembodied ; so the French may sleep in security.

*Sir J.* But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms ?

*Major S.* A little awkward in the beginning, *Sir Jacob* : the great difficulty they had was to get me to turn out my toes : but use, use reconciles all them kind of things : why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

*Sir J.* No !

*Major S.* No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace ; but as to my single self,—and yet we have had some desperate duty, *Sir Jacob*.

*Sir J.* No doubt.

*Major S.* Oh ! such marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge ; the dust flying—sun scorching—men sweating !—Why there was our last expedition to Hounslow ; that day's work carried off Major Molasses. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander. He was an irreparable loss to the service.

*Sir J.* How came that about ?

*Major S.* Why, it was partly the Major's own fault ; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action ; but he was resolute, and would not be ruled.

*Sir J.* Spirit ; zeal for the service.

*Major S.* Doubtless. But to proceed : in order to get our men in good spirits, we were quartered at Thistleworth the evening before. At day-break, our regiment formed at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The major made a fine disposition : on we marched, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging ; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig-sty, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen from Smithfield ! The drums beat in the front, the dogs barked in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop ; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps into confusion.

*Sir J.* Terrible !

*Major S.* The major's horse took to his heels ; away he scoured o'er the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into his flank, and, for some time, held by his mane ; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the major a douse in the chops, and plumped him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

*Sir J.* Dreadful !

*Major S.* Whether from the fall or the fright, the major moved off in a month. Indeed, it was an unfortunate day for us all.

*Sir J.* As how ?

*Major S.* Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieut. Pattypan, Ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham Green stage, we were stopped near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robbed and stripped by a single footpad."

This is very laughable ; but whatever may be the airs occasionally given themselves by civic heroes, their actual service in the field has proved itself to be no joke ; as poor Charles the First found to his cost, and in this very spot. In an encounter with the London forces, Prince Rupert left 800 cavaliers dead upon Turnham Green ; and in the subsequent engagement at Brentford, the same gentlemen, according to a pamphlet issued by the Puritans, said "God damn them ! the devil was in their powder."\* We are the more willing to vindicate the dignity of these our warlike suburbs, because, to "own the soft impeachment," we "ourselves," when time was, have been a gallant volunteer, doing dreadful "field-day" in the same neighbourhood, and tearing leaves out of bakers' baskets, and spigots out of the barrels in beer-cellars, in the

\* "A true relation of the battail at Brentford, the 12th of November, between his Majesty's army and the Parliament army ; and how the cavaliers swore God damn them, the devil was in their powder." Title of a pamphlet in the British Museum, mentioned by Lysons, in his "Enviions of London." We have forgotten to refer to the page and volume.

very rage of hunger and thirst, and lawless campaigning.

Between Brentford and Ealing, Lysons informs us, that elephants' bones and similar phenomena have been dug up,—evidences of a former state of climate in this quarter of the world, when our planet was toasting a different cheek at the sun.

The celebrated engagement between the King's and Parliament's forces took place at the south-west of Brentford, near Sion House. A Sunday intervened; and it is said, that the quantity of "victuals" sent out from London, to feed the worthy city belligerents, was immense.

This town takes its name from the little river Brent, which helps to give such a pretty look to the entrance of the village of Hendon. Fuller speaks of a gardener living here at the beginning of the seventeenth century, who, at seventy-six years of age, could afford, in the course of three days, to lose more than sixty ounces of blood, to cure him of an inflammation of the lungs; which it did—"a most eminent instance," adds he, "against those who endeavour to prove the decay of the world, because men cannot spare so much by blood-letting as in former ages."

Sion House was originally a Bridgetine convent, in which monks and nuns lived under the same roof, though in separate cloisters. At the dissolution of the monasteries, by Henry the Eighth, it was very ill spoken of; not the less perhaps for being accused of siding with his antagonist, the Maid of Kent. Katharine Howard was confined in this house before her execution. Queen Mary made Sir Henry Sidney (Sir Philip's father) keeper of the Parks and Woods; and after being again monasticized, and again dissolved, Elizabeth gave the estate to the Northumberland family, with whom it has since remained. The Saccharissa of Waller (Dorothy Sidney, a granddaughter of Henry Earl of Northumberland), was born there.

Osterley House, the seat of the Jerseys, a little further on, upon the other side of the way, was built by the celebrated merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham. It was subsequently occupied by Sir Edward Coke, by the Desmond family, and by Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general; and at the beginning of the last century, became the property of Sir Francis Child, the banker, whose descendants brought it, by marriage, into the Jersey family. Two curious stories are told of it; one by Fuller in his 'Worthies,' the other in the Strafford Letters. The latter we copy from Lysons, who relates them both; but we prefer hearing good, old, quaint, eloquent Fuller speak for himself.

"Osterley House," says he, "now Sir William Waller's, must not be forgotten, built in

a park by Sir Thomas Gresham, who here magnificently entertained and lodged Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty found fault with the court of this house as too great, affirming, 'that it would appear more handsome, if divided with a wall in the middle.'

"What doth Sir Thomas, but in the night-time sends for workmen to London (money commands all things,) who so speedily and silently apply their business, that the next morning discovered that court double, which the night had left single before. It is questionable whether the Queen next day was more contented with the conformity to her fancy, or more pleased with the surprise and sudden performance thereof; whilst her courtiers disported themselves with their several expressions, some avowing it was no wonder he could so soon *change a building* who could *build a 'Change*; others (reflecting on some known differences in this Knight's family) affirmed, 'that any house is easier *divided* than *united*.'"<sup>\*</sup>

The other story is thus quoted by Lysons from the letters above-mentioned:—"Young Desmond (says Mr. Garrard, writing to Lord Wentworth), who married one of the co-heirs of Sir Michael Stanhope, came one morning to York House, where his wife had long lived with the Duchess during his two years' absence beyond the seas, and hurried her away, half undressed, much against her will, into a coach, and so carried her away into Leicestershire. At Brickhill he lodged, where she, in the night, put herself into milkmaid's clothes, and had likely to make her escape, but was discovered. Madam Christian, whom your Lordship knows, said, that my Lord of Desmond was the first that ever she heard of that ran away with his own wife."

The case has often happened, where money was concerned. The Countess afterwards came to Osterley Park with her husband, and bore him a numerous family.

It should have been mentioned, in justice to Brentford, that we did not observe the "dirty street" in it mentioned by Gay. At least, the High-street looked smart and comfortable. All the thoroughfares in towns near London, and indeed almost all that we saw of any consequence in our journey, have wonderfully plucked up, and *smuggled* themselves of late years. The communication which is now grown so general between all parts of the country, renders all of them, in some measure, like neighbours; and what is done by one town, for the sake of neatness and ascendancy, gets done by another. You see a regular pavement, smart London-looking shops, a circulating library, milliner's, watchmaker's, &c.; and the coach halts at a fine-looking inn, with large coach-yard, door, and other appurtenances, of

<sup>\*</sup> 'Worthies of England,' vol. ii. 1811, p. 45.



the newest town fashion ; out of which comes a smart waiter or landlord, no more anxious or civil in his countenance than the waiter of a well-to-do inn ought to be, and who does not seem to care whether you lunch or not. Meanwhile "Miss," if she is pretty or well-dressed, gives a look out at the threshold, with an eye still more indifferent, and glancing everywhere but at the faces she is thinking of. Passengers descend, to stretch their legs for ten minutes, the inside and out reconnoitring one another ; the "young woman" remains by her bundle ; the gentleman in the travelling-cap longs to know where the gentleman in the shooting-jacket is going, but not having dined yet, has not acquired confidence enough to speak ; and the invalid gentleman eats a biscuit,—or extremely declines it.

#### LXV.—A JOURNEY BY COACH.

(FRAGMENT CONCLUDED.)

Coach-horses—What do they think of the Coach?—Hounslow, its Thieves and Gunpowder—Desideratum in Fighting—The Wheat of Heston—Singular fertility of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire in illustrious Memories—Extinction of the Highwayman.

WHEN a coach sets off again from its stoppage at an inn-door, there is a sense of freshness and re-commencement ; the inside passengers settle themselves in their corners, or interchange legs, or take a turn on the outside ; the outside adjust themselves to their seats and their bits of footing ; the young woman looks, for the ninety-ninth time, to her box ; the coachman is indifferent and scientific ; he has the ease of power in his face ; he shakes the reins ; throws out a curve or so of knowing whip, as an angler does his line ; and the horses begin to ply their never-ending jog. A horse's hind-leg on the road, to any eye looking down upon it, seems as if it would jaunt on for ever ; the muscle works in the thigh ; the mane at the same time dances a little bit ; the hock-joint looks intensely angular, and not to be hit (it is horrible to think of wounding it) ; the hoof bites into the earth ; wheels and legs seem made to work together like machinery ; and on go the two patient creatures, they know not why nor whither, chewing the unsatisfactory bit, wondering (if they wonder at all) why they may not hold their heads down, and have tails longer than five inches ; and occasionally giving one another's noses a consolatory caress. It is curious to see sometimes how this affection seems to be all on one side. One of the horses goes dumbly talking, as it were, to the other, and giving proofs of the pleasure and comfort it takes in its society ; while the other, making no sort of acknowledgment, keeps the "even tenor of its way," turning neither to the right nor left, nor condescending to give or

receive the least evidences of the possibility of a satisfaction. It seems to say, "You may be as amiable and patient as you please ;—for my part, I am resolved to be a mere piece of the machinery, and to give these fellows behind us no reason whatsoever to suppose that I make any sentimental compromise with their usurpations over us."

Horses in a coach must certainly be the most patient, or the most indifferent, or the most unthinking of animals. The mule seems to have an opinion of his own ; he is not to be driven so easily. The dog (till the new act) passed a horrible, unsatisfied time of it under the butcher's or baker's go-cart. Harnessed elephants would be inconvenient. They would be for re-adjusting their buckles, and making inquiries with their trunks into the behaviour of the postilion. They might, to be sure, help with the other trunks, and perform the part of half horse, half hostler. The llama of Peru has inconvenient tricks, if you ill-use him ; and so has the camel. But the horse, when once he is ground well into the road, seems to give up having any sort of mind of his own—that is to say, if he ever had any, except what his animal spirits made to be mistaken for it ; for the breeding of horses is such in England, that, generally speaking, when they are not all blood and fire, they seem nothing but stupid acquiescence, without will, without curiosity, without the power of being roused into resistance, except, poor souls ! when their last hour is come, and non-resistance itself can go no further, but lies down to die. We dock their tails, to subject them to the very flies ; fasten their heads back, to hinder them from seeing their path ; and put blinkers at their eyes, for fear of their getting used to the phenomena of the carriage and wheels behind them. What must they think (if they think at all) of the eternal mystery thus tied to their bodies, and rattling and lumbering at their heels ?—of the load thus fastened to them day by day, going the same road for no earthly object (intelligible to the horse capacity), and every now and then depositing, and taking up, other animals who walk on their hind-legs, and occasionally come and stroke their noses, kick their bellies, and gift them with iron shoes ?

Well, circumstances drive us, as we drive the horses,—perhaps with as many smiling remarks on the part of other beings, at our thinking as little of the matter :—so we must be moving on.

Hounslow (the stage we have now come to) is a good place for setting us upon reflections on horse and man, not merely by reason of the number of accommodations for both those travellers, but because of its celebrity at various times for its horse-races, its highwaymen, and its powder-mills. The series of heaths here from Hounslow to Bagshot, are the scenes of the favourite robberies and stage-coach alarms

of the last century. The novels and Newgate Calendars are full of them. Nor is the district without its historical minacities. Here poor James the Second got up a camp to resist his subjects with, and must needs take his Queen and his daughter Anne to dine there, to let them see how victorious he was going to be; nay, he wrote to the Prince of Orange upon the fineness of his troops; which the latter accordingly came over to congratulate him upon, as William the Third.

"Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, sir, this evening upon the heath?" says one of the heroes of the 'Beggars Opera,' to their noble Captain *Mac-HEATH*; who derived his title, observe, from that ground of his exploits:—"I drink a dram now and then with the stage-coachmen, in the way of friendship and intelligence; and I know that about this time there will be passengers upon the western road who are worth speaking with."

And then follows a generous conversation about honour and fidelity, with certain glimpses of the interior of their cabinet policy; and the meeting concludes, instead of a ministerial dinner, with that glorious song, "Let us take the road," the music of which is justly "borrowed for the occasion," like a crown-jewel, from Handel's "March in Scipio." We dare confidently appeal to any ingenuous reader, who has heard it sung, and who has seen those "great irregular spirits" in their exaltation and ragged coats, passing by their leader with step and chorus, and taking their hats off, one by one, to his own elegantly lifted beaver, whether there is much difference, if any, between those mutual acknowledgments of energy and a great purpose, and others which take place on more public occasions. For our parts, we confess, as Sir Philip Sydney did of the ballad of "Chevy Chase," that we never hear it but we feel our "heart moved as with the sound of a trumpet;" and it raised a late noble lord twenty-fold in our opinion—nay, let us see that he had a truly "statesman-like" view of things, and an heroic cast in his character, when we heard that he was a great admirer of this song and of the whole opera. We have been told that he not only applauded it in public, but would get ladies to play it to him on the piano-forte, and hum over the airs himself with an exquisite superiority to his incompetency\*.

\* Lord Castlereagh. We forget who told us the anecdote, and are not in the way of ascertaining the truth of it; but we have heard other stories of his good nature, that render it likely. His lordship, like so many other statesmen of all parties, was the victim of a perplexed state of society, which seems of necessity to divide a man into two contradictory beings,—the public and the private; and, unfortunately, he did not see that this state was a transitory one, and not the inevitable condition of humanity. It is not likely indeed that he would refine upon this speculation in ordinary, or perhaps think of it at all. He was too busy, and, as it appeared to him, too successful. But there is no knowing how much thought and wonder crowded into his brain before he died, and

Hounslow Heath is not a place which the old gentleman in the play would like to live in, who made such a fearful construction of a metaphor in a letter, and was always fancying that he and his were "all to be blown up." A very serious blowing up does in fact occasionally take place here, strewing the limbs and heads of the manufacturers of gunpowder about the place, as if in rebuke of their trade. It is a pity that science does not hasten that most blessed of all its discoveries, which was talked of the other day, and which is to settle any two contending armies in ten minutes, by blowing them respectively to atoms! They have only to meet, it seems, and give the word, and at the first explosion they are abolished—that is to say, provided one of them does not contrive to speak first:—so that war would be reduced to a race for the first word, and the most precipitate speaker be the conqueror crowned with laurel. In a little while, it is clear that there would be no war at all; and then mankind, out of pure unheroical necessity, would be forced to be reasonable in their disputes, and let common sense be the arbiter. At present the grand thing is to say, "*You lie*," and "*You lie*," and then to fall pell-mell together by the ears, and be the death of thousands of your fellow-creatures, to the sound of drum and trumpet. There is something fine in this undoubtedly, especially for those who have to pay for it, or who are burnt, maimed, slaughtered, or sent to the hospital, in the process. But somehow it puts the very conquerors upon grave faces, and makes them feel like slaves to an evil thing, and keeps up the belief in the "vale of tears;" and people in their senses and cool moments prefer the idea of a healthy condition of humanity, and a game at cricket on a green. But rail-roads will be the peace-makers.

Hounslow Heath is to the left of our road:—let us give a glance to the right, and refresh ourselves with thinking of that peaceful agricultural district stretching from this parish to Harrow-on-the-Hill, and famous for the finest wheat in England. Queen Elizabeth had her bread from it. Fuller has recorded one end of it in his prose, and Drayton the other in his poetry.

"The best (wheat) in England," says Fuller, "groweth in the vale lying south of Harrow-on-the-Hill, nigh Hesson (Heston), the parish in which Hounslow lies, where Providence for the present hath fixed my habitation; so that the King's bread was formerly made of the fine flower thereof. Hence it was that Queen Elizabeth received no composition from the

found him unprepared to entertain them. Peace to his memory and his mistakes, and to those of all of us! In spite of his errors, he had something noble in his nature, as well as in his countenance. We shall never thoroughly know how to master the circumstances that make us what we are, till we learn to leave off fighting with, and reproaching one another.



villages thereabouts, but took her wheate in kinde, for her own pastry and bakehouse\*.”

“As Coln came on along, and chanced to cast her eye  
Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow stands so high,  
She Peryvale perceived, prank'd up with wreaths of wheat,  
And with exulting terms thus glorying in her seat:—  
‘Why should not I be coy, and of my beauties nice,  
Since this my goodly grain is held of highest price?  
No manchet can so well the courtly palate please,  
As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fertile leas;” &c.  
*Drayton's Polyolbion, Song XIV.*

Hounslow, whatever be its reputation, is in a truly glorious neighbourhood. Draw a circle of a few miles round Windsor, and you have Cowley at Chertsey, Pope at Twickenham and at Windsor Forest, the Earl of Surrey in the Castle, Gray at Stoke Poges and at Eton, Milton at Horton, and *Magna Charta* at Runnymede. Buckinghamshire and Berkshire (with the exception of London) comprise perhaps the most illustrious district in England, unless Shakspeare alone raises Warwickshire above them; and the road in this quarter leads even to him, besides visiting Chaucer by the way. But Chaucer is also to be found in Berkshire, at Donnington Castle; Spenser in Buckinghamshire, at Whaddon, with his friend Lord Grey, to whom he was secretary; Shakspeare himself (as far as one of his most living creations is concerned) at Windsor, with Falstaff and the Merry Wives; Milton at Horton aforesaid, where he passed much of his youth; and, besides others before mentioned, we have Hampden at Hampden, Burke and Waller at Beaconsfield, Hooker at Drayton-Beauchamp, Cowper at Olney, Denham at Cooper's Hill, Hales, Wotton, and half the education of England, at Eton,—the whole weight of Windsor Castle and its memories,—and at Wantage we have Alfred the Great, a world of a man in himself. Doubtless there are more honours for the two counties; but we happen to be writing without the first volume of Fuller, and these are all we can recollect. They include three out of the four great poets of England, as regards residence of some duration—a thing that can be said of no other district of equal length, the metropolis excepted; and it is curious, that within a segment of it the very names of the towns and villages seem resolved to be literary and renowned, comprising Denham, Drayton, Cowley, Milton, Hampden, and Penn. We are mistaken if we have not seen a stage-coach enter London with three of these names upon its panel,—we think Denham, Drayton, and Cowley.

We have omitted to observe how completely the Macheath order of highwaymen has gone out,—he who used to be mounted on horseback, and stop coaches, and put half-a-dozen people in fear of their lives. Guards, rapidity of driving, and other facilities of self-defence, the publicity of the roads, quickness of communi-

cation, &c., have extinguished him. He is as completely abolished as the wolves. No more can he swagger and bully, and call himself Captain, and seduce inn-keepers' daughters, and be hung like a man of spirit. He is a sneaker now round the gaming-tables; or rides on the coach which he used to stop, and filches bankers' conveyances.

[These articles were cut short by the stoppage of the Journal in which they appeared.]

#### LXVI.—INEXHAUSTIBILITY OF THE SUBJECT OF CHRISTMAS.

So many things have been said of late years about Christmas, that it is supposed by some there is no saying more. Oh they of little faith! What? do they suppose that everything has been said that can be said, about any one Christmas thing?

About beef, for instance?

About plum-pudding?

About mince-pie?

About holly?

About ivy?

About rosemary?

About misletoe? (Good God! what an immense number of things remain to be said about misletoe?)

About Christmas-eve?

About hunt-the-slipper?

About hot-cockles?

About blind-man's-buff?

About shoeing the wild-mare?

About thread-the-needle?

About he-can-do-little-that-can't-do-this?

About puss-in-the-corner?

About snap-dragon?

About forfeits?

About Miss Smith?

About the bell-man?

About the waits?

About chilblains?

About carols?

About the fire?

About the block on it?

About school-boys?

About their mothers?

About Christmas-boxes?

About turkeys?

About Hogmany?

About goose-pie?

About mumming?

About saluting the apple-trees?

About brawn?

About plum-porridge?

About hobby-horse?

About hoppings?

About wakes?

About “Feed-the-dove?”

About hackins?

About yule-doughs?

About going-a-gooding?

About loaf-stealing?

\* ‘Worthies of England,’ vol. ii., p. 34.

About *julklaps*? (Who has exhausted that subject, we should like to know?)

About wad-shooting?

About elder-wine?

About pantomimes?

About cards?

About New-Year's day?

About gifts?

About wassail?

About twelfth-cake?

About king and queen?

About characters?

About eating too much?

About aldermen?

About the doctor?

About all being in the wrong?

About Charity?

About all being in the right?

About Faith, Hope, and Endeavour?

About the Greatest Plum-pudding for the Greatest Number?

*Esto perpetua*; that is, Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Endeavour; and plum-pudding enough, by-and-by, all the year round, for everybody that likes it. Why that should not be the case, we cannot see,—seeing that the earth is big, and human kind teachable, and God very good, and inciting us to do it.—Meantime, gravity apart, we ask anybody whether any of the above subjects are exhausted; and we inform everybody, that all the above customs still exist in some parts of our beloved country, however unintelligible they may have become in others.—But to give a specimen of the non-exhaustion of any one of their topics.

Beef, for example. Now we should like to know who has exhausted the subject of the fine old roast Christmas piece of beef,—from its original appearance in the meadows as part of the noble sultan of the herd, glorious old Taurus, the lord of the sturdy brow and ponderous agility, a sort of thunderbolt of a beast, well chosen by Jove to disguise in, one of Nature's most striking compounds of apparent heaviness and unencumbered activity,—up to its contribution to the noble Christmas dinner, smoking from the spit, and flanked by the outposts of Bacchus. John Bull (cannibalism apart) hails it like a sort of relation. He makes it part of his flesh and blood; glories in it; was named after it; has it served up, on solemn occasions, with music and a hymn, as it was the other day at the royal city dinner:—

“Oh! the roast beef of old England;  
And oh! the old English roast beef.”

“And oh!” observe; not merely “oh!” again; but “and” with it; as if, though the same piece of beef, it were also another;—another and the same;—cut, and come again;—making two of one, in order to express intensity and reduplication of satisfaction:—

“Oh! the roast beef of old England;  
And oh! the old English roast beef.”

We beg to assure the reader, that a whole *Seer* might be written on this single point of the Christmas dinner; and “shall we be told” (as orators exclaim) “and this too in a British land,” that the subject is “*exhausted*”!!!

Then plum-pudding! What a word is that! how plump, and plump again! How round, and repeated, and plenipotent! (There are two *p*'s, observe, in plenipotent, and so there are in plum-pudding. We love an exquisite fitness,—a might and wealth of adaptation.) Why, the whole round cheek of universal childhood is in the idea of plum-pudding; ay, and the weight of manhood, and the plenitude of the majesty of city dames. Wealth itself is symbolised by the least of its fruity particles. “A plum” is a city fortune,—a million of money. He (the old boy, who has earned it)

Puts in his thumb,

videlicet, into his pocket,

And pulls out a plum,  
And says what a “good man” am I.

Observe a little boy at a Christmas dinner, and his grandfather opposite him. What a world of secret similarity there is between them. How hope in one, and retrospection in the other, and appetite in both, meet over the same ground of pudding, and understand it to a nicety. How the senior banters the little boy on his third slice; and how the little boy thinks within himself that he dines that day as well as the senior. How both look hot, and red, and smiling, and juvenile. How the little boy is conscious of the Christmas-box in his pocket; (of which indeed the grandfather jocosely puts him in mind;) and how the grandfather is quite as conscious of the plum, or part of a plum, or whatever fraction it may be, in his own. How he incites the little boy to love money and good dinners all his life; and how determined the little boy is to abide by his advice,—with a secret addition in favour of holidays and marbles,—to which there is an analogy, in the senior's mind, on the side of trips to Hastings, and a game at whist. Finally, the old gentleman sees his own face in the pretty smooth one of the child; and if the child is not best pleased at his proclamation of the likeness (in truth, is horrified at it, and thinks it a sort of madness,) yet nice observers, who have lived long enough to see the wonderful changes in people's faces from youth to age, probably discern the thing well enough; and feel a movement of pathos at their hearts, in considering the world of trouble and emotion that is the causer of the changes. *That* old man's face was once like that little boy's! *That* little boy's will be one day like that old man's! What a thought to make us all love and respect one another, if not for our fine qualities, yet, at least, for the trouble and sorrow which we all go through!



Ay, and joy too ! for all people have their joys as well as troubles, at one time or another ; most likely both together, or in constant alternation ; and the greater part of troubles are not the worst things in the world, but only graver forms of the requisite motion of the universe, or workings towards a better condition of things, the greater or less violent according as we give them violence for violence, or respect them like awful but not ill-meaning gods, and entertain them with a rewarded patience.—Grave thoughts, you will say, for Christmas. But no season has a greater right to grave thoughts, in passing ;

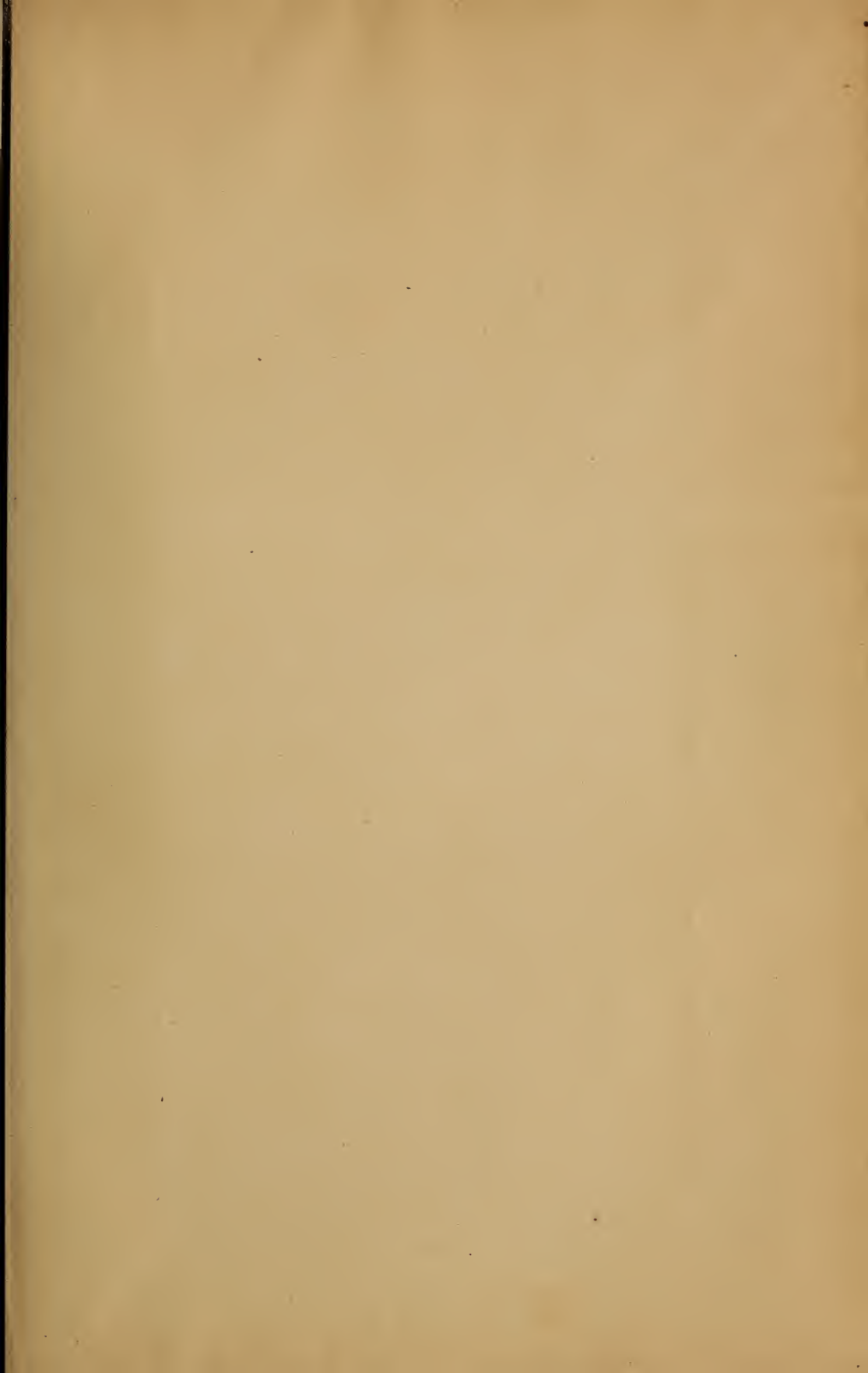
and for that very reason, no season has a greater right to let them pass, and recur to more light ones.

So a noble and merry season to you, my masters ; and may we meet, thick and three-fold, many a time and oft in blithe yet most thoughtful pages. Fail not to call to mind, in the course of the 25th of this month, that the Divinest Heart that ever walked the earth was born on that day, and then smile and enjoy yourselves for the rest of it, for mirth is also of heaven's making, and wondrous was the wine-drinking at Galilee.

THE END.

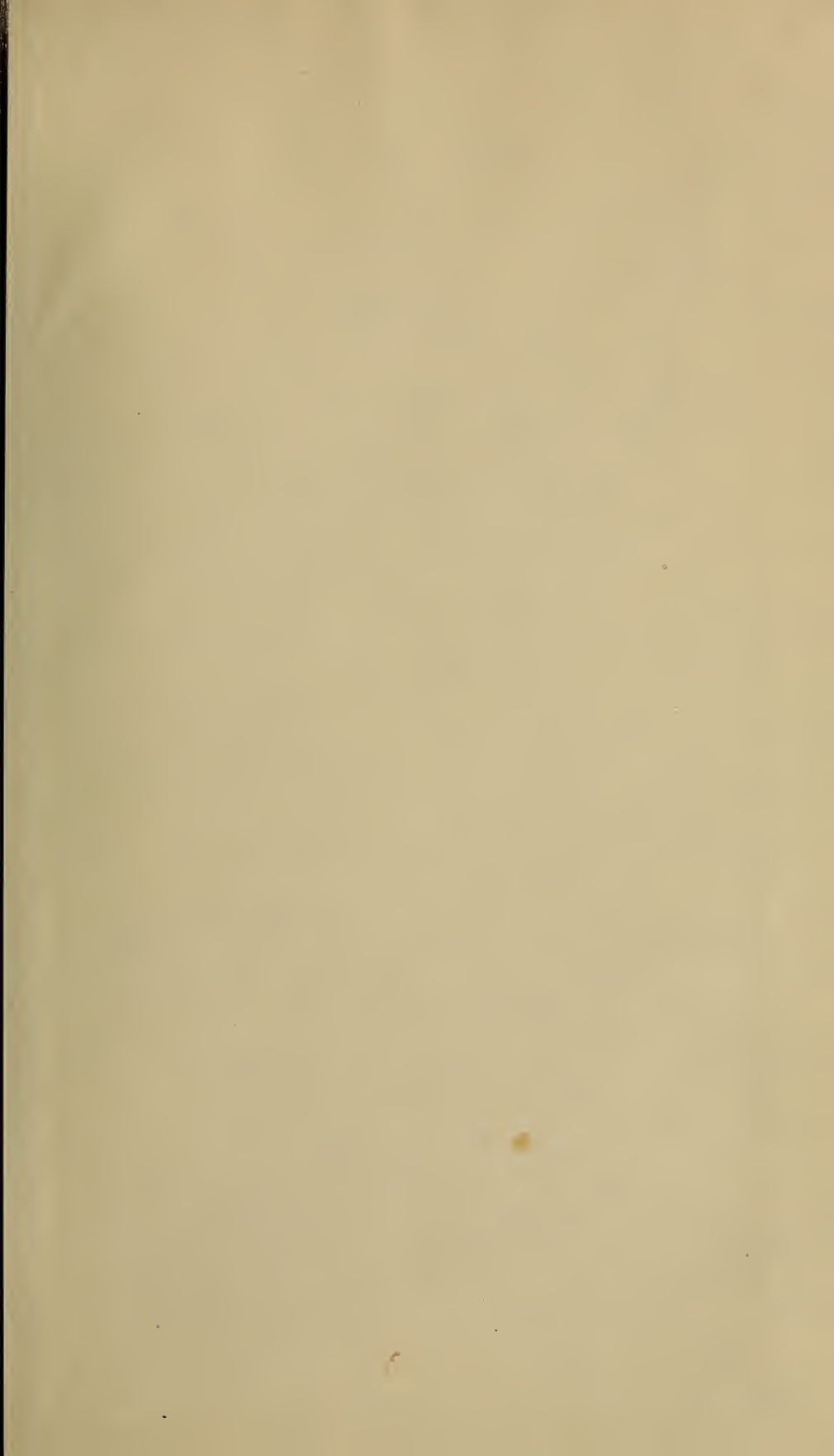
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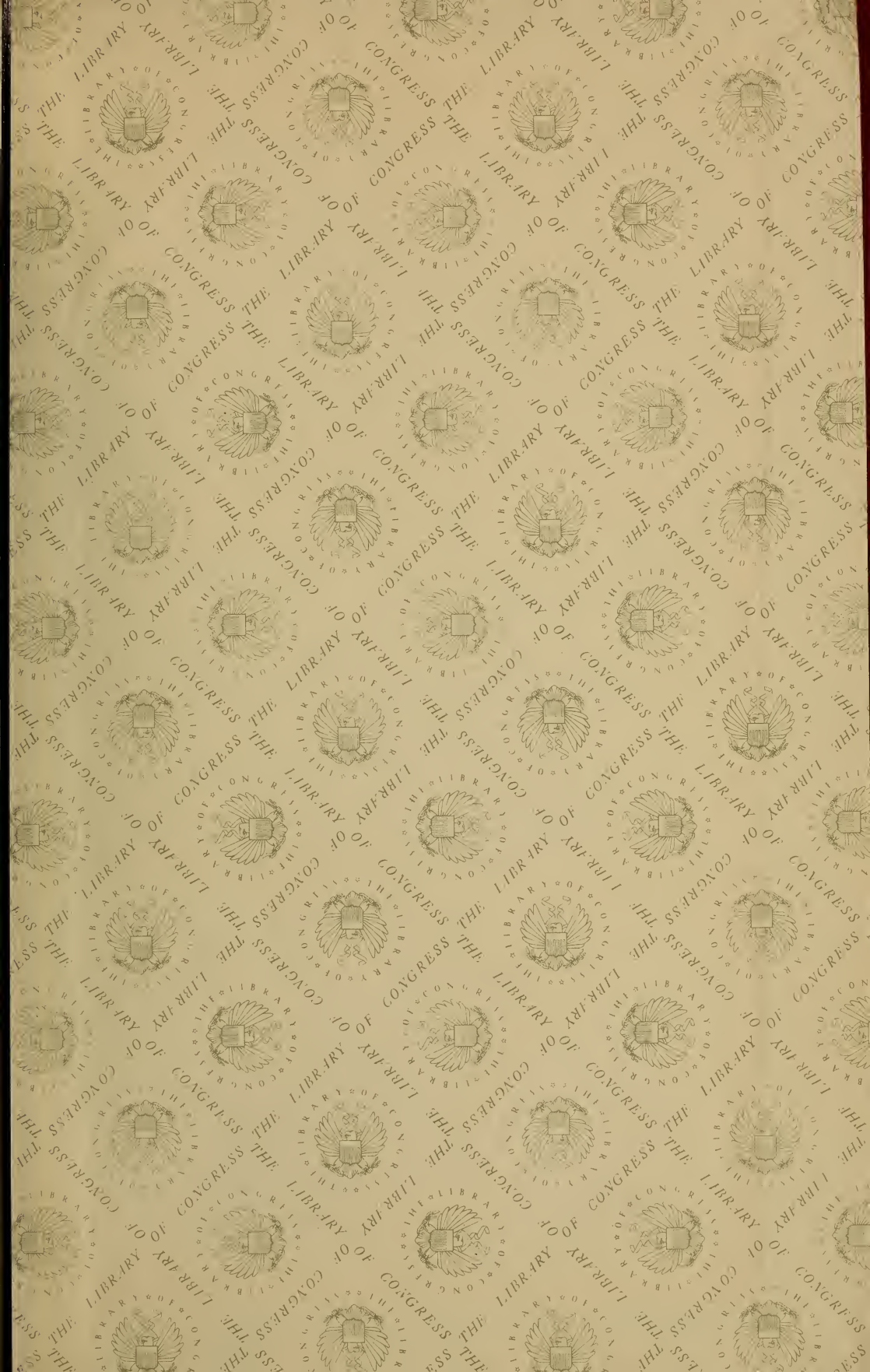












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